TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
THE IDW COLLECTION V2

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IDW

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978-1-63140-539-6 19 18 17 16 1 2 3 4

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Originally published as TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES issues #13–20, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES MICRO-SERIES #6: CASEY JONES, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES MICRO-SERIES #7: APRIL, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES MICRO-SERIES #8: FUGITOID, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES VILLAINS MICRO-SERIES #1: KRANG, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES VILLAINS MICRO-SERIES #2: BAXTER, and TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE FOOT CLAN issues #1–4.

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Special thanks to Joan Hilty and
Linda Lee for their invaluable assistance.

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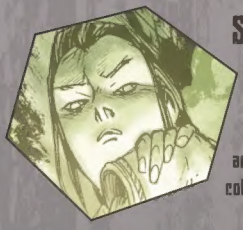

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colors by JOAO "AZEITONA" VIEIRA letters by SHAWN LEE

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CASEY JONES

EVERYTHING WAS SIMPLER ON THE HIGH-SCHOOL SQUAD.
I CALL SHENANIGANS.
NO WAY YOU SCORED TWO GOALS IN EIGHT MINUTES.

IT'S TRUE, MAN! I TIED IT UP, THEN WE WON IN OVERTIME.
LOOK UP THE STATS ONLINE!
HERE IN COLLEGE, COACH KEEPS ASKING WHY MY GRADES AREN'T UP YET.
I DON'T GET OFF ACADEMIC PROBATION THIS SEMESTER, I'M THROUGH WITH D1 HOCKEY.
OH WAIT, CAN YOU TYPE WITH THREE "FINGERS?"
HEY, I HAD HIM!
SURE YA DID.
CAN *YOU* TYPE WITH *FIVE* FINGERS?
"YOU SHOULD GET BUSY IN THE LIBRARY," COACH TELLS ME.
CRAP.
CAN'T TELL HIM I'VE BEEN BUSY.
DON'T WORRY, SLUGGER.
YOU'LL GET 'EM NEXT TIME.
BUT NOT IN THE LIBRARY.

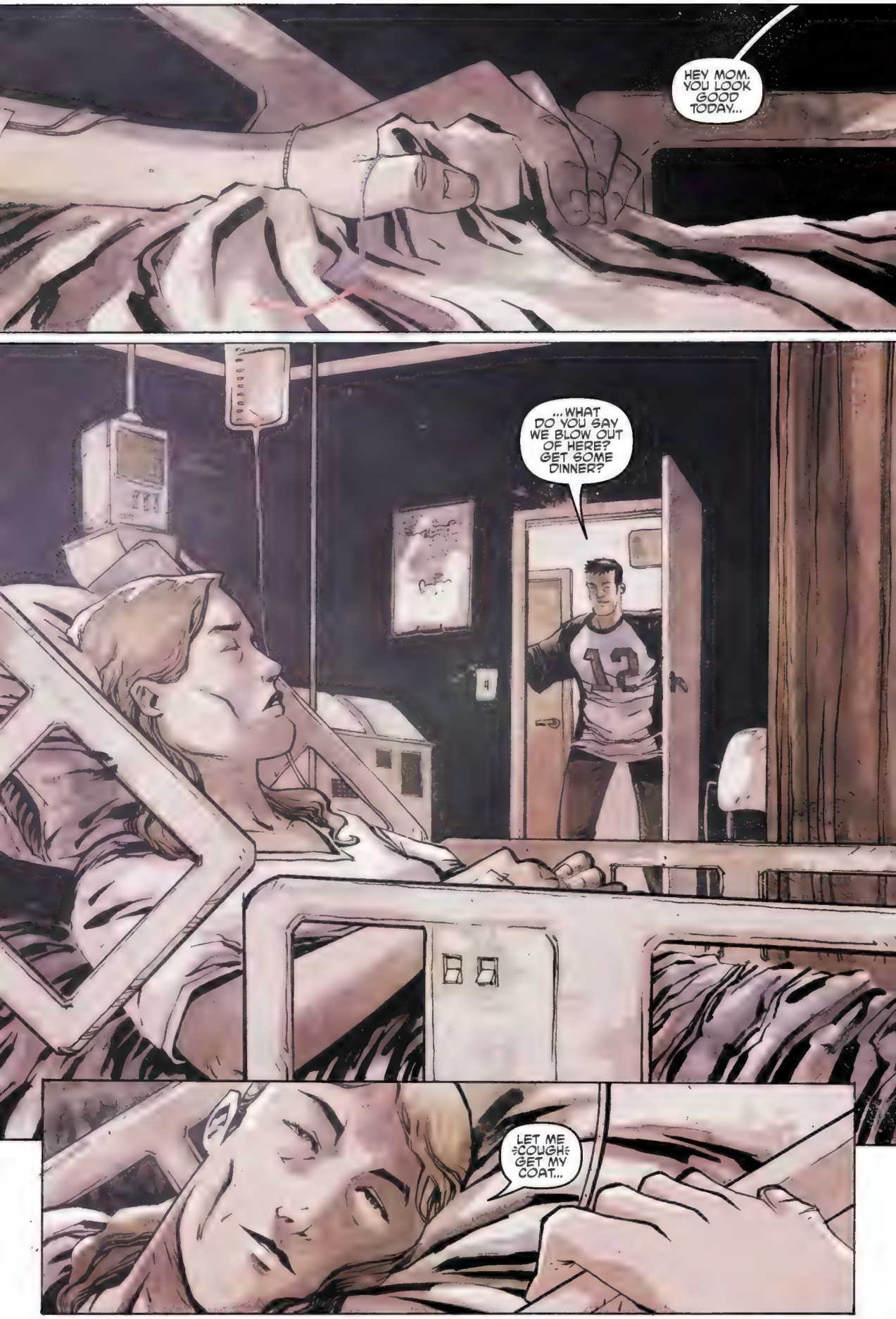
HEY, I NEVER SAID BASEBALL WAS MY SPORT.
MIND CALLING THE COPS? MY BUDDY LEFT HIS PHONE IN HIS OTHER SHELL.
WAY YOU THREW BACK THERE, I'D SAY YOUR SPORT IS "KNITTING."
NEXT TIME I'M PATROLLING WITH MICHELANGELO...
ARE YOU OKAY?
WE JUST GOT SAVED BY A GUY IN A HOCKEY MASK AND A GIANT TALKING TURTLE.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE GO SOUTH OF CANAL STREET.

WHEN I WAS NINE, MY OLD MAN DRAGGED ME OUT TO A FROZEN-OVER PARKING LOT ON THE COLDEST DAY OF WINTER.
STRAPPED HIS OLD GOALIE MASK ON MY FACE.
STUCK ME IN FRONT OF A NET.
SHOT PUCKS AT ME TILL MY RIBS WERE BRUISED. MY FINGERS NEARLY FROZE OFF.
SAID THE COLD WOULD "TOUGHEN ME UP."
HE HAD A FLASK OF WHISKEY TO KEEP HIM WARM.
BUT HE DID TAKE ME FOR HOT CHOCOLATE AFTER.
AND THAT MASK STILL COMES IN HANDY.

ESPECIALLY ON LATE NIGHTS.
KNOCK KNOCK
WHOZAT...?
OPEN UP, ARNIE. IT'S BLAKE.
MIND IF WE COME IN?

HOW'S EVERYTHING? HOW'S YOUR BOY? CASEY, RIGHT?
HE'S OKAY.
SO YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE. I HATE THIS, MAN. YOU'RE PUTTING ME IN A TOUGH SPOT.
WAY I REMEMBER IT, I GOT *YOU* OUT OF TOUGH SPOTS.
YOU DID...
...A LONG, LONG TIME AGO. BUT NOW YOU OWE ME A LOT OF MONEY.
AND I'M NOT THE ONE WHO GETS BEAT UP ANYMORE.
WHOA, HANG ON—JUST, JUST, HANG ON...

AHA!
THIS SHOULD COVER MY TAB, EASY.
I'M SORRY, BUT... THIS WON'T CUT IT. YOU STILL OWE FOUR LARGE.
I CAN GIVE YOU FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO GET THE REST. FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE. BUT DON'T KEEP ME WAITING AGAIN.
SAY "HI" TO THAT BOY FOR ME. I REMEMBER HE HAD A WICKED SLAP-SHOT.


HEY MOM. YOU LOOK GOOD TODAY...
...WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BLOW OUT OF HERE? GET SOME DINNER?
12
LET ME =COUGH= GET MY COAT...

HOW WAS YOUR GAME?
I SCORED TWO GOALS AT THE END OF REGULATION. WE WON IN OVERTIME.
MY STRONG BOY.
YOUR HAIR IS TOO SHORT, THOUGH.
DID YOUR FATHER SEE YOU SCORE?
...
HE COULDN'T MAKE IT.

SIXTEEN HOURS AND COUNTING SINCE BLAKE'S "VISIT."
I WAS GONNA STUDY TONIGHT. REALLY.
BUT THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT.
C'MON! YOU CALL THAT *OFFENSE*?
WHAT'RE YOU *DOING*?! I DOUBLED DOWN ON YOU BUSTERS!
STUPID DRUNK.

HEY LOOK! IT'S THE PLAYER VOTED "MOST LIKELY TO BUST HIS HEAD OPEN!"
THANKS FOR COMING.
SURE. WHAT'S UP? WE'RE NOT SET TO PATROL FOR A WEEK.
NOT PATROL. MORE OF A STAKEOUT.
OH YEAH? WHO ARE WE PEEPING? PUNKS? PROWLERS? PUSHERS? PILL-POPPERS?
I JUST WANNA KEEP AN EYE ON SOME GUYS WHO NEED AN EYE KEPT ON 'EM. ALL RIGHT?
...SURE. NO PROBLEM.

I THINK THIS PLACE SMELLS.
EXIT
AND MY BUDDIES HANG OUT IN THE SEWERS.
SO THIS DIVE'S A GOOD FIT FOR SUCKERS BLAKE CAN PLAY, LIKE THIS GUY...
...AND DRUNKS LIKE MY OLD MAN.
OR IT *WOULD* BE...
...IF HE HAD A PRAYER OF PAYING BLAKE BACK IN TIME.

I KNOW IT'S NOT EASY. YOUR FATHER'S NOT STRONG, LIKE YOU.
WHATEVER. HE'S A STUPID DRUNK—
CASEY ARNOLD JONES!
SORRY.
REMEMBER. HE'S LOSING ME, JUST LIKE YOU ARE.
AND IF HE ACTS TOUGH, IT'S JUST BECAUSE HE'S SCARED.
YOU'LL NEED TO TAKE CARE OF HIM WHEN I'M GONE.
YOU'RE GONNA BE FINE, MOM.
CASEY, WHEN I'M GONE, YOU NEED TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

"PROMISE ME."
—STARTED WITH SUCH *PROMISE* BUT THEN, AFTER A *DISASTROUS* FINAL QUARTER—
CASEY... WHY'RE WE WATCHING THESE GUYS WATCH A GAME?
I'VE BEEN LESS BORED WATCHING SPLINTER MEDITATE—
SHH!
I'M SORRY, MATTHEW, BUT THAT GAME DID NOT GO YOUR WAY.
MR. ANDERS—BLAKE—I'M GOOD FOR IT. I *SWEAR*. LOOK, YOU KNOW ME...
CENZO. CARLO...
LET'S ALL TAKE A WALK.
LET'S GO.
I'M SORRY, MATTHEW. THIS IS NO FUN FOR ME.

WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE FUN.
MR. ANDERS, PLEASE! I'LL GET YOU THE MONEY, I SWEAR! YOU KNOW THE KNICKS—THIS ISN'T THEIR YEAR!
I'VE GOT FIVE GRAND ON THE RANGERS AND I *KNOW* THEY'LL COME IN. IF YOU JUST GIVE ME—
CHK
WHAT THE HELL?

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT USING A POOL CUE.
JUST HATE THE SMELL OF CHALK.

ARG!
MATTHEW'S PAID UP.
SURE... YOU GOT IT... ALL PAID UP...
YOU COME AFTER HIM, AND A LOT WORSE THINGS THAN *THIS* WILL HAPPEN TO *YOU*.
AND ARNOLD JONES IS PAID UP TOO. HE'S OFF-LIMITS.
...JONES...?
JONES IS OFF-LIMITS.

RAPH? YOU GOOD?
I'M GOOD.
GAMBLING'S A BAD HABIT.
STOP DOING IT.
HEY MAN, SEEMED LIKE THINGS GOT PRETTY INTENSE.
HAPPY TO HELP, BUT WHAT WERE WE DOING THERE?
KEEPIN' A PROMISE.

STRONG PEOPLE DON'T HAVE TO REMIND PEOPLE THEY'RE STRONG. THEY JUST ARE.
LIKE YOU, CASEY.
LIKE YOU TOO, MOM.
...MAYBE.
MEANT TO COME EARLIER, BUT... I GOT...
...HELD UP.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, ARNIE. I'M HERE.
I'M HERE.

WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU, MUTT?
NOWHERE.
IS THAT SASS? YOU GOT A SMART MOUTH, DON'T YOU, YOU PIECE OF CRAP.
DAD, JUST LET ME GO TO BED.
YOU THINK YOU'RE SOME TOUGH GUY?

"REMEMBER, YOUR FATHER ISN'T STRONG LIKE YOU."
AND PART OF THE WAY YOU HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM IS NOT LETTING HIM SEE THAT.
"PROMISE ME YOU'LL LET HIM FEEL STRONG."
I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY PROMISE, MOM...
...BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN KEEP GOING LIKE THIS.
THE SECOND TIME AROUND SHOPS
WHOA!
CASEY!

WHAT HAPPENED?! RAPH SAID YOU GUYS DIDN'T GET HURT!
MY DAD... DIDN'T LIKE MY "SMART MOUTH."
IT'S FINE.
OPEN
DUDE... CASEY... ARE YOU OKAY?
'COURSE I AM... I CAN TAKE IT... NO PROBLEM...
...I'M THE STRONG ONE.
THE END.

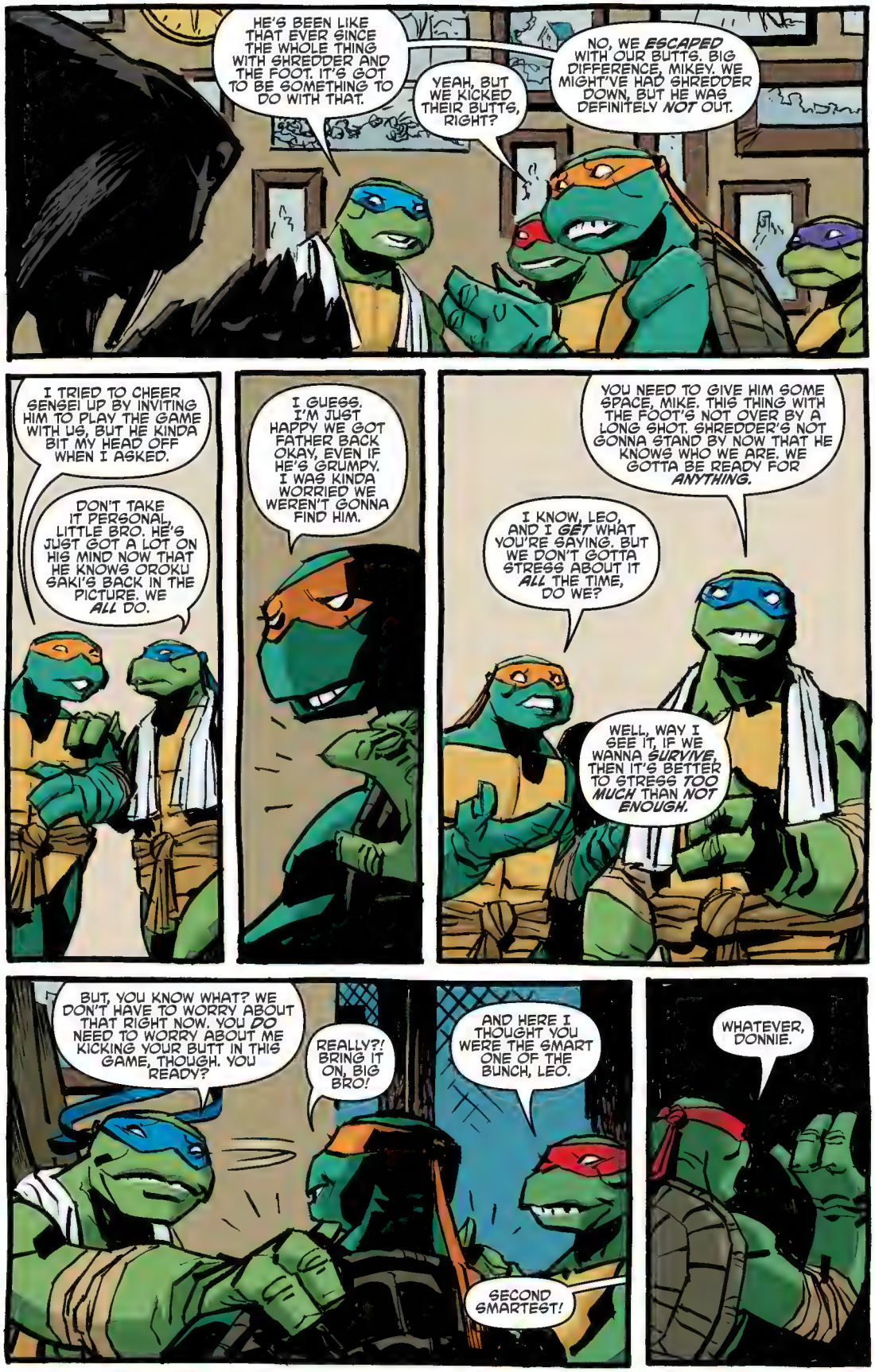
art by MIKE HENDERSON
colors by IAN HERRING

art by ANDY KUHN

ISSUE #13

PLEASE, DONNIE, YOU GOTTA HELP—HE'S KILLIN' ME!
I REALLY WISH I COULD, RAPH...
...BUT IN FOR A PENNY, IN FOR A POUND. I TOLD YOU NOT TO PLAY WITH MIKEY, BUT DID YOU LISTEN? NOOOO. SO...
...RIGHT FOOT TO TRIANGLE.
SHAPESTER!
WHERE... GAH! WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS STUPID GAME ANYWAYS, MIKE?
STUPID?! BRO, THIS IS... ERK! CLASSIC! FOUND IT HIDIN' ON... UNF! ON ONE OF THE STORE SHELVES.
MAN, THAT LOOKS PAINFUL. I THOUGHT THE TAI CHI I JUST DID WAS KILLER.
HEY, THIS IS LIKE... ACK! TAI CHI ON 'ROIDS, DUDE!
MORE LIKE TORTURE. I THINK MY SPLEEN JUST EXPLODED.

WHUMP
DUDE, THAT WAS *SICK!* BEST TWO OUTTA THREE?
WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? HOW THE HECK CAN YOU EVEN TELL WHO WON?
OH, I'D SAY *WE* WERE THE WINNERS, HUH, LEO?
YOU KNOW IT.
YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, MIKEY— THAT WAS DEFINITELY "CLASSIC."
HARDY HAR HAR, MR. TAI CHI. IT AIN'T LIKE STANDIN' AROUND LIKE A DUMB ONE-LEGGED CRANE IS ANY BETTER.
MASTER SPLINTER WOULD PROBABLY DISAGREE.
SPEAKIN' OF MASTER...
...WHAT'S GOTTEN *INTO* HIM LATELY?


HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT EVER SINCE THE WHOLE THING WITH SHREDDER AND THE FOOT. IT'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT.
YEAH, BUT WE KICKED THEIR BUTTS, RIGHT?
NO, WE ESCAPED WITH OUR BUTTS. BIG DIFFERENCE, MIKEY. WE MIGHT'VE HAD SHREDDER DOWN, BUT HE WAS DEFINITELY NOT OUT.
I TRIED TO CHEER SENSEI UP BY INVITING HIM TO PLAY THE GAME WITH US, BUT HE KINDA BIT MY HEAD OFF WHEN I ASKED.
DON'T TAKE IT PERSONAL, LITTLE BRO. HE'S JUST GOT A LOT ON HIS MIND NOW THAT HE KNOWS OROKU SAKI'S BACK IN THE PICTURE. WE ALL DO.
I GUESS. I'M JUST HAPPY WE GOT FATHER BACK OKAY, EVEN IF HE'S GRUMPY. I WAS KINDA WORRIED WE WEREN'T GONNA FIND HIM.
YOU NEED TO GIVE HIM SOME SPACE, MIKE. THIS THING WITH THE FOOT'S NOT OVER BY A LONG SHOT. SHREDDER'S NOT GONNA STAND BY NOW THAT HE KNOWS WHO WE ARE. WE GOTTA BE READY FOR ANYTHING.
I KNOW, LEO, AND I GET WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. BUT WE DON'T GOTTA STRESS ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME, DO WE?
WELL, WAY I SEE IT, IF WE WANNA SURVIVE, THEN IT'S BETTER TO STRESS TOO MUCH THAN NOT ENOUGH.
BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT? WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW. YOU DO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ME KICKING YOUR BUTT IN THIS GAME, THOUGH. YOU READY?
REALLY?! BRING IT ON, BIG BRO!
AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SMART ONE OF THE BUNCH, LEO.
SECOND SMARTEST!
WHATEVER, DONNIE.

OLD DANGERS—OLD WARS—HAVE BECOME NEW.
AND WHILE MY SONS PLAY—WHILE THEY ENJOY THESE FEW PEACEFUL MOMENTS AS ONLY CHILDREN CAN—I FIND MYSELF STRUGGLING UNDER A WEIGHT I THOUGHT LIFTED FROM MY TROUBLED SHOULDERS A *LIFETIME* AGO.
THEY ARE NOT READY FOR WHAT IS TO COME—I KNOW THIS, JUST AS I KNOW IT FALLS ON ME TO PREPARE THEM FOR THE LONG CONFLICT THAT LIES AHEAD—AND FOR THE GRIM REALITIES THAT EXIST WITHIN ALL WARS.
BUT AM I, MYSELF, READY? READY TO LEAD THEM DOWN A PATH WHERE RIGHT AND WRONG SO OFTEN BECOME INDISTINGUISHABLE?
THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS THIS—TO OPENLY DEFY SHREDDER IS TO COURT *DEATH*, AND IT IS INEVITABLE THAT HE WILL MOVE AGAINST US, STRIKING FROM THE SHADOWS WHEN WE LEAST EXPECT IT.
WE CANNOT FORESEE WHAT DANGER IS COMING *NEXT*.
WHAMP
FWUMP

*See TMNT: CASEY JONES: Microseries #6 – B.C.

SURPRISE! I COME BEARING GIFTS—GLAZED AND JELLY-FILLED!
DUNCAN
PLEASE FORGIVE MY RUDENESS, MISS O'NEIL, BUT I MUST DEPART IMMEDIATELY.
I... UM... OKAY.
GEEZ, WHERE'S THE FIRE?
DUNCAN
OH, MY GOD, CASEY...

"...YOUR POOR FACE!"
KRAK
GLGK!
WHUMP
HYAH!
YAH!
FWAK
SCHLIP
AGCK!

FWIP
FWIP
OH!
SHUMP
HYAH!
KONK
ERRGK!

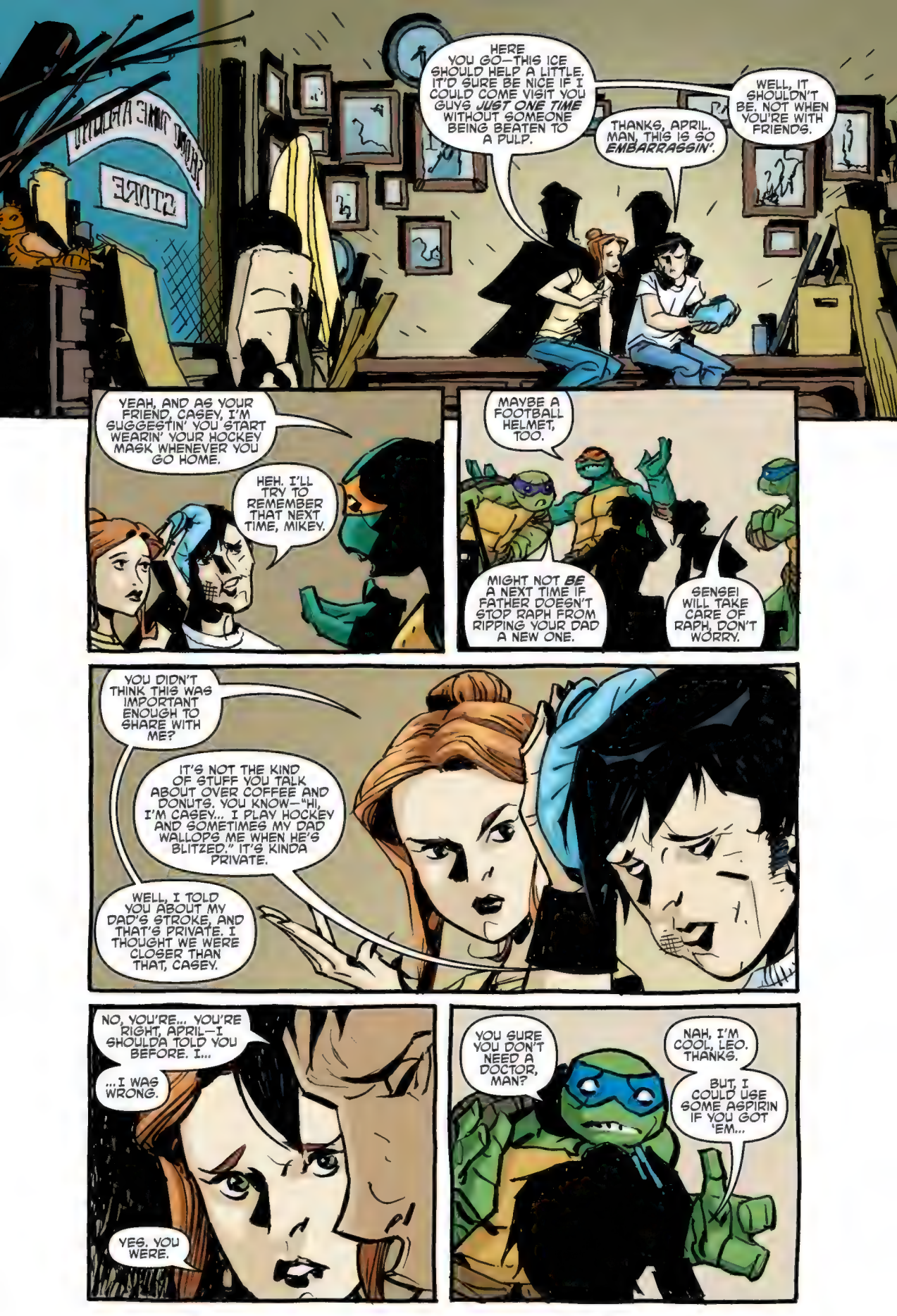
AGAIN.
EXCUSE ME?
DID I WHISPER, GRANDDAUGHTER? DID YOU NOT HEAR MY COMMAND? SHALL I REPEAT?
AGAIN!

BUT... THIS IS THE *THIRD* GROUP OF ATTACKERS I HAVE DEFEATED TODAY, MASTER.
HAVE I NOT *PROVEN* I AM READY?
NO, THIS IS THE *THIRD* TIME YOU HAVE *DISAPPOINTED* ME TODAY. THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE *PROVEN* IS THAT YOU ARE TOO CLUMSY, TOO SLOW, TOO WEAK, AND WHOLLY *UNPREPARED* TO LEAD AS MY SECOND-IN-COMMAND.
RESPECTFULLY, GRANDFATHER, I *DISAGREE*.
THE FOOT WAS *MINE* TO LEAD AND I LED THEM WELL— FROM THE PATHETIC BUREAUCRATIC QUAGMIRE MY FATHER HAD DRAGGED THE CLAN DOWN INTO, BACK TO THE DEADLY WARRIOR ARMY IT WAS ALWAYS MEANT TO BE.
FIRST
FNB
"FROM THE VERY START OF THIS WAR, I HAVE STOOD AT ITS FOREFRONT, ENSURING WE HAVE READY ACCESS TO THE RESOURCES NECESSARY TO ENHANCE OUR ARMY...
"...WHILE ALWAYS PROTECTING THE SECRECY OF OUR OPERATIONS."

"I HAVE COMMANDED OUR TROOPS AGAINST ALL THOSE WHO WOULD DARE OPPOSE US.
"FROM OUR ENEMIES IN THE LOWEST DENS OF ILL REPUTE...
"...TO THE HIGHEST POLITICAL OFFICE...
"...NONE HAVE BEEN SAFE."
I DID THIS, JUST AS IT WAS I WHO BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD, GRANDFATHER. WITHOUT ME, YOU WOULD NOT EVEN STAND HERE TODAY, JUDGING ME. IT WAS A DECISION I MADE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CLAN, AS A TRUE LEADER SHOULD.
I AM READY.
KARAI, IT IS ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE FLESH OF MY FLESH THAT I DO NOT STRIKE YOU DOWN HERE AND NOW.
YOU SAY YOU ARE READY, IMPETUOUS GIRL? THEN GATHER THOSE AROUND YOU. LEAD THEM AGAINST ME NOW...
...AND PROVE YOUR READINESS.

YOU, YOU... AND YOU.
WITH ME...
...ATTACK!
CLUMSY.
SLOW.
WEAK.
YOU ARE NOT READY.
UFF!

DESPITE YOUR INSOLENCE, YOU ARE A CAPABLE WARRIOR, KARAI, AND A NINJA OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. ON THAT, WE AGREE.
BUT, YOU NO LONGER LEAD THE FOOT CLAN— AND CONTRARY TO YOUR EARLIER DECLARATION, YOU NEVER *TRULY* HAVE.
YOU ARE A SOLDIER, NOT A LEADER, AND IT IS *FOLLY* FOR YOU TO BELIEVE OTHERWISE. I, HOWEVER, *DO* LEAD...
...AND THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO FIND A MORE *SUITABLE* SECOND-IN-COMMAND.


HERE YOU GO—THIS ICE SHOULD HELP A LITTLE. IT'D SURE BE NICE IF I COULD COME VISIT YOU GUYS *JUST ONE TIME* WITHOUT SOMEONE BEING BEATEN TO A PULP.
THANKS, APRIL. MAN, THIS IS SO *EMBARRASSIN'*.
WELL, IT SHOULDN'T BE. NOT WHEN YOU'RE WITH FRIENDS.
YEAH, AND AS YOUR FRIEND, CASEY, I'M SUGGESTIN' YOU START WEARIN' YOUR HOCKEY MASK WHENEVER YOU GO HOME.
HEH. I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER THAT NEXT TIME, MIKEY.
MAYBE A FOOTBALL HELMET, TOO.
MIGHT NOT *BE* A NEXT TIME IF FATHER DOESN'T STOP RAPH FROM RIPPING YOUR DAD A NEW ONE.
SENSEI WILL TAKE CARE OF RAPH, DON'T WORRY.
YOU DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO SHARE WITH ME?
IT'S NOT THE KIND OF STUFF YOU TALK ABOUT OVER COFFEE AND DONUTS. YOU KNOW—"HI, I'M CASEY... I PLAY HOCKEY AND SOMETIMES MY DAD WALLOPS ME WHEN HE'S BLITZED." IT'S KINDA PRIVATE.
WELL, I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY DAD'S STROKE, AND THAT'S PRIVATE. I THOUGHT WE WERE CLOSER THAN THAT, CASEY.
NO, YOU'RE... YOU'RE RIGHT, APRIL—I SHOULDA TOLD YOU BEFORE. I...
...I WAS WRONG.
YES, YOU WERE.
YOU SURE YOU DON'T NEED A DOCTOR, MAN?
NAH, I'M COOL, LEO. THANKS.
BUT, I COULD USE SOME ASPIRIN IF YOU GOT 'EM...

"...I'M ROCKIN' THE WORLD'S *WORST* HEADACHE RIGHT NOW."
I'VE HAD HANGOVERS BEFORE, BUT *THIS* IS *UNPRECEDENTED*.
MY STOMACH IS SPINNING LIKE A BLASTED CENTRIFUGE.
AND MY HEAD? GAH.
MY FORTUNE FOR AN ASPIRIN.
WHAT THE HELL DID KRANG DO TO...
...ME?

WHERE IN BLAZES AM I?
AND WHAT IS ALL THIS?
CLICK

WHAT'S UP?
SERGEANT GRANITOR WANTS US TO FALL IN FOR FORMATION ASAP.
PROBABLY ANOTHER SURPRISE INSPECTION.
WHATEVER IT IS, WE NEED TO BEAT FEET OR WE'RE ALL GONNA BE ON LATRINE DUTY FOR THE NEXT MONTH FOR BEING LATE.
CHK
LET'S SEE WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER TWO, SHALL WE?
HM.
NOW *THIS* IS INTERESTING.

WELCOME TO BURNOW ISLAND, STOCKMAN...
WHO—?!
...I SEE YOU'VE ALREADY MET MY FAMILY.
KRANG!
YES. AND AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.
YOU...
...AND I.

FREAKIN' TV... AIN'T NOTHIN' GOOD ON ANY CHAN—
KRSSH
WHERE ARE YOU, SCUMBAG?!
THERE YOU ARE! YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN FOR GOOD TONIGHT, CHUMP.
YEAH? WE'LL SEE, PUNK.
I REMEMBER YOUR UGLY MUG.
AND I BEEN LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THIS.
KRSSH

GRAH!
WHAP
NRGGLK!
WHUF!
FWUMP
KRAK
I TOLD YOU, CHUMP— THIS ENDS NOW.
RAPHAEL... NO!

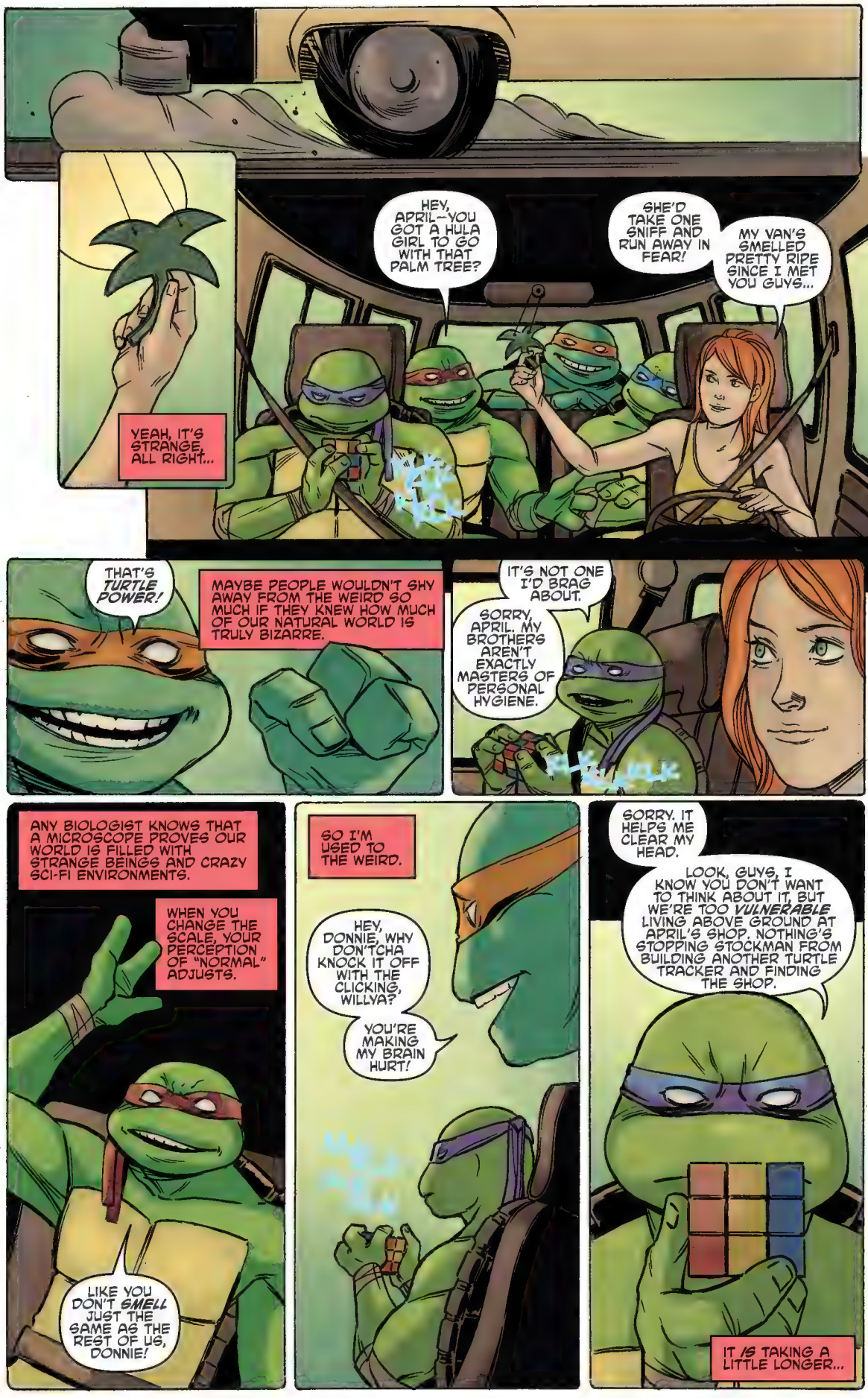
FWIP
YAH!
MASTER SPLINTER?
YOU FIGHT WITH TOO MUCH *RAGE*, MY SON.
LET ME SHOW YOU THE *TRUE WAY* OF THE NINJA.

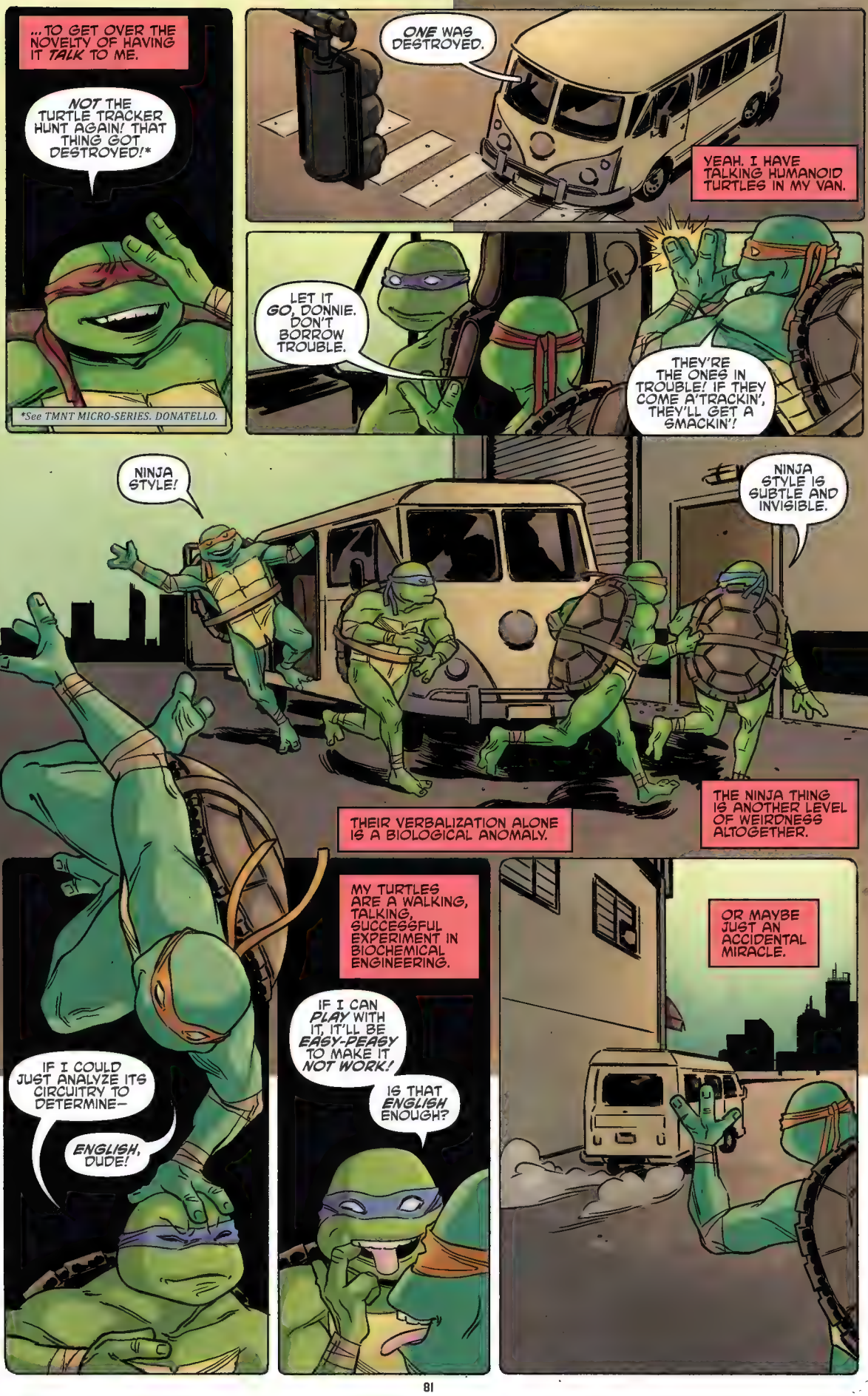
art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

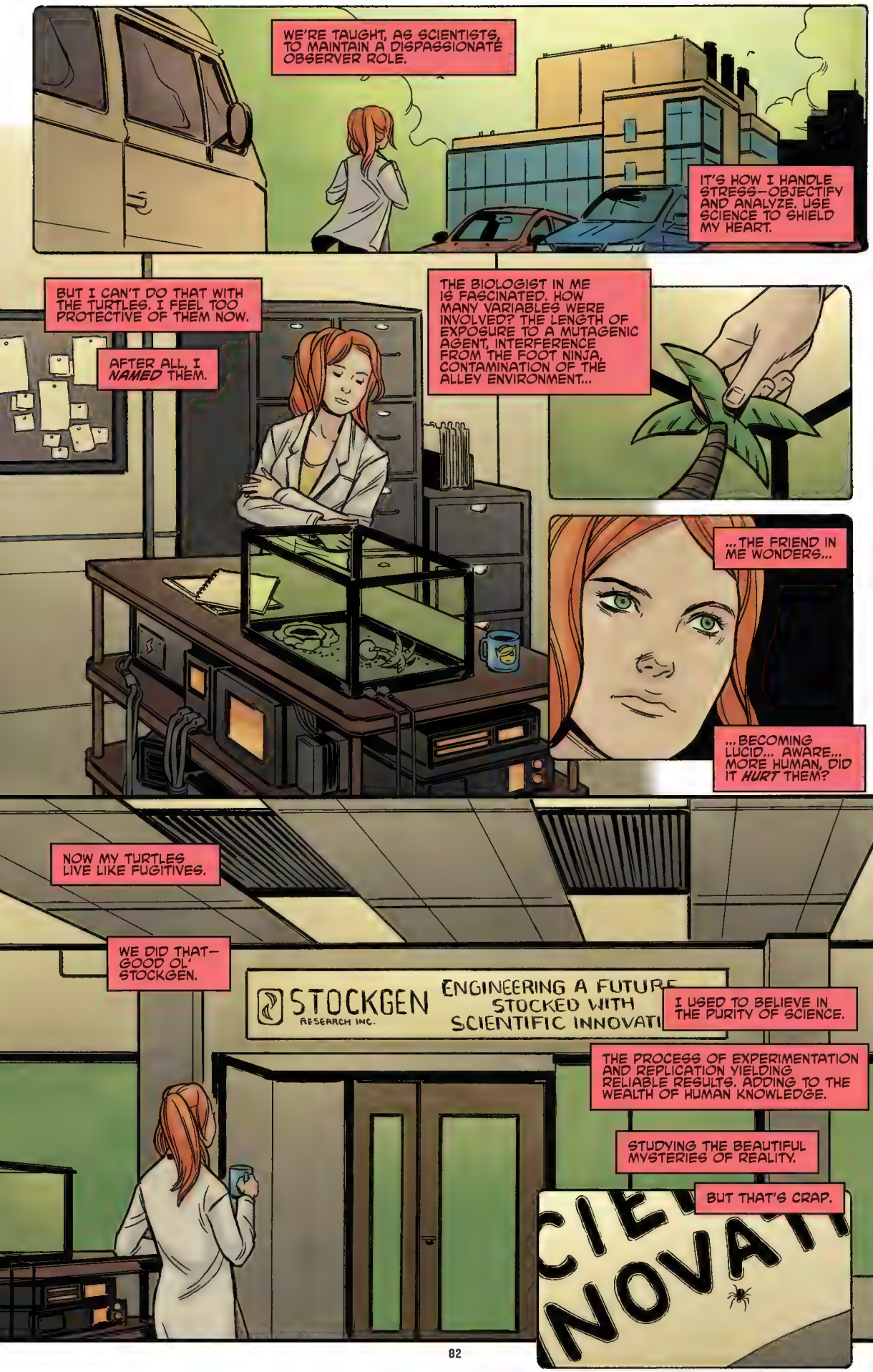
art by DAVID PETERSEN

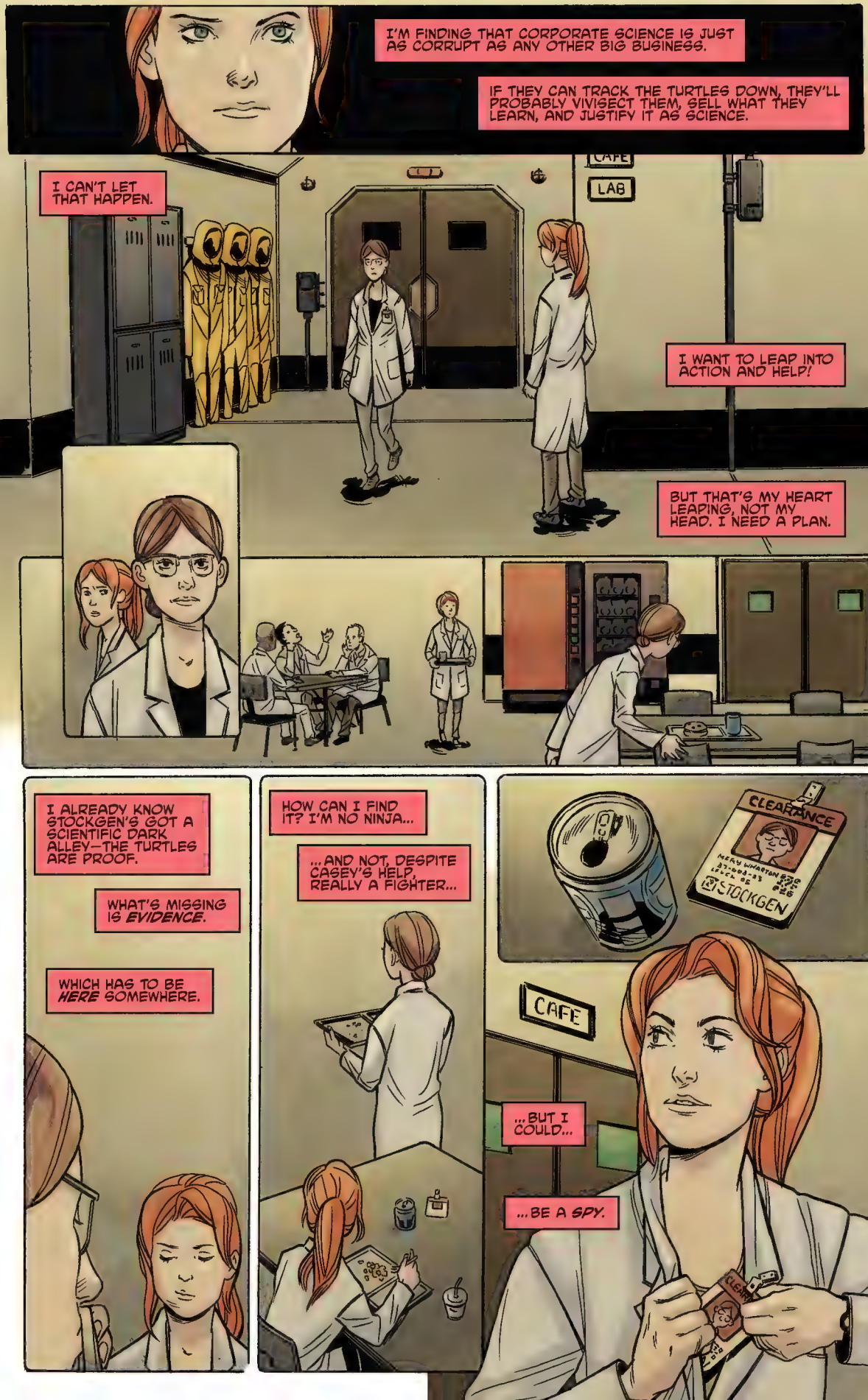
APRIL O'NEIL

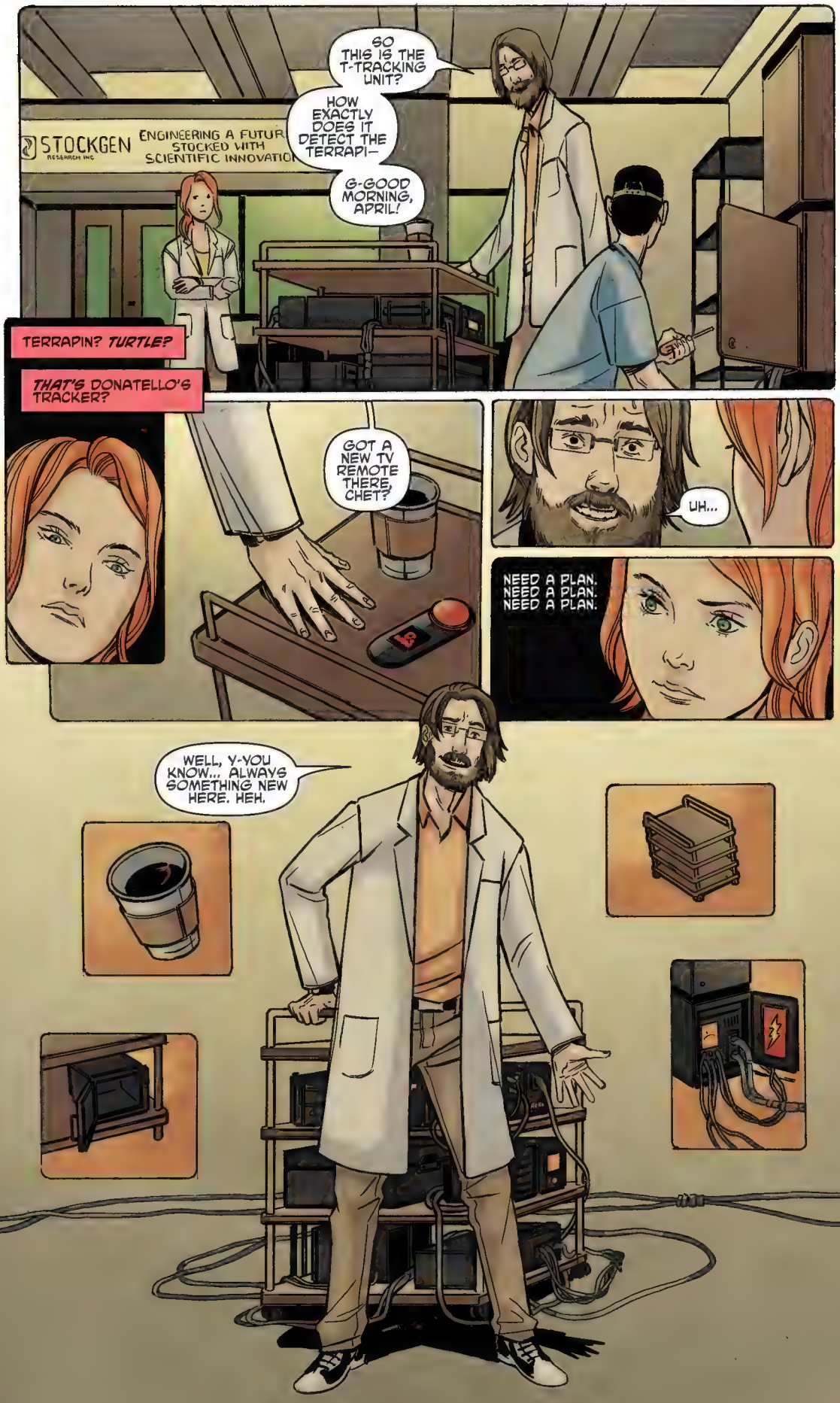
NOOOOO!
NONONONO!
AHH!
NONONONONO...
...NO MORE PIZZA AT BEDTIME.
STRANGE DREAM.
LIKE MY REALITY ISN'T.

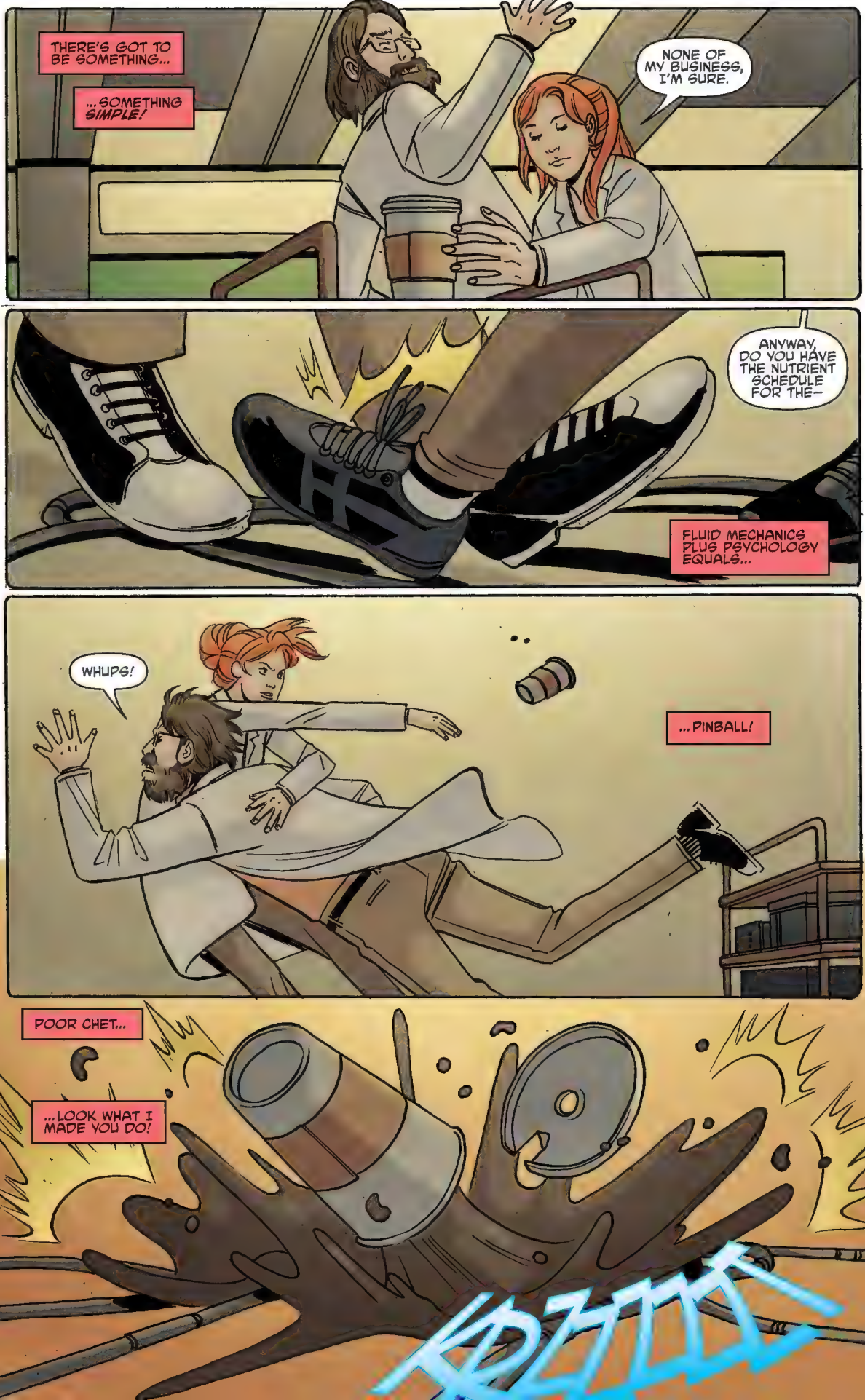

YEAH, IT'S STRANGE, ALL RIGHT...
HEY, APRIL—YOU GOT A HULA GIRL TO GO WITH THAT PALM TREE?
SHE'D TAKE ONE SNIFF AND RUN AWAY IN FEAR!
MY VAN'S SMELLED PRETTY RIPE SINCE I MET YOU GUYS...
THAT'S *TURTLE POWER!*
MAYBE PEOPLE WOULDN'T SHY AWAY FROM THE WEIRD SO MUCH IF THEY KNEW HOW MUCH OF OUR NATURAL WORLD IS TRULY BIZARRE.
IT'S NOT ONE I'D BRAG ABOUT.
SORRY, APRIL. MY BROTHERS AREN'T EXACTLY MASTERS OF PERSONAL HYGIENE.
ANY BIOLOGIST KNOWS THAT A MICROSCOPE PROVES OUR WORLD IS FILLED WITH STRANGE BEINGS AND CRAZY SCI-FI ENVIRONMENTS.
WHEN YOU CHANGE THE SCALE, YOUR PERCEPTION OF "NORMAL" ADJUSTS.
LIKE YOU DON'T *SMELL* JUST THE SAME AS THE REST OF US, DONNIE!
SO I'M USED TO THE WEIRD.
HEY, DONNIE, WHY DON'TCHA KNOCK IT OFF WITH THE CLICKING, WILLYA?
YOU'RE MAKING MY BRAIN HURT!
SORRY. IT HELPS ME CLEAR MY HEAD.
LOOK, GUYS, I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT, BUT WE'RE TOO *VULNERABLE* LIVING ABOVE GROUND AT APRIL'S SHOP. NOTHING'S STOPPING STOCKMAN FROM BUILDING ANOTHER TURTLE TRACKER AND FINDING THE SHOP.
IT *IS* TAKING A LITTLE LONGER...

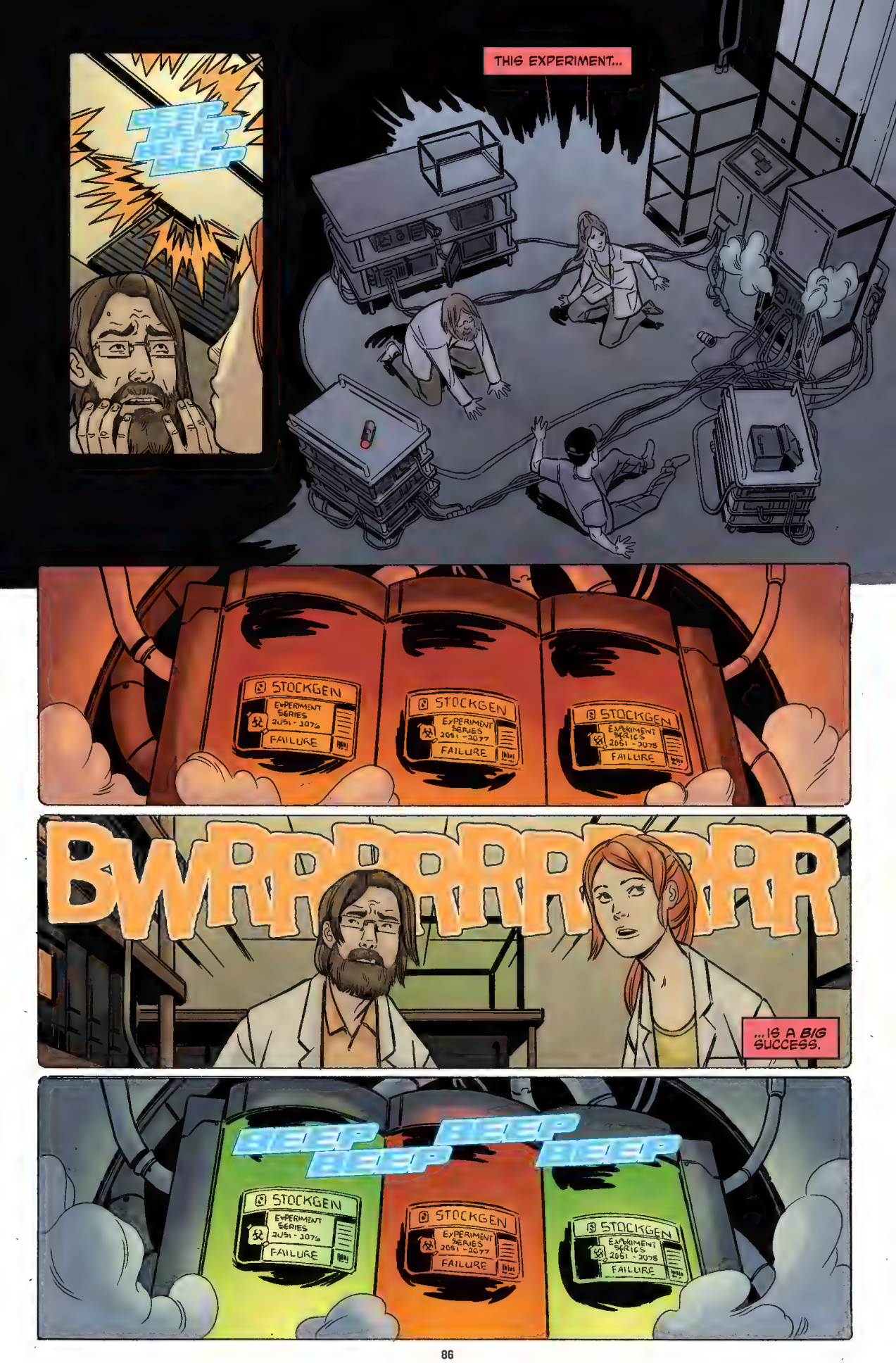

...TO GET OVER THE NOVELTY OF HAVING IT *TALK* TO ME.
NOT THE TURTLE TRACKER HUNT AGAIN! THAT THING GOT DESTROYED!*
*See TMNT MICRO-SERIES. DONATELLO.
ONE WAS DESTROYED.
YEAH. I HAVE TALKING HUMANOID TURTLES IN MY VAN.
LET IT GO, DONNIE. DON'T BORROW TROUBLE.
THEY'RE THE ONES IN TROUBLE! IF THEY COME A'TRACKIN', THEY'LL GET A SMACKIN'!
NINJA STYLE!
NINJA STYLE IS SUBTLE AND INVISIBLE.
THEIR VERBALIZATION ALONE IS A BIOLOGICAL ANOMALY.
THE NINJA THING IS ANOTHER LEVEL OF WEIRDNESS ALTOGETHER.
IF I COULD JUST ANALYZE ITS CIRCUITRY TO DETERMINE—
ENGLISH, DUDE!
MY TURTLES ARE A WALKING, TALKING, SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN BIOCHEMICAL ENGINEERING.
IF I CAN *PLAY* WITH IT, IT'LL BE *EASY-PEASY* TO MAKE IT *NOT WORK!*
IS THAT *ENGLISH* ENOUGH?
OR MAYBE JUST AN ACCIDENTAL MIRACLE.


WE'RE TAUGHT, AS SCIENTISTS, TO MAINTAIN A DISPASSIONATE OBSERVER ROLE.
IT'S HOW I HANDLE STRESS—OBJECTIFY AND ANALYZE. USE SCIENCE TO SHIELD MY HEART.
BUT I CAN'T DO THAT WITH THE TURTLES. I FEEL TOO PROTECTIVE OF THEM NOW.
AFTER ALL, I *NAMED* THEM.
THE BIOLOGIST IN ME IS FASCINATED. HOW MANY VARIABLES WERE INVOLVED? THE LENGTH OF EXPOSURE TO A MUTAGENIC AGENT, INTERFERENCE FROM THE FOOT NINJA, CONTAMINATION OF THE ALLEY ENVIRONMENT...
...THE FRIEND IN ME WONDERS...
...BECOMING LUCID... AWARE... MORE HUMAN. DID IT *HURT* THEM?
NOW MY TURTLES LIVE LIKE FUGITIVES.
WE DID THAT—GOOD OL' STOCKGEN.
STOCKGEN RESEARCH INC.
ENGINEERING A FUTURE STOCKED WITH SCIENTIFIC INNOVATI
I USED TO BELIEVE IN THE PURITY OF SCIENCE.
THE PROCESS OF EXPERIMENTATION AND REPLICATION YIELDING RELIABLE RESULTS. ADDING TO THE WEALTH OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.
STUDYING THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERIES OF REALITY.
BUT THAT'S CRAP.


I'M FINDING THAT CORPORATE SCIENCE IS JUST AS CORRUPT AS ANY OTHER BIG BUSINESS.
IF THEY CAN TRACK THE TURTLES DOWN, THEY'LL PROBABLY VIVISECT THEM, SELL WHAT THEY LEARN, AND JUSTIFY IT AS SCIENCE.
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
CAFE
LAB
I WANT TO LEAP INTO ACTION AND HELP!
BUT THAT'S MY HEART LEADING, NOT MY HEAD. I NEED A PLAN.
I ALREADY KNOW STOCKGEN'S GOT A SCIENTIFIC DARK ALLEY—THE TURTLES ARE PROOF.
WHAT'S MISSING IS *EVIDENCE*.
WHICH HAS TO BE *HERE* SOMEWHERE.
HOW CAN I FIND IT? I'M NO NINJA...
...AND NOT, DESPITE CASEY'S HELP, REALLY A FIGHTER...
CLEARANCE
STOCKGEN
CAFE
...BUT I COULD...
...BE A *SPY*.


STOCKGEN
RESEARCH INC
ENGINEERING A FUTUR
STOCKED WITH
SCIENTIFIC INNOVATIO
SO THIS IS THE T-TRACKING UNIT?
HOW EXACTLY DOES IT DETECT THE TERRAPI—
G-GOOD MORNING, APRIL!
TERRAPIN? TURTLE?
THAT'S DONATELLO'S TRACKER?
GOT A NEW TV REMOTE THERE, CHET?
UH...
NEED A PLAN.
NEED A PLAN.
NEED A PLAN.
WELL, Y-YOU KNOW... ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW HERE. HEH.


THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING...
...SOMETHING SIMPLE!
NONE OF MY BUSINESS, I'M SURE.
ANYWAY, DO YOU HAVE THE NUTRIENT SCHEDULE FOR THE--
FLUID MECHANICS PLUS PSYCHOLOGY EQUALS...
WHUPS!
...PINBALL!
POOR CHET...
...LOOK WHAT I MADE YOU DO!
KRZZK


BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
THIS EXPERIMENT...
STOCKGEN
EXPERIMENT SERIES 2051 - 2077
FAILURE
BWRRRRRRRRRR
...IS A BIG SUCCESS.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

STOCKGEN
EXPERIMENT SERIES 2051-2078
FAILURE
I– I– HOW C-COULD...?
I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T MEAN FOR THAT TO HAPPEN.
B-BUT I–
–I D-DIDN'T!
NO ONE'S BLAMING YOU.
CAN I HELP YOU CLEAN UP?
EVERYBODY OUT! YOU CAN COME BACK AFTER WE GIVE THE ALL CLEAR.
FAILURE
I'LL BE BACK...
...TONIGHT.

—NOT SURE IF THEY WERE PLANNING TO USE IT SOON, BUT FOR NOW, IT'S SAFELY STASHED AND YOU CAN HAVE IT IN YOUR HANDS BY TOMORROW!

I TOLD YOU WE NEEDED TO PAY ATTENTION TO THAT TURTLE TRACKER TECH!

OKAY, DONNIE, YOU'RE NOT AS CRAZY AS WE THOUGHT!

YOU DID GOOD, APRIL!

ABSOLUTELY, APRIL, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE BIG RISKS ON OUR BEHALF.

YOU REALLY THINK *YOU GUYS* ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO SHOULD TAKE RISKS?

NO, BUT—

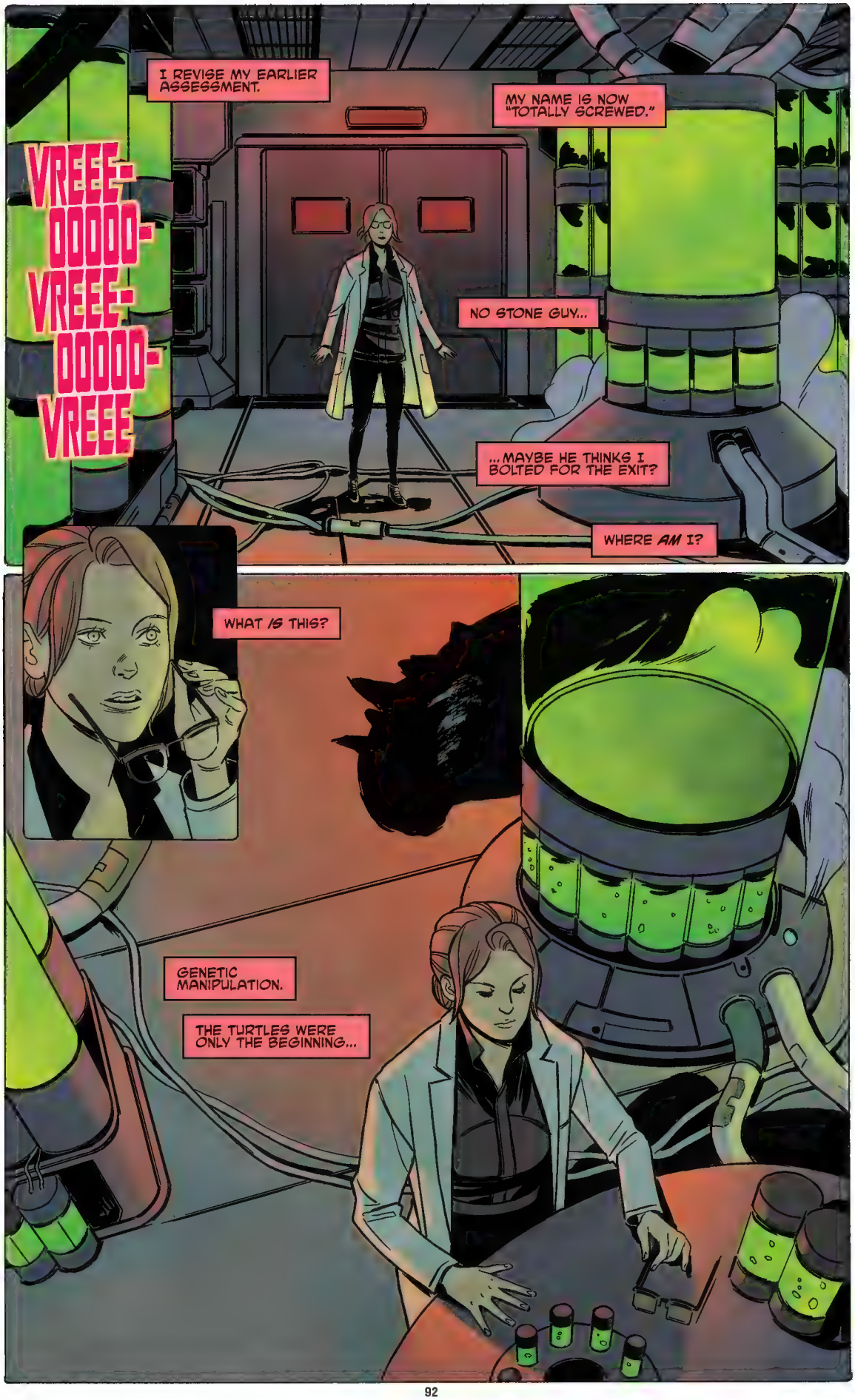
DON'T YOU WANT TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THAT TRACKER?

IF I GET CAUGHT, I JUST SAY I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THE DAMAGE AND *WHOOPS!* I USED THE WRONG I.D!

O... KAY. JUST BE CAREFUL.

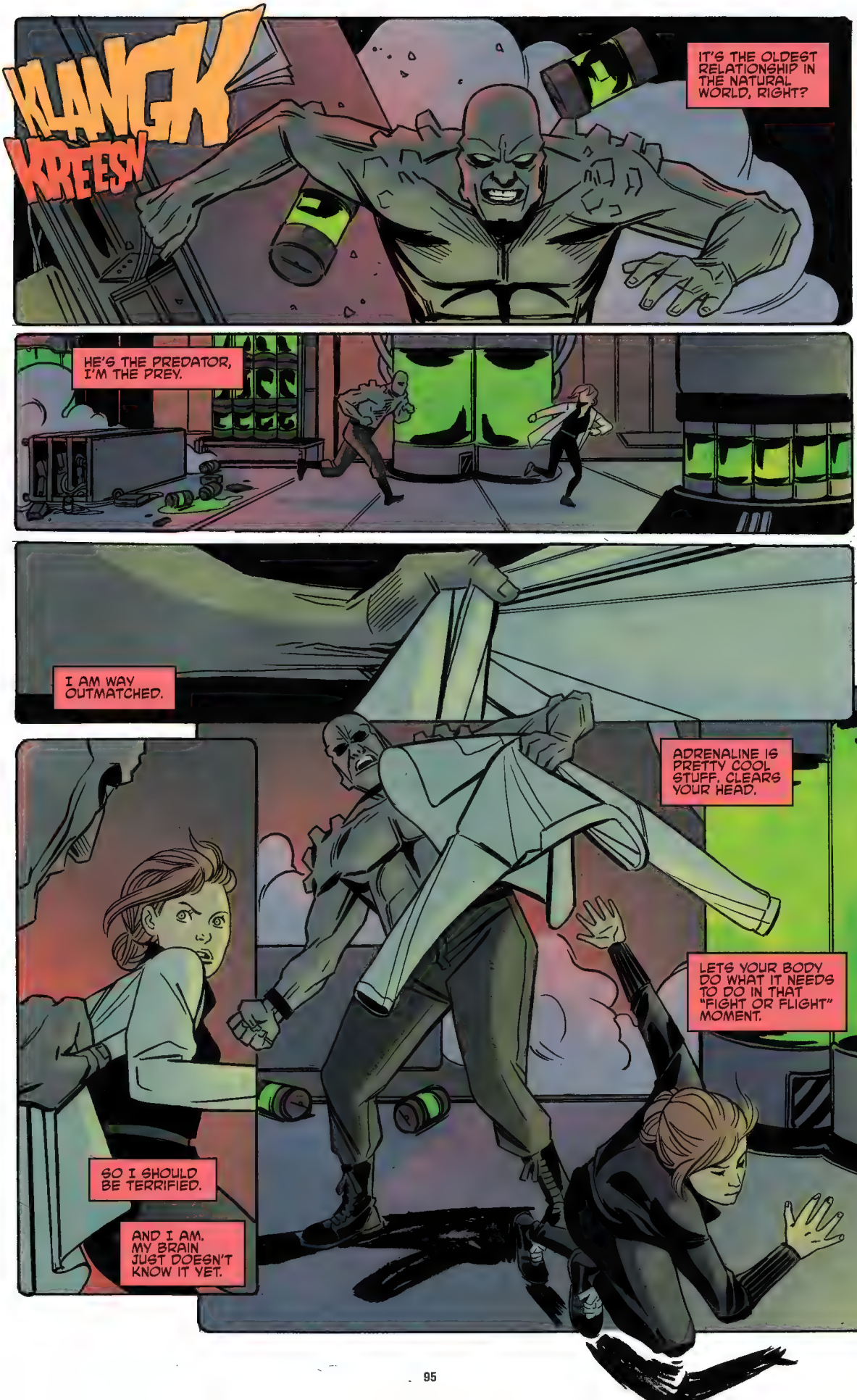
NOTHING TO SEE HERE...
...JUST A JOGGER, PAY NO ATTENTION.
NOBODY SPECIAL.
MOVE ALONG, MOVE ALONG. JUST AN ORDINARY COWORKER BACK TO CHECK ON THE DAMAGE.
YOU SEE ME EVERY DAY. DON'T BOTHER LOOKING AT...
...THAT?
—HOW UNHAPPY GENERAL KRANG WILL BE IF THE BIOLOGICAL AREAS ARE NOT RESECURED SOON.
EVERYTHING SEEMS F-FINE. IT WAS JUST A SHORT-CIRCUIT.
HOLD ON! THAT GUY IS *SOLID STONE!*
AND CHET'S NOT SURPRISED?
I THOUGHT THE *TURTLE TRACKER* WAS SOMETHING—
THERE'S *MUCH* BIGGER SECRETS HERE!

I INTEND TO BE ABLE TO REASSURE HIM THAT ALL IS WELL—
YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
HALT AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
I SAID HALT!
MY NAME IS "OUTTA HERE."
VREEE-OOOOO-
VREEE-OOOOO-
WHAT THE—?
LAB


I REVISE MY EARLIER ASSESSMENT.
MY NAME IS NOW "TOTALLY SCREWED."
VREEE-OOOOO-VREEE-OOOOO-VREEE
NO STONE GUY...
...MAYBE HE THINKS I BOLTED FOR THE EXIT?
WHERE AM I?
WHAT IS THIS?
GENETIC MANIPULATION.
THE TURTLES WERE ONLY THE BEGINNING...

...AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THE DAMAGE...
2077
...SOMEBODY ELSE GOT TIRED OF BEING AN EXPERIMENT.
I CAN'T IGNORE WHAT I'M SEEING HERE.
KRAK
I TOLD YOU TO HALT!

VREEE-
OOOOO-
VREEE-
OOOOO-
VREEE
THIS IS FRIGHTENINGLY FAMILIAR...
...ONLY I'M NOT DREAMING THIS TIME.
THERE'S NO WAY OUT EXCEPT THROUGH HIM.
THINK, APRIL. YOU MAY NOT HAVE A SHELL, BUT YOU HAVE A BRAIN.
OBJECTIFY AND ANALYZE.
KA-CHVKK
AHH!
PSSSSH
THANKS FOR THE SELF-DEFENSE LESSONS, CASEY—
LET'S HOPE I ACE MY FINAL!

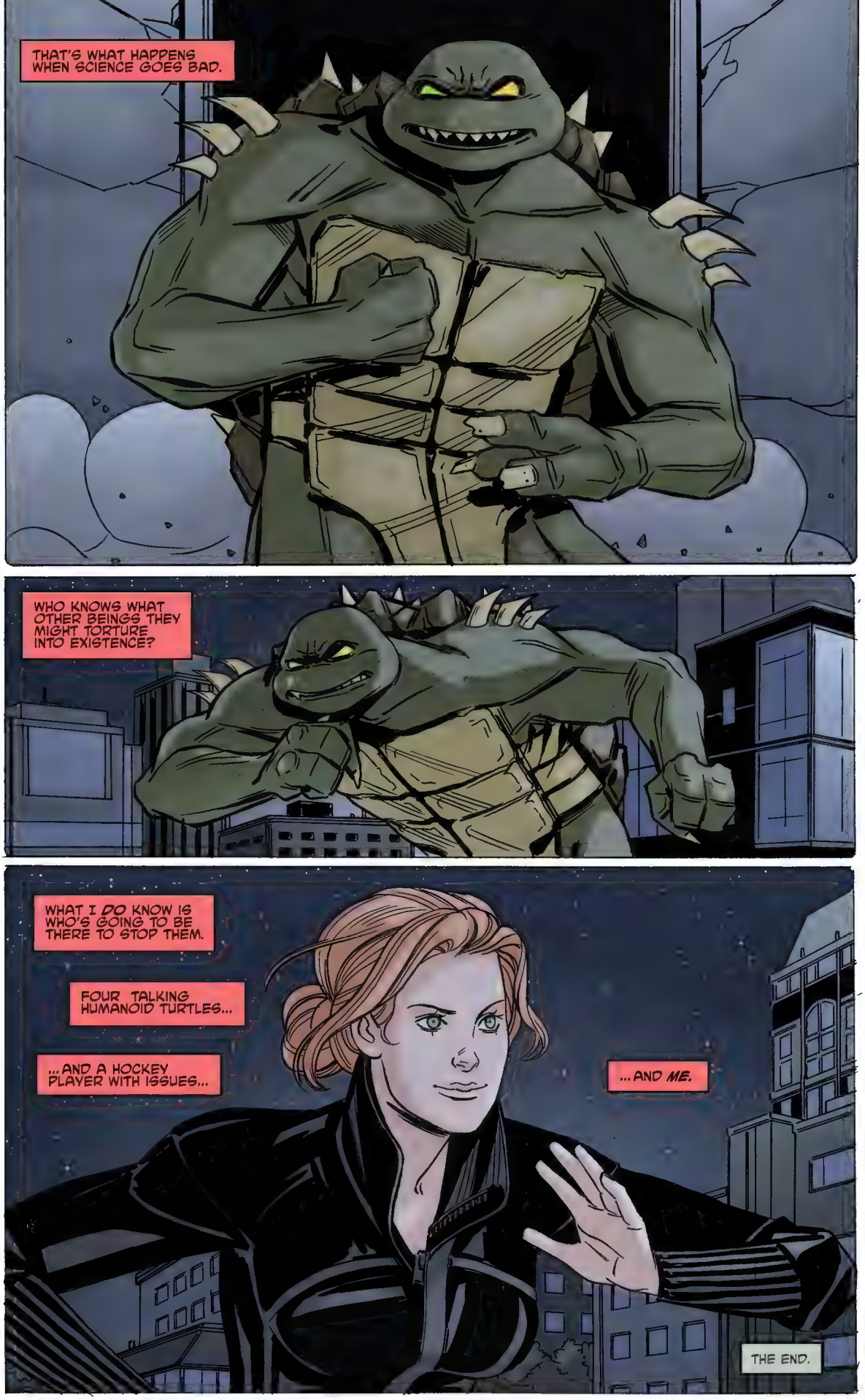

KLANGK KREESH
IT'S THE OLDEST RELATIONSHIP IN THE NATURAL WORLD, RIGHT?
HE'S THE PREDATOR, I'M THE PREY.
I AM WAY OUTMATCHED.
ADRENALINE IS PRETTY COOL STUFF. CLEARS YOUR HEAD.
LETS YOUR BODY DO WHAT IT NEEDS TO DO IN THAT "FIGHT OR FLIGHT" MOMENT.
SO I SHOULD BE TERRIFIED.
AND I AM. MY BRAIN JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT YET.

VREEE-OOOOO-
VREEE-OOOOO-
VREEE-
TOO BAD IT DOESN'T LAST FOREVER.
PRETTY SOON I'M GONNA CRASH.
BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, I NEED TO...
...ESCAPE.
WHAT—?
IN *HERE!* ONE OF THE EXPERIMENTS IS *OUT!*
SECURE IT BEFORE—

GRAAAUGH!
THOK
CRASH
REEE-OOOOO-VREEE-OOOOO-VREEE-OOOOO-VR

VREEE-OOOOO-VREEE-OOOOO-
THERE! FOLLOW ME!
ALL CLEAR?
THANK GOD. ALL CLEAR.
AT LEAST FOR NOW.
EEE-OOOOO-VREEE-OOOOO-VREEE-
YOU! FREEZE!

I HAVE NO PLAN FOR GETTING OUT THE DOOR, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S ABANDONED.
WHATEVER THAT ROCKY GUY WAS YELLING ABOUT, THEY'RE ALL BUSY CHASING IT.
SO I'M OUT WITH THE TRACKER AND MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS.
TYPICAL SCIENTIFIC SCENARIO.
IT *IS* CREEPY BEING OUT HERE THIS LATE...
WELCOME TO STOCKGEN
BUT I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING ANYMORE.
THMPP
NOT AFTER *THAT.*
THMMMP
JUST SICK AND SAD KNOWING WHAT'S *REALLY* GOING ON IN THERE.
WHANNNG


THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SCIENCE GOES BAD.
WHO KNOWS WHAT OTHER BEINGS THEY MIGHT TORTURE INTO EXISTENCE?
WHAT I *DO* KNOW IS WHO'S GOING TO BE THERE TO STOP THEM.
FOUR TALKING HUMANOID TURTLES...
...AND A HOCKEY PLAYER WITH ISSUES...
...AND *ME.*
THE END.

art by MARLEY ZARCONE

art by ANDY KUHN

ISSUE #14

IS THIS THE SOLUTION YOU SEEK?
WOULD YOU HAVE ME EXECUTE THIS MAN, MY SON?
WOULD THAT MAKE YOU... HAPPY?

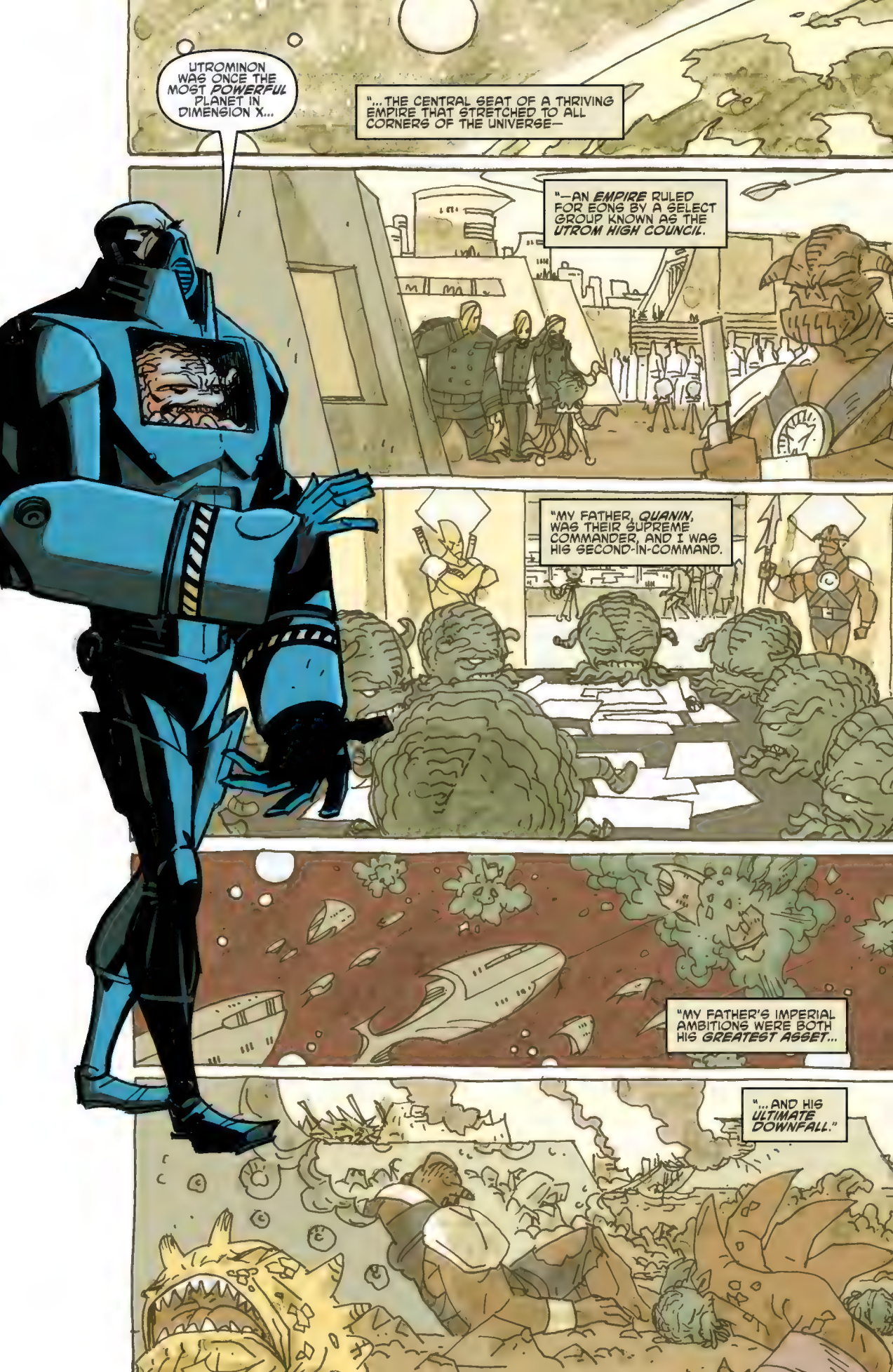
PUH-PLEASE... DON'T—
BE SILENT. I AM NOT SPEAKING TO YOU.
WELL, RAPHAEL?
NO... IT... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT. I... WAS JUST...
JUST WHAT, MY SON? TOO ANGRY?
TOO... OUT OF CONTROL?
NO... I...
...YEAH. I GUESS SO.
THERE IS NO NEED TO GUESS— IT IS CLEAR YOUR ANGER OVERTOOK YOU.
YOUR BETTER JUDGMENT WAS LOST IN THE MAELSTROM OF YOUR EMOTIONS... IN YOUR DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE AT ALL COSTS.
I KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN LOST TO THAT SAME DARK STORM MANY TIMES.
YOU... YOU HAVE?

YES. IT MAY BE DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, BUT I WAS ONCE *YOUNG* LIKE YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS. NEW TO THE WAYS OF THE NINJA—INEXPERIENCED AND RAW.
AND, ALL TOO OFTEN, PRONE TO AN *INTENSE ANGER* I COULD NOT FULLY COMPREHEND... NOR FULLY CONTROL.
"IT WAS ONLY OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THROUGH THE *PATIENT TEACHINGS* OF ONE *FAR WISER* THAN ME...
"...THE *UNCONDITIONAL LOVE* OF ONE ON WHOM I COULD ALWAYS DEPEND...
"...AND THE *UNWAVERING TRUST* OF FOUR WHO DEPENDED WHOLLY ON ME..."
...THAT I WAS ABLE TO CONTROL THE *BLACK RAGE* BURNING IN MY SOUL. TO ALLOW *CALM* AND *COMMON SENSE* TO BE MY MASTERS AT ALL TIMES.
TO USE FORCE *ONLY* AFTER ANY AND ALL PEACEFUL PATHS HAD FIRST BEEN EXPLORED.
TO *FOREGO* THE ANGER AND PRIDE THAT AT ALL TIMES THREATENED TO CONSUME ME.
BUT, THAT... THAT AIN'T ALWAYS SO *EASY*, FATHER.

THE HONORABLE WAY *RARELY* IS, MY SON.
AND, SADLY, FOR SOME, LIKE YOU AND ME, FOLLOWING THE PATH OF PEACE CAN BE THE MOST DIFFICULT BATTLE OF ALL. BUT IT IS A BATTLE WE *MUST* FIGHT.
I *GET* WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'... I REALLY DO. AND I KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S JUST...
...IT'S JUST THAT I ALSO KNOW, IF I DON'T DO *SOMETHIN'*, CASEY'S GONNA KEEP TAKIN' THESE BEATINGS AND... AND IT'S GONNA GET HIM *KILLED.*
THIS JERK... ALL THE TWISTED CRAP HE DOES TO HIS OWN KID—MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT I DON'T THINK HE *DESERVES* ANY MORE CHANCES.
ON *THAT*, MY SON...
...WE DO NOT DISAGREE.
WAIT... WHA? *NO!*

BURNOW ISLAND.
WELL, STOCKMAN, I ASSUME YOU HAVE *QUESTIONS?*
YES... YOU *COULD* ASSUME THAT, GENERAL KRANG.
THEN, BY ALL MEANS, ASK AWAY.
VERY WELL.
WHO ARE YOU, REALLY? *WHAT* ARE YOU, REALLY? WHERE THE HELL AM I?
AND WHAT THE DEVIL IS ALL OF *THIS?*

MY NAME, AS YOU ALREADY KNOW, IS KRANG. I AM AN *UTROM* FROM THE PLANET *UTROMINON*. YOU ARE AT MY COMMAND HEADQUARTERS ON BURNOW ISLAND. AND, AS FOR *THIS*...
...OTHER THAN MYSELF, THIS IS *ALL* THAT REMAINS OF THE UTROM RACE.
AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BEING? INTERESTING.
AN *INTER-DIMENSIONAL BEING*—DO *NOT* CONFUSE THE TWO AGAIN, STOCKMAN. UTROMINON, BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED, WAS PART OF *DIMENSION X*—AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION TO EARTH'S.
WELL... THIS IS ALL CERTAINLY SURPRISING. AND YET, IT DOES MAKE *SOME* SENSE.
SO, IF YOU *ARE* FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THEN HOW IS IT YOU'VE COME HERE TO BURNOW ISLAND? TO EARTH?
IT WILL BE BETTER IF I *SHOW* YOU THAT RATHER THAN EXPLAIN IT. FOLLOW ME.
THIS *DIMENSIONAL PORTAL* ALLOWS US TO TRAVEL BETWEEN DIMENSION X AND EARTH.
FASCINATING. ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING.
IT IS ONLY RECENTLY, AFTER THE *DESTRUCTION* OF OUR PLANET, THAT WE'VE MADE EARTH OUR... "HOME."
UTROMINON—YOU SAY IT WAS DESTROYED?


UTROMINON WAS ONCE THE MOST *POWERFUL* PLANET IN DIMENSION X...
"...THE CENTRAL SEAT OF A THRIVING EMPIRE THAT STRETCHED TO ALL CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE—
"—AN *EMPIRE* RULED FOR EONS BY A SELECT GROUP KNOWN AS THE *UTROM HIGH COUNCIL*.
"MY FATHER, *QUANIN*, WAS THEIR SUPREME COMMANDER, AND I WAS HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND.
"MY FATHER'S IMPERIAL AMBITIONS WERE BOTH HIS *GREATEST ASSET*...
"...AND HIS *ULTIMATE DOWNFALL*."

BAWOOP BAWOOP BAWOOP
WHAT THE...?
EXCUSE ME, STOCKMAN—IT APPEARS OUR HISTORY LESSON WILL HAVE TO WAIT.
LIEUTENANT POGUE, WHAT IS THE *MEANING* OF THIS ALARM?
IT'S THE *NRF*, GENERAL! THEY ARE ATTEMPTING AN *ATTACK* THROUGH THE PORTAL!
THEN *SHUT DOWN* THE PORTAL, YOU IMBECILE!
I'M *TRYING*, SIR, BUT... IT'S NOT RESPONDING TO MY COMMANDS. THEY'RE *JAMMING* ME SOMEHOW. IT...
...OH NO.
TAKE COVER!
DEATH TO KRANG!
FZAP
FZAP
PROTECT THE GENERAL!

GUH!
FZAP
NO!
YOU DIE, KRANG!
FZAP
GENERAL, WATCH OU— GGRK!
DID YOU BRING ME HERE TO GET ME KILLED, KRANG?!
RELAX, STOCKMAN. THIS IS JUST A... WHAT DID YOU CALL IT?
AH, YES...

...A MINOR SETBACK.
ZARK
AAAGK!
GENERAL KRANG! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?!
I'M FINE, CAPTAIN TRAGG—THOUGH I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR YOUR FELLOW STONE SOLDIER...
...OR THESE CRETINOUS REBELS, WHO DARED ENTER MY COMMAND CENTER.
LIEUTENANT POGUE, REMOVE YOUR TAIL FROM BETWEEN YOUR LEGS AND ACTIVATE THE PORTAL. NOW.
Y-YES, SIR. ALL SEEMS TO BE FUNCTIONAL AGAIN.
FOOM
THEN LET ME SEND A MESSAGE TO THOSE NEUTRINO SCUM ABOUT THE FATE AWAITING THEM SHOULD THEY EVER ATTEMPT THIS FOOLISHNESS AGAIN.

CAPTAIN TRAGG, I WANT POGUE AND THESE OTHER BUTTON PUSHERS WORKING ON A SOLUTION TO THIS PORTAL ATTACK. *IMMEDIATELY.*
SERGEANT GRANITOR, YOU WILL DOUBLE THE GUARD CONTINGENT ON THE NEUTRINO SIDE OF THE PORTAL. HEADS WILL *ROLL* IF THERE IS ANOTHER BREACH!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
STOCKMAN—YOU FOLLOW ME.
I... UH... CERTAINLY, GENERAL.
WHAT... WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?
THAT WAS A PATHETIC ATTACK BY THE LOWLIFES OF A PLANET THAT WILL SOON BE UNDER MY CONTROL... IN *EVERY WAY* IMAGINABLE. THAT SAID, IT DOES *UNDERSCORE* MY REASON FOR BRINGING YOU HERE.
YES... I WAS A BIT *CURIOUS* ABOUT THAT.
THOUGH YOUR GENETIC WORK HAS BEEN AN UTTER *DISASTER*, YOU DO SEEM TO HAVE SOME *MECHANICAL* SKILL—YOUR MOUSERS WEREN'T *COMPLETELY* WORTHLESS. ONLY BECAUSE OF THIS, I'M ALLOWING YOU ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE YOUR VALUE TO ME, STOCKMAN.
HOW IS THAT, GENERAL?
BY COMPLETING CONSTRUCTION OF THE DEVICE THAT WILL *CRUSH* MY ENEMIES AND RETURN WE UTROMS TO *ULTIMATE* POWER... AND FINALLY RESTORE MY *FATHER'S* LOST HONOR.
WELCOME, STOCKMAN...

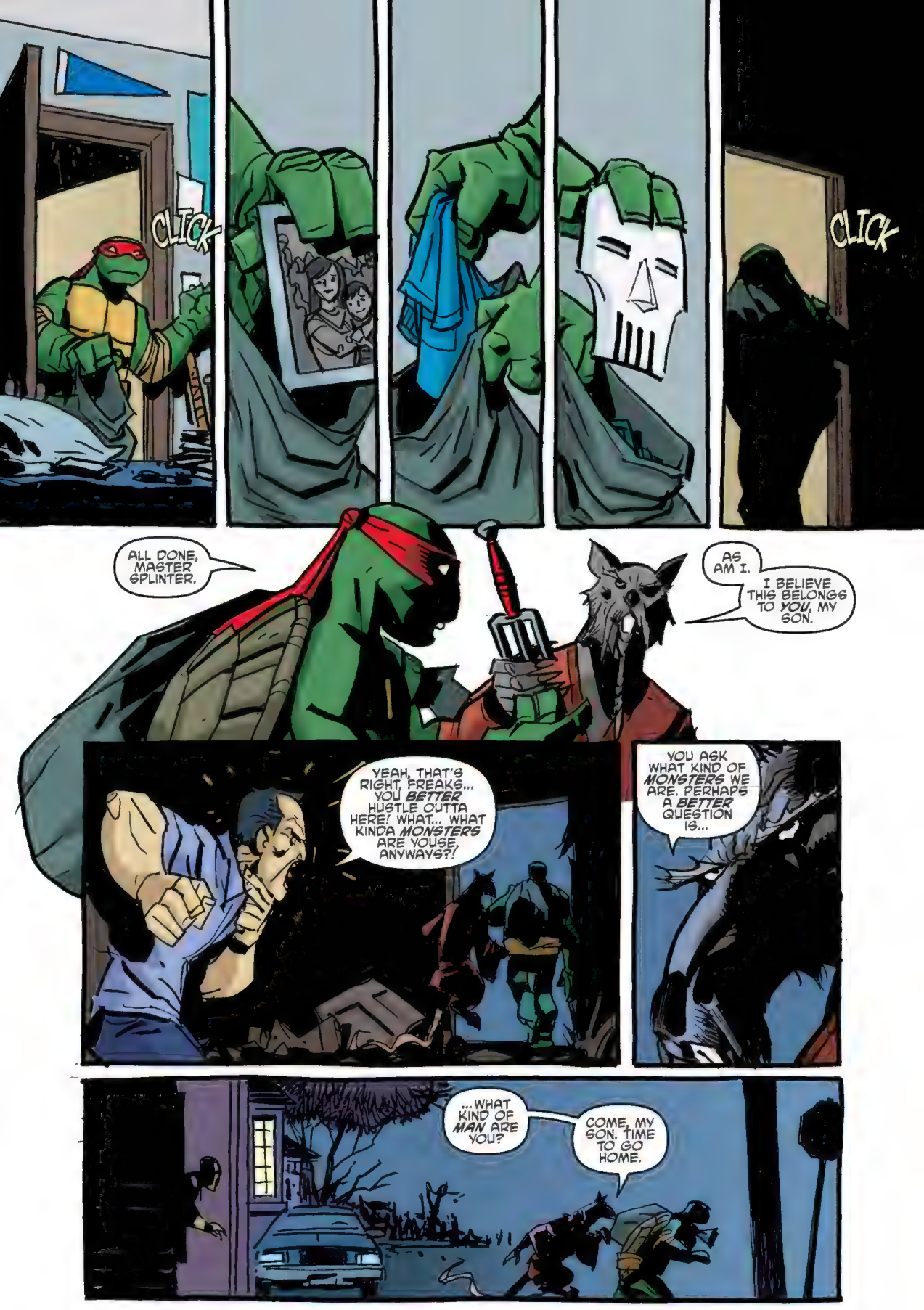
...TO THE TECHNODROME!

TIME
ROUND STORE
HOW'S YOUR HEAD DOING, CASEY?
BETTER, LEO... THANKS. THE ICE AND ASPIRIN HELPED A LOT.
GOOD. OH, AND HERE'S SOME OF SENSEI'S GREEN TEA—HE SWEARS BY ITS HEALING POWERS. I MADE SOME FOR YOU, TOO, APRIL.
THANKS.
YOU WON'T BE THANKIN' HIM AFTER YOU TASTE IT. YUCK.
TRUTH IS, MY PRIDE HURT'S WAY WORSE THAN MY SKULL. I FEEL REALLY BAD FOR PUTTIN' YOU GUYS ON THE SPOT LIKE THIS. AND WITH RAPH GOIN' ALL HAYWIRE AND STUFF...
...MAN, THIS SUCKS.
AND WHERE ELSE WERE YOU GOING TO GO, CASEY?
YECK. THIS IS BAD.
I... I DUNNO, APRIL. I SHOULDA JUST STAYED HOME, I GUESS. THAT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE BEFORE WHENEVER MY DAD... WELL, YOU KNOW.
STAY WITH THE MAN WHO BEAT YOU UP? YEAH, THAT MAKES A LOT OF SENSE.
WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, CASEY—THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AND YOU NEED HELP. HERE... WITH US.
NOT WITH YOUR SO-CALLED FATHER.

HE WAS DRUNK, APRIL. IT HAPPENS AND I DEAL, OKAY?
NO, CASEY, NOT OKAY. NOT ANYMORE. YOU HAVE A CHOICE NOW.
I... I GET YOUR POINT—I REALLY DO. I GUESS I JUST AIN'T USED TO HAVIN' SO MANY PEOPLE THAT... CARE ABOUT ME, YOU KNOW?
I HAD TO DO STUFF ON MY OWN FOR SO LONG THAT ANYTHING ELSE JUST SEEMS... WEIRD.
LOOK, CASEY, IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE'VE LEARNED RECENTLY, IT'S THAT WORKING TOGETHER BEATS TRYING TO HANDLE EVERYTHING ON OUR OWN.
DONNIE'S RIGHT. WE'VE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER—ALL OF US.
WE MIGHT WANNA BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF EACH OTHER MOST DAYS, BUT IN THE END, WE HAVE EACH OTHER'S BACKS, NO MATTER WHAT.
YEAH. EVEN WHEN SOME OF US MAKE ABSOLUTELY ZERO SENSE AND REFUSE TO LISTEN TO LOGIC... WE'RE STILL A FAMILY.

YOU GET OUR POINT, RIGHT?
YEAH... I DO, MAN. IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I GOT FRIENDS LIKE YOU GUYS. REALLY.
BUT NOW THAT WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT ALL THIS... SOMETIMES I HEAR YOU DUDES ARGUIN' ABOUT YOUR PAST AND STUFF AND I WONDER IF *YOU* TOTALLY GET IT.
GET WHAT?
GET HOW *LUCKY* YOU ARE *NOW*, NO MATTER WHERE YOU REALLY *CAME* FROM.
I MEAN, MOST DAYS I COME HOME WONDERIN' IF MY OLD MAN'S GONNA *POUND* ME AGAIN. YOU GUYS... YOUR DAD WOULD *DIE* FOR EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU IN A HEARTBEAT.
INSTEAD OF WORRYIN' AND FIGHTIN' OVER *DUMB STUFF* ALL THE TIME...
...MAYBE YOU GUYS SHOULD SPEND *MORE* TIME THINKIN' ABOUT *THAT.*

WHAT DO YOU *THINK* OF ME NOW, RAPHAEL?
IF I WERE TO USE THIS BLADE AGAINST THIS MAN—WOULD YOU THINK ME IN THE RIGHT?
NO... PLEASE...
I... I DON'T KNOW.
IF I WERE TO END HIS LIFE, DO YOU BELIEVE YOUR FRIEND'S TROUBLES WOULD *ALSO* BE AT AN END?
I... I...
...NO. IT... IT *WOULDN'T* SOLVE ANYTHING. IT'D JUST MAKE IT *WORSE* FOR EVERYONE.
I AM HAPPY YOU UNDERSTAND, MY SON. JUST AS I AM HAPPY TO TELL YOU THERE *IS* A SOLUTION—ANOTHER PATH FAR MORE PEACEFUL... AND SANE.
GATHER YOUR FRIEND'S BELONGINGS...
...CASEY JONES WILL STAY WITH US NOW.


CLICK
CLICK
ALL DONE, MASTER SPLINTER.
AS AM I.
I BELIEVE THIS BELONGS TO YOU, MY SON.
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, FREAKS... YOU BETTER HUSTLE OUTTA HERE! WHAT... WHAT KINDA MONSTERS ARE YOUSE, ANYWAYS?!
YOU ASK WHAT KIND OF MONSTERS WE ARE. PERHAPS A BETTER QUESTION IS...
...WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?
COME, MY SON. TIME TO GO HOME.

I'M GONNA GET SOME SUGAR FOR MY TEA. DO YOU WANT SOME, TOO, CASEY?
UH, YEAH... PLEASE, APRIL. IT'S REALLY, UM... STRONG.
TOLD YA.
SILVER SENTRY
SENSEI! RAPH! YOU'RE BACK!
IS EVERYTHING... OKAY, FATHER?
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED
YES, LEONARDO, ALL IS WELL.
BUT WE MUST SPEAK NOW— AS A FAMILY—SO PLEASE GATHER EVERYONE AROUND.
UM... ME AND APRIL WILL GET OUTTA HERE, THEN. THANKS FOR THE TEA AND—
I SAID THIS IS TO BE A FAMILY MEETING, CASEY JONES. FOR THAT REASON, I WOULD ASK THAT YOU AND MISS O'NEIL STAY.
PLEASE.
UH... YEAH. SURE, SPLINTER.
OKAY.

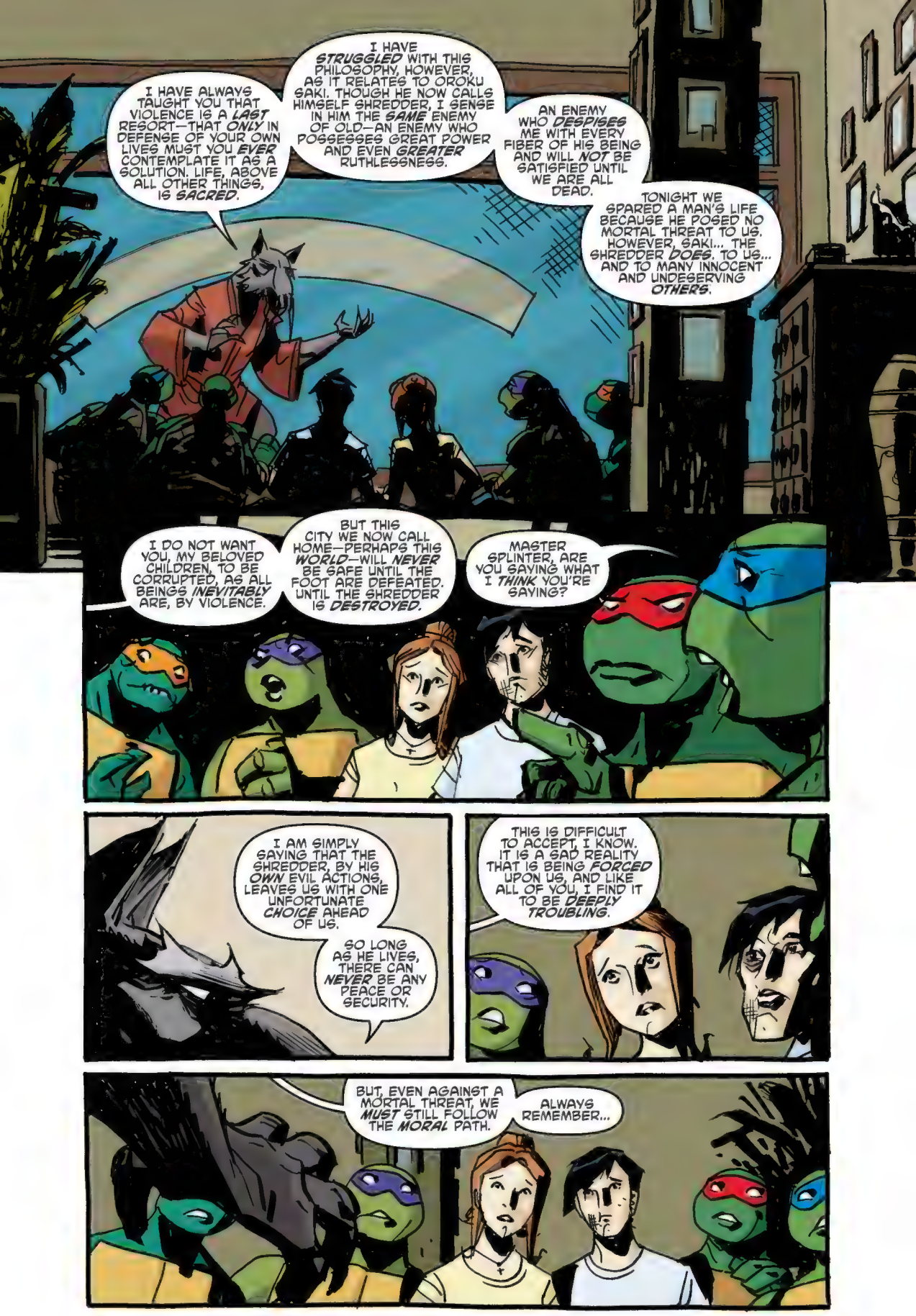
I BELIEVE DESTINY HAS PROVIDED US WITH THIS SHARED MOMENT.
AND THE FACT THAT WE, AS A FAMILY, HAVE ALREADY FACED DIREST EVIL TOGETHER AND SURVIVED, IS TESTAMENT TO OUR COMMITMENT TO EACH OTHER. MY PRIDE IN YOU—ALL OF YOU—KNOWS NO BOUNDS.
YET, YOU ARE STILL CHILDREN AND, IN MANY WAYS, NAIVE TO THE TRUE MALEVOLENT NATURE OF OUR ENEMY.

DONNIE, WHAT'S "MALEVOLENT" MEAN?
SHUSH, MIKEY!

TONIGHT, RAPHAEL AND I FACED A DIFFICULT TRIAL—A TRUE TEST OF THE PEACEFUL TENETS WE NOW FOLLOW. IN THE END, SERENITY PREVAILED.
A RIGHTEOUS PATH WAS CHOSEN, AND WITH THAT CHOICE CAME AN IMPORTANT CHANGE. FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, CASEY JONES IS WELCOME TO LIVE WITH US.

WOW... UH, SPLINTER, THAT'S REALLY NICE OF YOU AND ALL, BUT... I DON'T WANNA, YOU KNOW, INTRUDE ON YOU GUYS, AND—
CASEY, IT'S COOL. REALLY. WE ALL WANT YOU HERE, BRO—WHERE YOU BELONG.

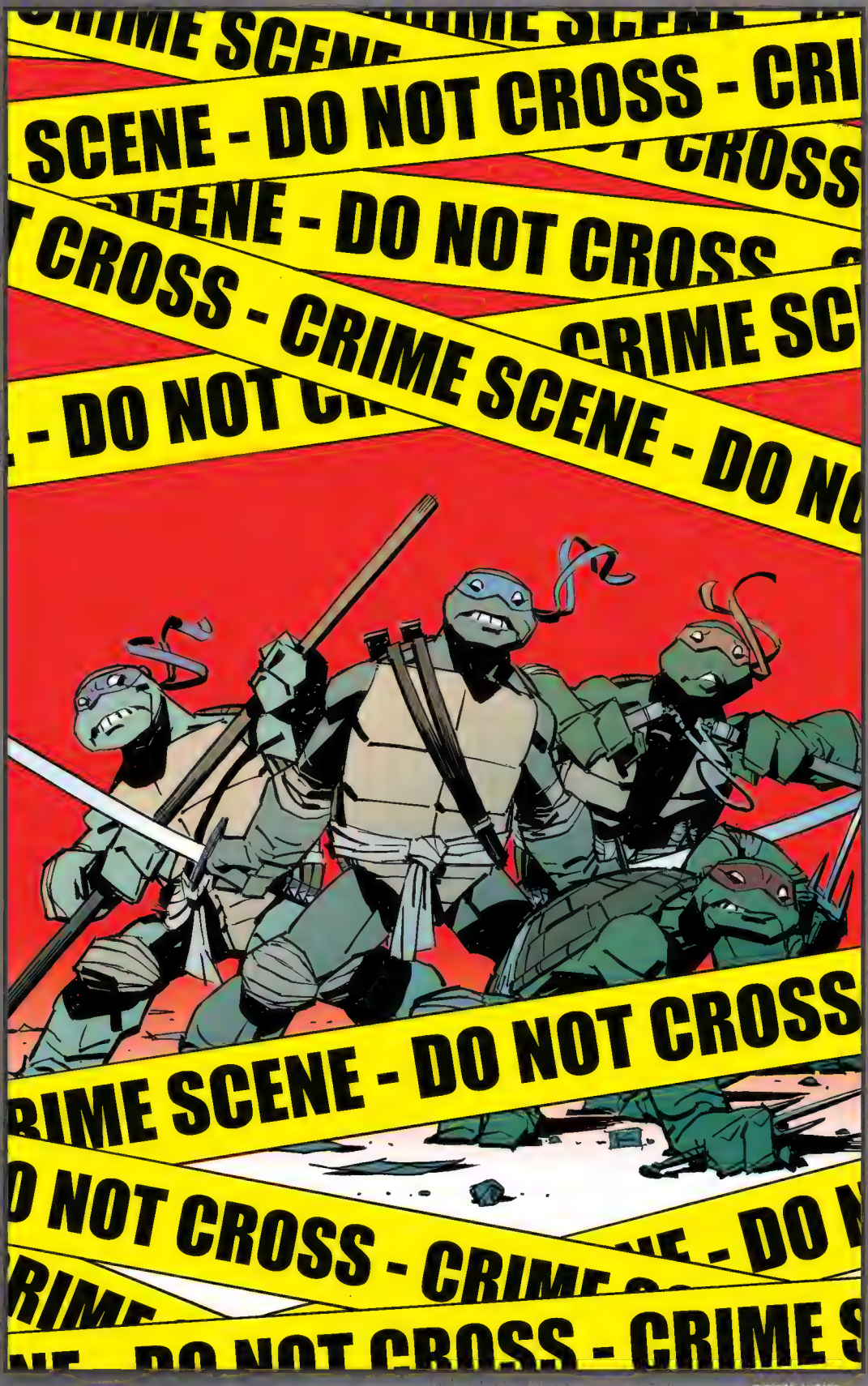
UM... OKAY. YEAH. SERIOUSLY... THAT'S...
...THANKS.


I HAVE ALWAYS TAUGHT YOU THAT VIOLENCE IS A LAST RESORT—THAT ONLY IN DEFENSE OF YOUR OWN LIVES MUST YOU EVER CONTEMPLATE IT AS A SOLUTION. LIFE, ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS, IS SACRED.
I HAVE STRUGGLED WITH THIS PHILOSOPHY, HOWEVER, AS IT RELATES TO OROKU SAKI. THOUGH HE NOW CALLS HIMSELF SHREDDER, I SENSE IN HIM THE SAME ENEMY OF OLD—AN ENEMY WHO POSSESSES GREAT POWER AND EVEN GREATER RUTHLESSNESS.
AN ENEMY WHO DESPISES ME WITH EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING AND WILL NOT BE SATISFIED UNTIL WE ARE ALL DEAD.
TONIGHT WE SPARED A MAN'S LIFE BECAUSE HE POSED NO MORTAL THREAT TO US. HOWEVER, SAKI... THE SHREDDER DOES. TO US... AND TO MANY INNOCENT AND UNDESERVING OTHERS.
I DO NOT WANT YOU, MY BELOVED CHILDREN, TO BE CORRUPTED, AS ALL BEINGS INEVITABLY ARE, BY VIOLENCE.
BUT THIS CITY WE NOW CALL HOME—PERHAPS THIS WORLD—WILL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL THE FOOT ARE DEFEATED. UNTIL THE SHREDDER IS DESTROYED.
MASTER SPLINTER, ARE YOU SAYING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE SAYING?
I AM SIMPLY SAYING THAT THE SHREDDER, BY HIS OWN EVIL ACTIONS, LEAVES US WITH ONE UNFORTUNATE CHOICE AHEAD OF US.
SO LONG AS HE LIVES, THERE CAN NEVER BE ANY PEACE OR SECURITY.
THIS IS DIFFICULT TO ACCEPT, I KNOW. IT IS A SAD REALITY THAT IS BEING FORCED UPON US, AND LIKE ALL OF YOU, I FIND IT TO BE DEEPLY TROUBLING.
BUT, EVEN AGAINST A MORTAL THREAT, WE MUST STILL FOLLOW THE MORAL PATH.
ALWAYS REMEMBER...

"...NOTHING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN FAMILY."
HAMATO YOSHI ONCE HAD A FAMILY, KARAI, IN OUR PAST LIFE. A WIFE AND FOUR SONS. AFTER YOSHI'S TREACHERY, I HAD THEM ALL EXECUTED, OF COURSE, ALONG WITH YOSHI.
"BUT BEFORE ALL THAT, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO WATCH YOSHI WITH HIS CHILDREN—IN PARTICULAR, HIS OLDEST BOY, WHO EVEN THEN, AT SUCH A YOUNG AGE, DISPLAYED ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF A TRUE WARRIOR.
"OF A BORN LEADER."
THAT IS VERY INTERESTING, GRANDFATHER. IF I MAY ASK, HOWEVER, WHY DO YOU SPEAK OF THIS BOY?
I SPEAK OF HIM, KARAI...

"...BECAUSE I DO NOT BELIEVE THE BOY HAS CHANGED."
I HAVE TOLD YOU I WISH FOR A *WORTHY* SECOND-IN-COMMAND, AND NOW I HAVE MADE MY DECISION.
BRING TO ME MY *TRUE HEIR*, KARAI.
BRING TO ME THE ONE YOSHI NOW CALLS...
...LEONARDO.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON



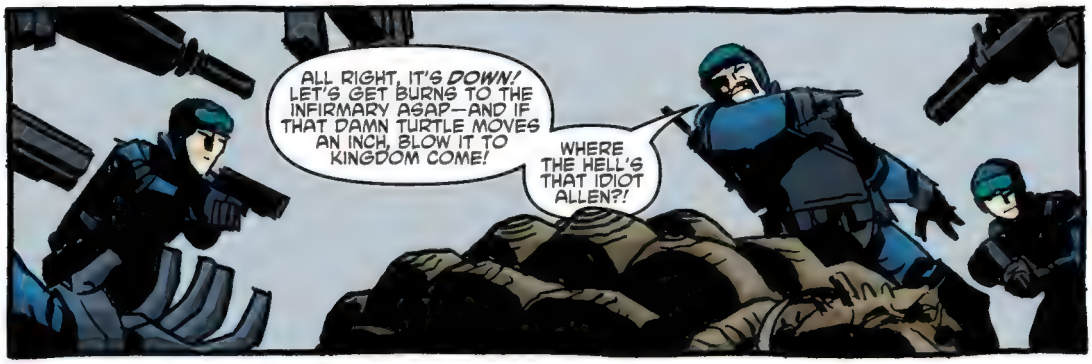
art by ANDY KUHN

ISSUE #15

FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO.
STOCKGEN RESEARCH INCORPORATED LABORATORIES.
OKAY, I'M GRABBING SPECIMEN 6...
?!
...ARE YOU READY WITH THE INJECTION, CHET?
R-READY, UM... LINDSEY.
HSSSSS!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO HURRY—THIS LITTLE GUY'S A MEAN SUCKER.
SNAP
ALL... DONE.
NOW, LET'S SEE HOW HE TAKES TO THE INJECTION. I'M NOT REALLY THRILLED ABOUT USING AN IMPURE DOSE LIKE THIS, BUT WHAT THE BOSS WANTS, THE BOSS GETS, RIGHT?
OH... THAT.
HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO TALK HOB INTO LETTING YOU DRAW BLOOD FROM HIM, BY THE WAY?
"I INCLUDED A, UM... SUR-SURPRISE INGREDIENT IN HIS LUNCH."

THIRTEEN MONTHS AGO.
HOW VERY INTERESTING...
HUNGRY.
...THE GROWTH RATE IS REMARKABLE. THOUGH, DIDN'T WE CONCLUDE THAT MR. HOB'S MUTATION, AND THOSE OF THE TURTLES AND THE RODENT, OCCURRED MUCH FASTER?
YE-YES, DOCTOR STOCKMAN. I'VE HYPOTHESIZED THAT THE LOWER IN-INTENSITY DOSES OF MUTAGEN INJECTED INTO, UM, SPECIMEN 6, IS SLOWING THE RATE—
YES, YES, MR. ALLEN, I'M SURE THAT'S ALL VERY FASCINATING AND IMPORTANT—I'LL BE CERTAIN TO READ YOUR REPORT WHEN YOU TURN IT IN.
IT WILL TAKE FAR LESS TIME THAN LISTENING TO YOUR WRETCHED STUTTER, I DON'T DOUBT.
HOW GOES PROGRESS WITH THE PSY-CONTROL PROGRAMMING, HM? WHEN WILL WE BEGIN CONDITIONING THIS CREATURE TO HUNT THE OTHER MUTANTS?
HUNT.
ACTUALLY, VERY SOON, DOCTOR. I'M NEARLY DONE WITH THE CODING AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO INITIATE BETA TESTING ON SPECIMEN 6 ONCE IT'S MOVED TO A LARGER CONTAINMENT UNIT DOWNSTAIRS.
EXCELLENT. JUST A MATTER OF TIME NOW UNTIL WE LEARN IF IT'S INDEED POSSIBLE TO TEACH THE PROVERBIAL OLD DOG...
"...SOME NEW TRICKS."
EAT.

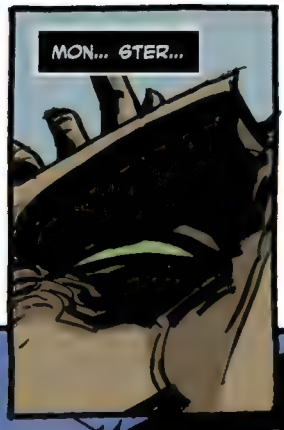
NINE MONTHS AGO.
VSSSH
GRRAAR!
IT'S KILLING BURNS! LIGHT 'IM THE HELL UP!
RAAGH!


ALL RIGHT, IT'S *DOWN!* LET'S GET BURNS TO THE INFIRMARY ASAP—AND IF THAT DAMN TURTLE MOVES AN INCH, BLOW IT TO KINGDOM COME!
WHERE THE HELL'S THAT IDIOT ALLEN?!

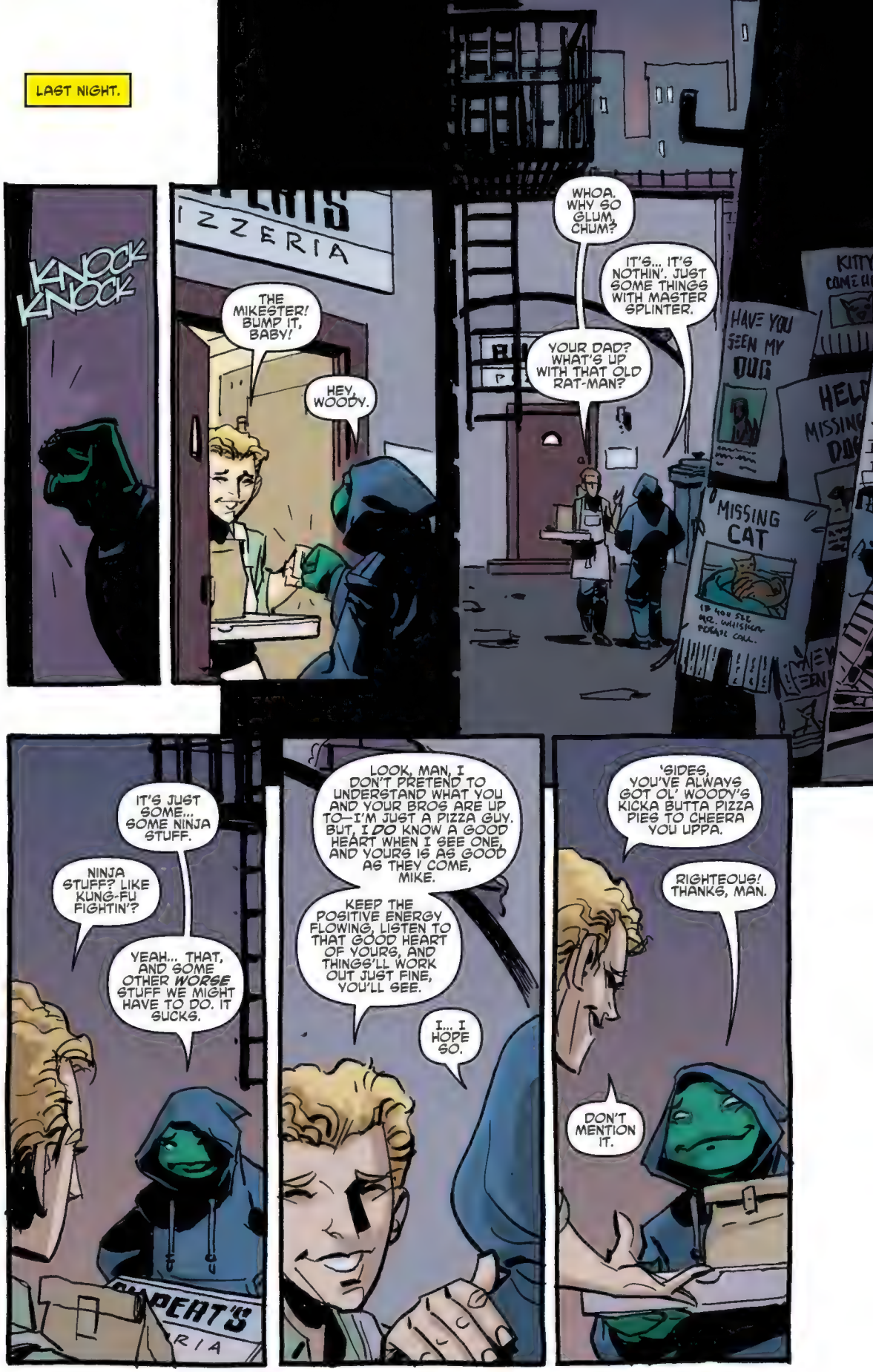
H-HERE I AM.
DAMMIT, MAN, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME WE'VE HAD TO PUT THIS THING DOWN THIS WEEK! AND EVERY TIME, IT GETS WORSE. WHEN ARE YOU EGGHEADS GONNA GET IT UNDER CONTROL?!

WE... WE TH-THOUGHT WE HAD IT THIS, UM... TIME. THE PSY-CONTROL M-MANIPULATION SEEMS TO BE HAVING THE PROPER EFFECT, BUT WE JUST HAVEN'T B-BEEN ABLE TO SYNCHRONIZE, UM... THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL D-DEVELOPMENT RATES.
TH-THIS IS WHAT WE BELIEVE IS CAUSING SPECIMEN 6'S, UM... INSTABILITY.

IN ALL THAT GIBBERISH, I HEARD THIS—THE DAMN THING'S GOT A HUGE BODY AND A PUNY BRAIN, AND YOU GENIUSES GOT NO CLUE HOW TO KEEP IT FROM TEARING THIS PLACE APART.
THEN WORK FASTER! 'CAUSE IF WE GOTTA GO UP AGAINST *FRANKENTURTLE* AGAIN, WE'RE NOT PULLING ANY PUNCHES. FIX IT OR WE TAKE THE MONSTER DOWN... FOR GOOD.
Y-YES... THAT'S A FAIRLY, UM... ACCURATE SUMMATION. THOUGH, WE ARE W-WORKING ON A SOLUTION.


MON... STER...

TWO WEEKS AGO.
FAILURE
FREE.

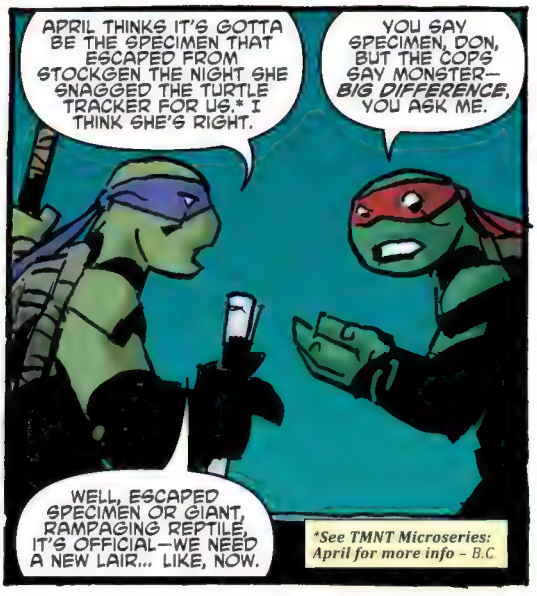

LAST NIGHT.
KNOCK KNOCK
IZZERIA
THE MIKESTER! BUMP IT, BABY!
HEY, WOODY.
WHOA. WHY SO GLUM, CHUM?
IT'S... IT'S NOTHIN'. JUST SOME THINGS WITH MASTER SPLINTER.
YOUR DAD? WHAT'S UP WITH THAT OLD RAT-MAN?
HAVE YOU SEEN MY DOG
MISSING CAT
IF YOU SEE MR. WHISKERS PLEASE CALL.
IT'S JUST SOME... SOME NINJA STUFF.
NINJA STUFF? LIKE KUNG-FU FIGHTIN'?
YEAH... THAT, AND SOME OTHER WORSE STUFF WE MIGHT HAVE TO DO. IT SUCKS.
LOOK, MAN, I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU AND YOUR BROS ARE UP TO—I'M JUST A PIZZA GUY. BUT, I DO KNOW A GOOD HEART WHEN I SEE ONE, AND YOURS IS AS GOOD AS THEY COME, MIKE.
KEEP THE POSITIVE ENERGY FLOWING, LISTEN TO THAT GOOD HEART OF YOURS, AND THINGS'LL WORK OUT JUST FINE, YOU'LL SEE.
I... I HOPE SO.
'SIDES, YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT OL' WOODY'S KICKA BUTTA PIZZA PIES TO CHEERA YOU UPPA.
RIGHTEOUS! THANKS, MAN.
DON'T MENTION IT.

SEE YOU TOMORROW!
SAME PIZZA TIME, SAME PIZZA STATION!
GRRRRRR
MIKESTER... THAT YOU, MAN? YOU FORGET SOMETHING?
NEED ME TO HUNT YOU UP SOME NAPKINS?
HUNT.
CRRAAP
AAHHH!

NOW.
CRIPES, LOOK AT THIS MESS, WILLYA?
YEAH. THIS IS THE THIRD SCENE LIKE THIS I BEEN TO THIS WEEK. SAME WITNESS DESCRIPTIONS, TOO.
BIG, GREEN LIZARD MONSTER?
EXACTLY. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

POLICE LI
DON'T MATTER WHAT I BELIEVE—ONLY MATTERS WHAT THE MAYOR WANTS, AND THAT'S STOPPING THIS BIG GREEN THING, WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS.
YEAH, AND BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY, ACCORDING TO THE CHIEF. DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED.

YOU GUYS HEAR THAT?
YEP—DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED.
ACTUALLY, I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE BIG, GREEN LIZARD PART, BUT THE DEADLY FORCE THING IS PRETTY BAD, TOO.
YEAH. NOW EVERY COP IN THE CITY'S GONNA BE LOOKIN' TO CAP SOMEONE WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE US.

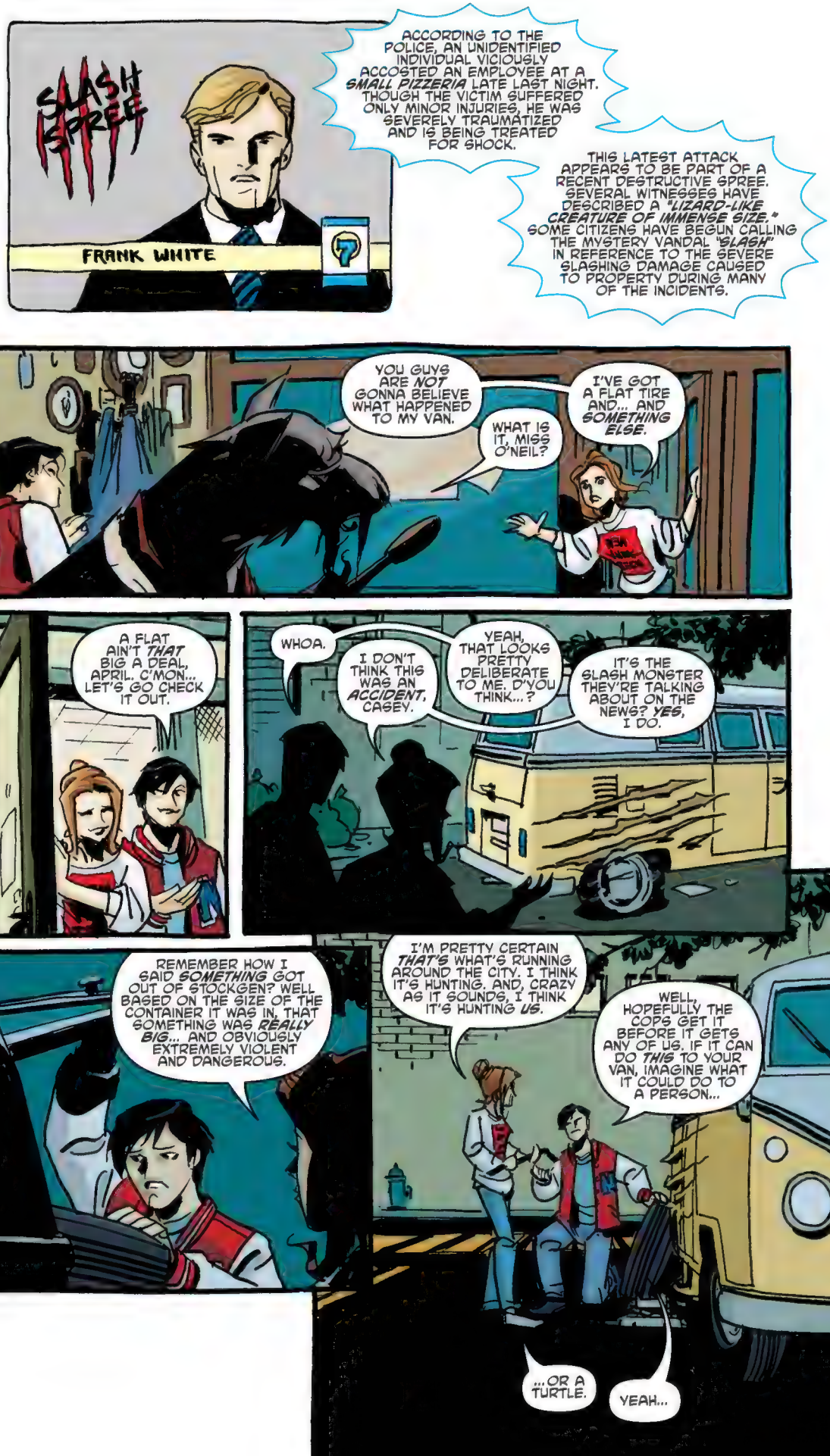

APRIL THINKS IT'S GOTTA BE THE SPECIMEN THAT ESCAPED FROM STOCKGEN THE NIGHT SHE SNAGGED THE TURTLE TRACKER FOR US.* I THINK SHE'S RIGHT.
YOU SAY SPECIMEN, DON, BUT THE COPS SAY MONSTER—*BIG DIFFERENCE*, YOU ASK ME.
WELL, ESCAPED SPECIMEN OR GIANT, RAMPAGING REPTILE, IT'S OFFICIAL—WE NEED A NEW LAIR... LIKE, NOW.
*See TMNT Microseries: April for more info – B.C.

AND THE SOONER THE BETTER. EVEN IF YOU CAN BLOCK THE TRACKERS, WE NEED TO GET OURSELVES UNDERGROUND AGAIN.
WE'RE WAY TOO EXPOSED AT APRIL'S SHOP, AND IF WE GET SPOTTED BY THE COPS, WE'RE GONNA GET BLAMED FOR THIS.

I JUST HOPE YOU GOT US GOIN' THE RIGHT WAY, DONNIE. I GOTTA BE BACK BEFORE EIGHT SO I CAN RIDE WITH CASEY AND APRIL TO HIS HOCKEY GAME TONIGHT.
I KNOW, I KNOW, RAPH—YOU'VE ALREADY REMINDED ME LIKE TEN TIMES.
HEY, THE DUDE FINALLY GETS HIS GRADES UP ENOUGH TO PLAY, I WANNA BE THERE TO CHEER HIM ON, OKAY?
NO, IT'S COOL, MAN. THE PLACE ISN'T THAT FAR FROM HERE—OLD ABANDONED CHURCH ABOUT FIVE BLOCKS UP.
AND THERE'S SOME KINDA BUNKER UNDERNEATH IT?
A NUCLEAR BOMB SHELTER, TO BE EXACT.
APRIL AND I FOUND SOME OLD ARTICLES ONLINE ABOUT UNDERGROUND SHELTERS THAT WERE BUILT DURING THE COLD WAR. THE ONE WE'RE GOING TO WAS PUT THERE SOMETIME IN THE SIXTIES BY THE PARISHIONERS OF THE CHURCH SITTING ON TOP OF IT.
THE CHURCH'S BEEN SHUT DOWN FOR A LONG TIME, BUT ACCORDING TO THESE BLUEPRINTS APRIL DUG UP, THE SHELTER SHOULD STILL BE THERE.
I HOPE IT IS. THAT WAY MAYBE WE CAN AVOID HAVIN' TO KNOCK HEADS WITH THE SHREDDER FOR A WHILE.
YOU STILL WORRYING ABOUT FATHER'S *DESTROY SHREDDER MANIFESTO*, MIKEY?
NO OFFENSE, DON, BUT I HATE WHEN YOU CALL IT THAT.

IT IS WHAT IT IS, BRO. NO POINT DWELLIN' ON SOMETHIN' YOU CAN'T CONTROL—SOMETIMES YOU JUST GOTTA DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL BETTER. I KNOW WE'RE NINJAS AND ALL, BUT I DON'T WANT IT TO GET TOO EXTREME.
WE ARE TALKING ABOUT SHREDDER HERE—YOU KNOW, THE MANIAC WHO'S NOT GONNA REST UNTIL HE'S GOT OUR HEADS FOR MANTLE TROPHIES?
AS MUCH AS IT SUCKS—THE D.S.M. IS A LOGICAL RESPONSE TO AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION.
MAYBE. BUT WHAT'S THE POINT OF BEIN' REINCARNATED AND CHANGED IF WE STILL GOTTA FIGHT JUST LIKE WE'RE IN OLDEN-TIMES JAPAN?
LOOK, IF THIS BUNKER CHECKS OUT, NOBODY'S GONNA BE ABLE TO FIND US. THEN, MAYBE THE D.S.M. BECOMES A NON-ISSUE. OKAY?
WHATEVER. AS LONG AS WE GET BACK IN TIME FOR DINNER, I'LL BE HAPPY—EVEN IF IT'S SENSEI DOIN' THE COOKIN'.
WHAT? NO PIZZAS?
NOPE. I STOPPED AT WOODY'S SHOP EARLIER TO SAY HI, BUT HE WASN'T THERE. GUESS HE GOT THE NIGHT OFF OR SOMETHIN'.
WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I REALLY HOPE DINNER'S SOMETHING NEW TONIGHT.
I MEAN, I'D NEVER SAY IT TO HIS FACE, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING I'M MORE SICK OF THAN MIKEY'S PIZZAS...

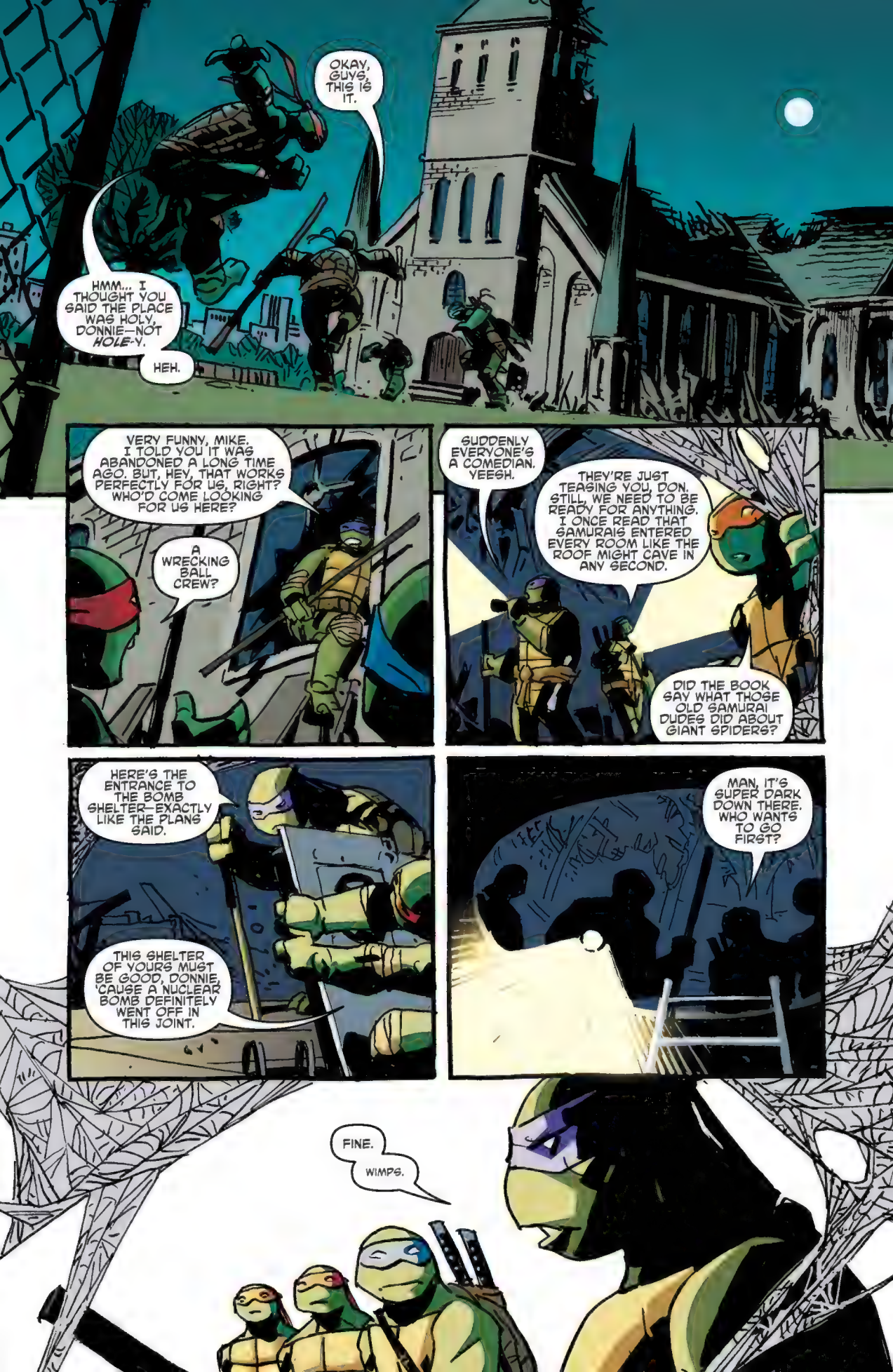
"...IT'S FATHER'S SALTY VEGETABLES AND RICE."
AHH, VEGETABLES AND RICE...
...GOOD FOR THE BODY AND GOOD FOR THE SOUL, CASEY JONES.
UH, YEAH, MASTER SPLINTER... IF YOU SAY SO.
OH, WOULD YOU PLEASE BE SO KIND AS TO TURN ON THE TELEVISION? MY PROGRAM WILL BE ON SOON. TODAY, DOCTOR PHILLIP ANSON MAY COME OUT OF HIS COMA, ONLY TO LEARN HIS NEW WIFE IS, IN FACT, HIS OWN STEPSISTER. A SORDID AFFAIR, INDEED.
YOU KNOW, MY MOM USED TO WATCH SOAPS, TOO, BUT SHE WAS A... WELL, A MOM. SEEMS TO ME LIKE, YOU BEIN' AN ANCIENT NINJA MASTER AND ALL, YOU'D FIND THIS KINDA STUFF... I DUNNO... RIDICULOUS.
RIDICULOUS?
I WOK THEREFORE I YAM
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.
...ANOTHER INCIDENT IN WHAT IS NOW THE SECOND WEEK OF MYSTERIOUS VANDALISM, ASSAULT, AND THEFT TAKING PLACE IN THE CITY, INCLUDING VARIOUS REPORTS OF MISSING PETS.


SLASH SPREE
FRANK WHITE
7
ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, AN UNIDENTIFIED INDIVIDUAL VICIOUSLY ACCOSTED AN EMPLOYEE AT A SMALL PIZZERIA LATE LAST NIGHT. THOUGH THE VICTIM SUFFERED ONLY MINOR INJURIES, HE WAS SEVERELY TRAUMATIZED AND IS BEING TREATED FOR SHOCK.
THIS LATEST ATTACK APPEARS TO BE PART OF A RECENT DESTRUCTIVE SPREE. SEVERAL WITNESSES HAVE DESCRIBED A "LIZARD-LIKE CREATURE OF IMMENSE SIZE." SOME CITIZENS HAVE BEGUN CALLING THE MYSTERY VANDAL "SLASH" IN REFERENCE TO THE SEVERE SLASHING DAMAGE CAUSED TO PROPERTY DURING MANY OF THE INCIDENTS.
YOU GUYS ARE NOT GONNA BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO MY VAN.
WHAT IS IT, MISS O'NEIL?
I'VE GOT A FLAT TIRE AND... AND SOMETHING ELSE.
A FLAT AIN'T THAT BIG A DEAL, APRIL. C'MON... LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT.
WHOA.
I DON'T THINK THIS WAS AN ACCIDENT, CASEY.
YEAH, THAT LOOKS PRETTY DELIBERATE TO ME. D'YOU THINK...?
IT'S THE SLASH MONSTER THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ON THE NEWS? YES, I DO.
REMEMBER HOW I SAID SOMETHING GOT OUT OF STOCKGEN? WELL BASED ON THE SIZE OF THE CONTAINER IT WAS IN, THAT SOMETHING WAS REALLY BIG... AND OBVIOUSLY EXTREMELY VIOLENT AND DANGEROUS.
I'M PRETTY CERTAIN THAT'S WHAT'S RUNNING AROUND THE CITY. I THINK IT'S HUNTING. AND, CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS, I THINK IT'S HUNTING US.
WELL, HOPEFULLY THE COPS GET IT BEFORE IT GETS ANY OF US. IF IT CAN DO THIS TO YOUR VAN, IMAGINE WHAT IT COULD DO TO A PERSON...
...OR A TURTLE.
YEAH...

"...WE ALL NEED TO BE WATCHIN' OUR BACKS, BIG TIME."
HELP! SOMEBODY!
SHUT UP, GEEZER AND HAND OVER YOUR MON-
AH!
I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE THAT ELDERLY GENTLEMAN BE.
AW, MAN, LEO—WE DON'T GOT TIME FOR THIS. CASEY'S GAME... REMEMBER?
DON'T WORRY, RAPH. I DOUBT THIS'LL TAKE LONG.
JIMMY, IT'S SOME OF THEM SLASH THINGS!
WASTE 'EM!
BLAM
GUH?!
FWAK

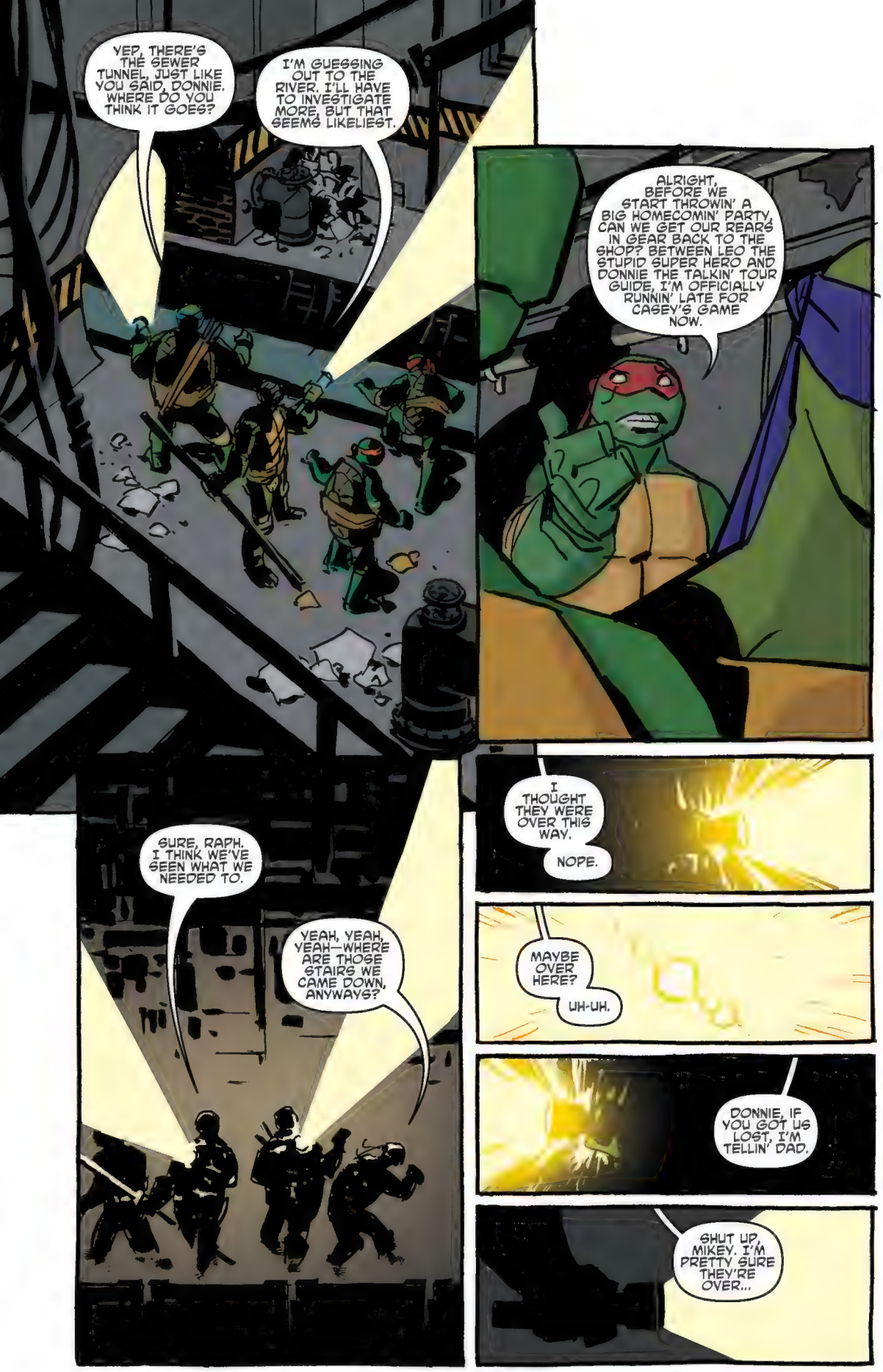
FWSH
RAAH!
ERF!
KRAK
OH, GOD... SLASH MONSTERS!
HELP! POLICE! MONSTERS!
GREAT IDEA, LEO.
I... UM...
LOOK, I LIKE BUSTIN' THUG HEADS AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT IF THIS MAKES ME MISS CASEY'S GAME, YOUR HEAD'S NEXT ON MY LIST, LEO.
FORGET HEADS—THOSE GUYS THOUGHT WE WERE SLASH MONSTERS, WHICH ONLY PROVES WE GOTTA GET OUR BUTTS OUT OF SIGHT.
TAKING ON DUMB MUGGERS IS ONE THING, BUT THE NYPD? NO THANK YOU.

SNIFF SNIFF
SMELL?
SMELL.
SMELL... THEM!
SNIFF
TURTLES?
PREY!


OKAY, GUYS, THIS IS IT.
HMM... I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE PLACE WAS HOLY, DONNIE—NOT *HOLE*-Y.
HEH.
VERY FUNNY, MIKE. I TOLD YOU IT WAS ABANDONED A LONG TIME AGO. BUT, HEY, THAT WORKS PERFECTLY FOR US, RIGHT? WHO'D COME LOOKING FOR US HERE?
A WRECKING BALL CREW?
SUDDENLY EVERYONE'S A COMEDIAN. YEESH.
THEY'RE JUST TEASING YOU, DON. STILL, WE NEED TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING. I ONCE READ THAT SAMURAIS ENTERED EVERY ROOM LIKE THE ROOF MIGHT CAVE IN ANY SECOND.
DID THE BOOK SAY WHAT THOSE OLD SAMURAI DUDES DID ABOUT GIANT SPIDERS?
HERE'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOMB SHELTER—EXACTLY LIKE THE PLANS SAID.
THIS SHELTER OF YOURS MUST BE GOOD, DONNIE, 'CAUSE A NUCLEAR BOMB DEFINITELY WENT OFF IN THIS JOINT.
MAN, IT'S SUPER DARK DOWN THERE. WHO WANTS TO GO FIRST?
FINE.
WIMPS.

OKAY, THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR TURTLES.
AND ONE GIANT LEAP FOR TURTLE...
...KIND?
WHOA.
GUYS! HURRY! YOU GOTTA SEE THIS!
AFTER YOU, O GREAT LEADER.
WHATEVER.
MAN, I JUST HOPE THERE'S NO NUCLEAR SPIDERS DOWN THERE.
HOLY...!
TOLD YA! IT'S AWESOME, RIGHT?!
I DEFINITELY WAS NOT EXPECTING THIS.
YEAH! IT'S LIKE A BIG UNDERGROUND REC ROOM! BUT, YOU KNOW... FOR NUCLEAR BOMBS AND STUFF.

THIS PLACE WAS BUILT TO HOUSE AT LEAST FIFTY PARISHIONERS, AND TO SUSTAIN THEM LONG-TERM, SO I'M GUESSING WE'LL FIND ALL THE BASIC LIVING NECESSITIES DOWN HERE.
WHAT ABOUT POWER, GENIUS?
THERE'S PROBABLY A DIESEL GENERATOR SOMEWHERE. PLUS, IT WOULDN'T BE THAT HARD TO TAP INTO THE CITY'S ELECTRICAL GRID AND GET THINGS RUNNING AGAIN.
CHECK IT OUT—THERE'S SOME STAIRS OVER HERE.
MAKES SENSE. ACCORDING TO THE BLUEPRINTS, THE BUNKER CONSISTS OF FOUR OR FIVE LEVELS, GOING ALL THE WAY DOWN TO A SEWER ACCESS TUNNEL. THE LEVELS RIGHT BELOW US ARE PROBABLY FOR STORAGE AND SLEEPING, THINGS LIKE THAT.
WELL, I GOTTA ADMIT, DONNIE—I HAD MY DOUBTS, BUT THIS IS NOT BAD.
YEAH. TOTALLY CREEPY, BUT NOT BAD AT ALL.
NOT BAD? GUYS, IT HAS EVERYTHING WE NEED AND MORE. WITH A LITTLE WORK, THIS PLACE IS GONNA BE PERFECT!
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A NEW HOME AND, FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...
...OUR SEARCH IS OVER.
SEARCH... OVER.


YEP, THERE'S THE SEWER TUNNEL, JUST LIKE YOU SAID, DONNIE. WHERE DO YOU THINK IT GOES?
I'M GUESSING OUT TO THE RIVER. I'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE MORE, BUT THAT SEEMS LIKELIEST.
ALRIGHT, BEFORE WE START THROWIN' A BIG HOMECOMIN' PARTY, CAN WE GET OUR REARS IN GEAR BACK TO THE SHOP? BETWEEN LEO THE STUPID SUPER HERO AND DONNIE THE TALKIN' TOUR GUIDE, I'M OFFICIALLY RUNNIN' LATE FOR CASEY'S GAME NOW.
I THOUGHT THEY WERE OVER THIS WAY.
NOPE.
MAYBE OVER HERE?
UH-UH.
DONNIE, IF YOU GOT US LOST, I'M TELLIN' DAD.
SHUT UP, MIKEY. I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'RE OVER...
SURE, RAPH. I THINK WE'VE SEEN WHAT WE NEEDED TO.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH—WHERE ARE THOSE STAIRS WE CAME DOWN, ANYWAYS?

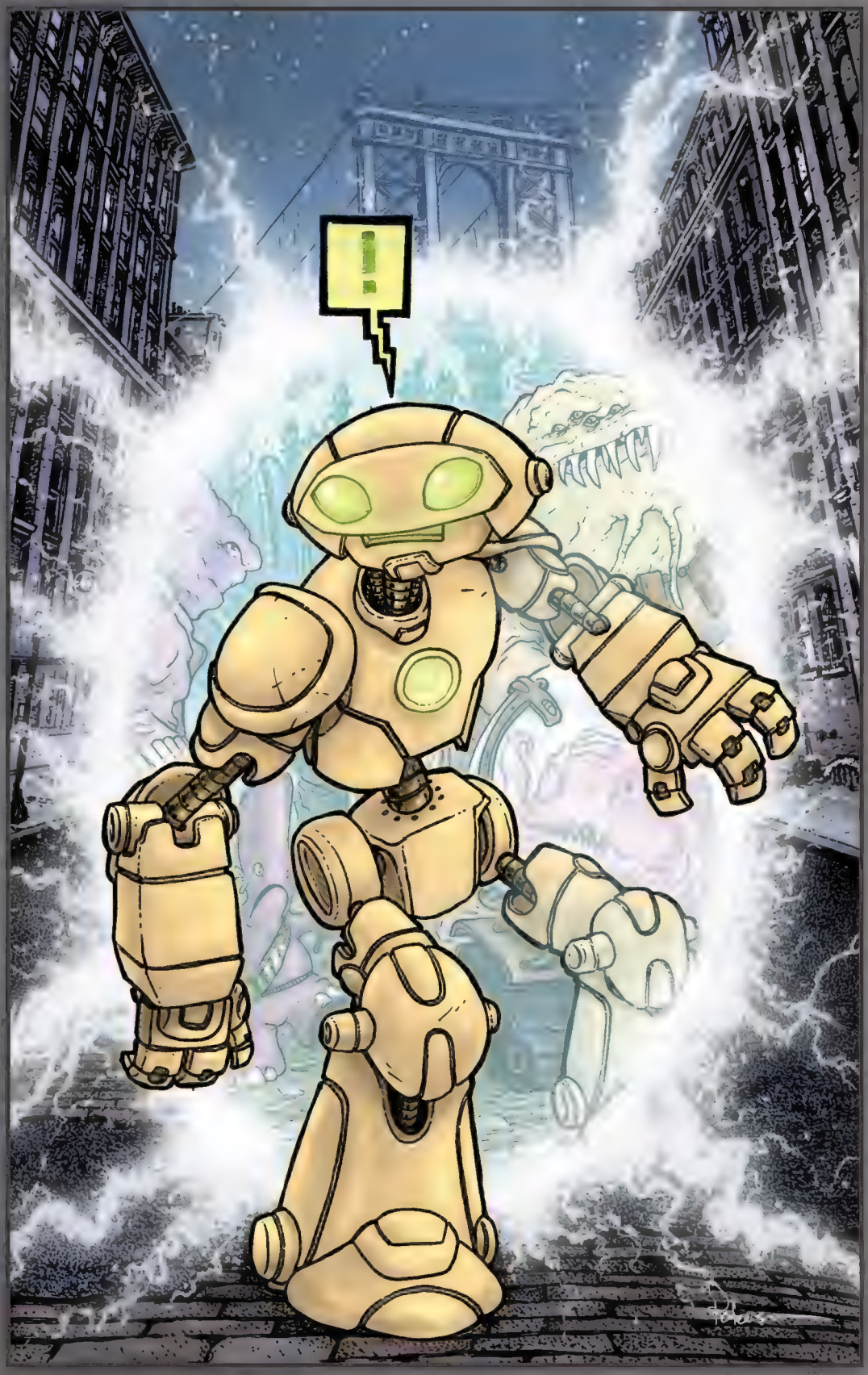
HERE!

WHOP
WHAT THE HELL?!
WHAT IS THAT?!
GRRAR
FWAK
IT'S SOME KIND OF MONSTER! GRAB THE FLASHLIGHTS!
MONSTER?! IS IT A NUCLEAR SPIDER?!
JUST GET THE DAMN FLASHLIGHT, MIKEY!
OH... CRUD.
KRAK
GUYS?!
IT'S FAST!

LOOK OUT!
MIKEY, KEEP THE LIGHT ON THAT DAMN THING!
WHAP
PNAK
HYAH!
OKAY... NOW I'M TICKED OFF.
GUYS, KEEP MOVING! IT'S TOO STRONG AND FAST, SO STAY EVASIVE! WE DON'T WANT TO TAKE IT HEAD ON!
YES, WE DO!
KHSSSH
GRAAAH!
SLAM
RAPH! NO!
URRGK!

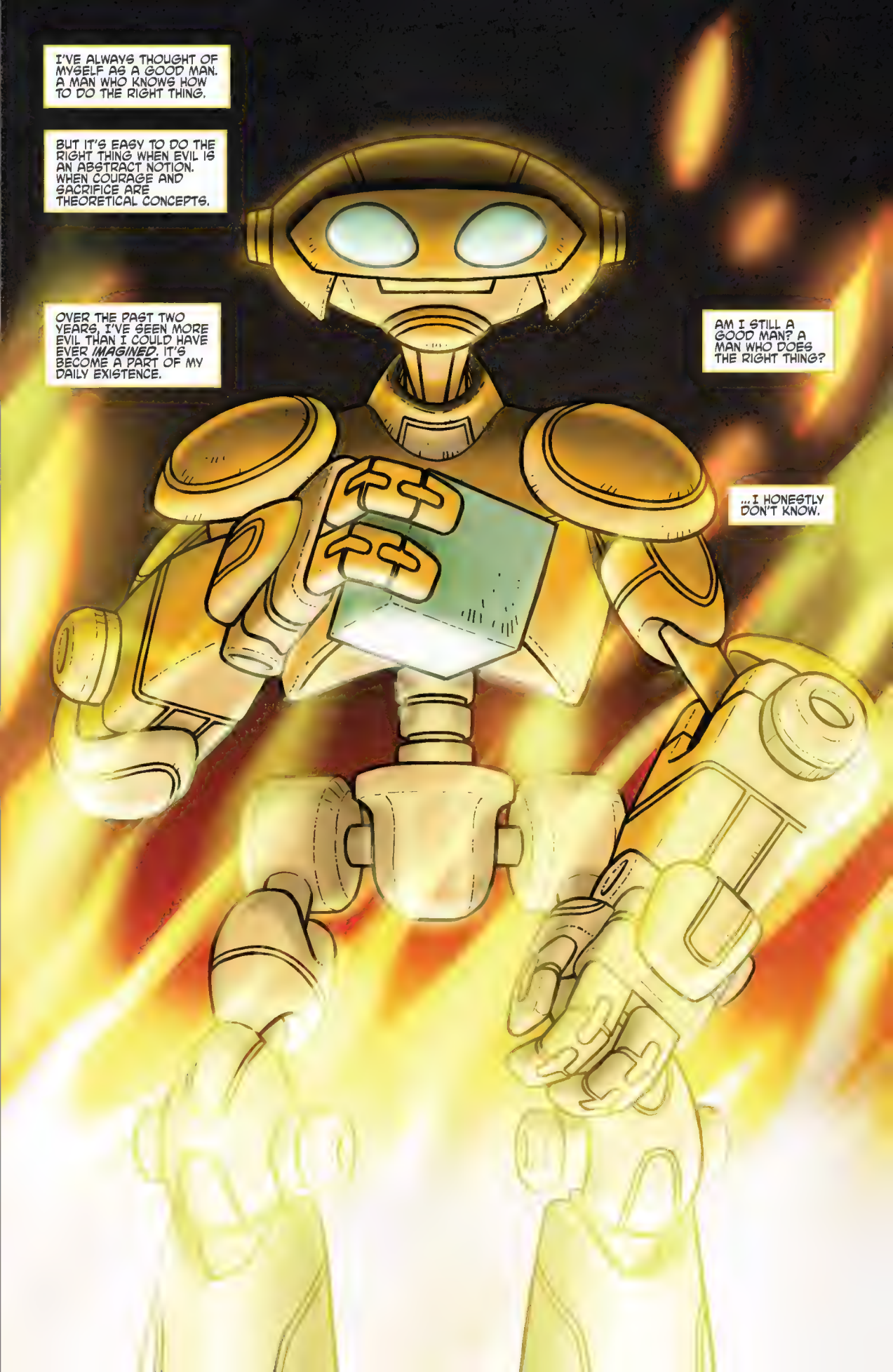
LEO! WHERE ARE YOU?!
MIKEY...
OH... NO.
...HELP ME.
KILL!

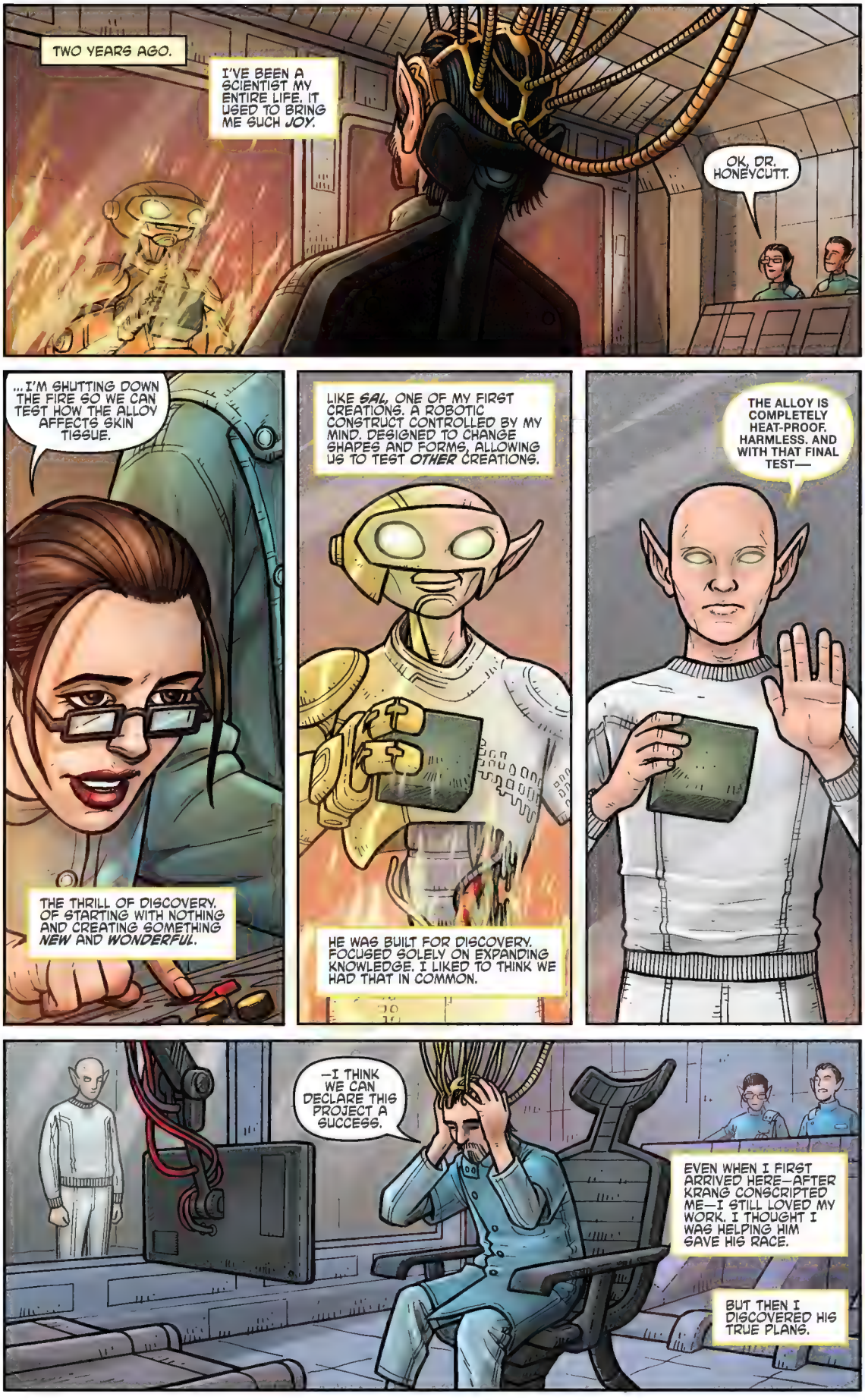
art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON



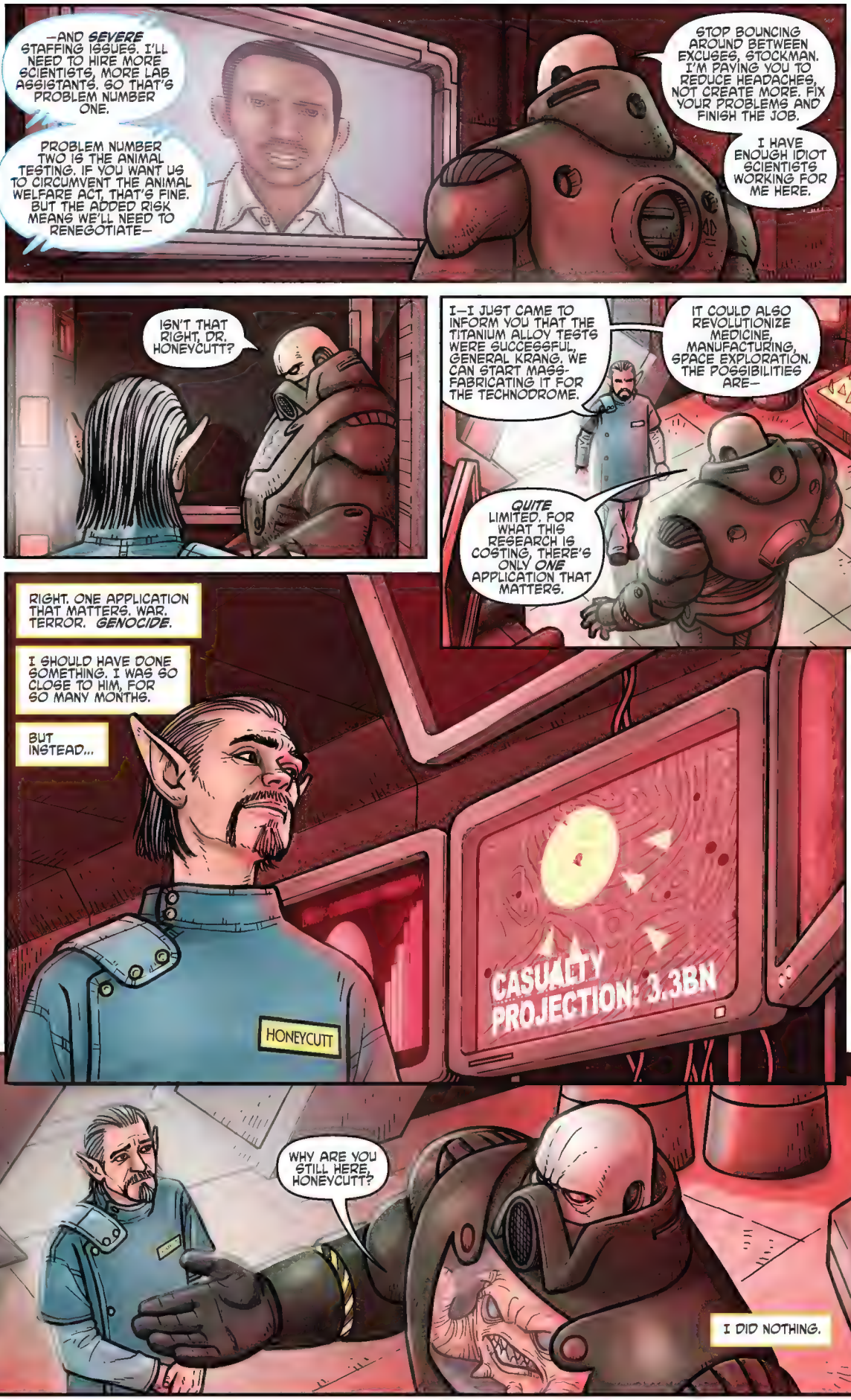
art by DAVID PETERSEN

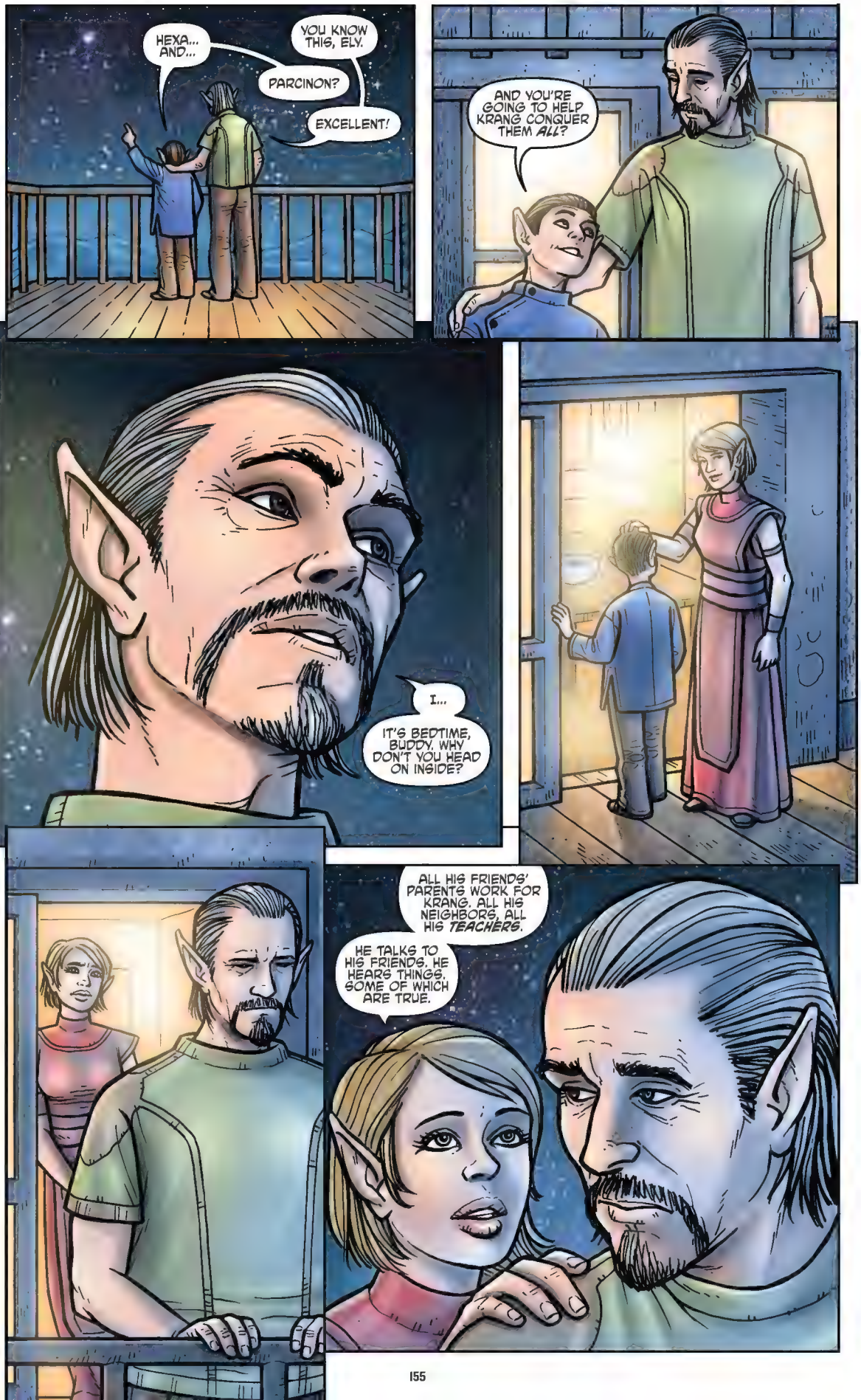
FUGITOID

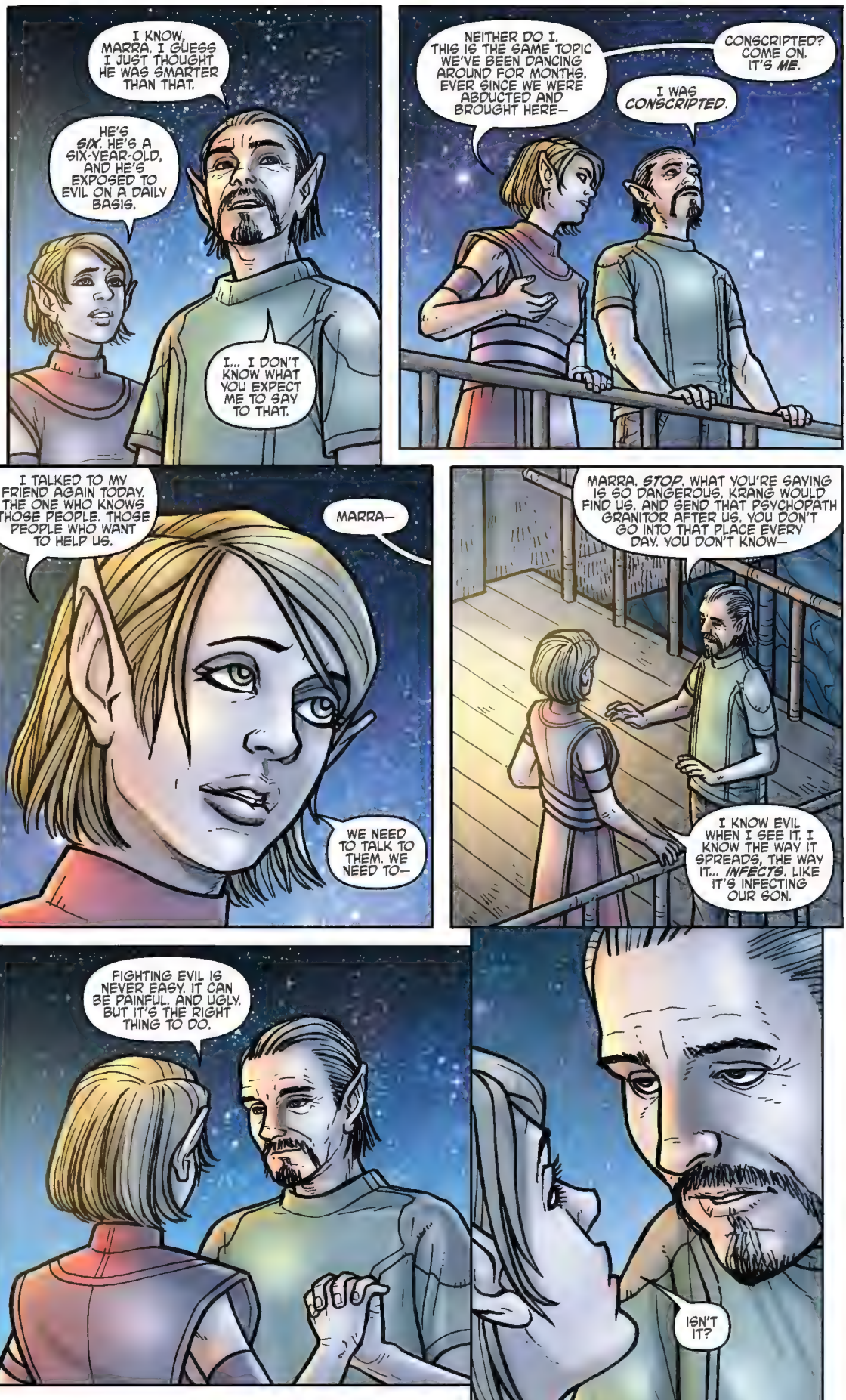

I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS A GOOD MAN. A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO DO THE RIGHT THING.
BUT IT'S EASY TO DO THE RIGHT THING WHEN EVIL IS AN ABSTRACT NOTION. WHEN COURAGE AND SACRIFICE ARE THEORETICAL CONCEPTS.
OVER THE PAST TWO YEARS, I'VE SEEN MORE EVIL THAN I COULD HAVE EVER *IMAGINED*. IT'S BECOME A PART OF MY DAILY EXISTENCE.
AM I STILL A GOOD MAN? A MAN WHO DOES THE RIGHT THING?
...I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW.


TWO YEARS AGO.
I'VE BEEN A SCIENTIST MY ENTIRE LIFE. IT USED TO BRING ME SUCH JOY.
OK, DR. HONEYCUTT.
...I'M SHUTTING DOWN THE FIRE SO WE CAN TEST HOW THE ALLOY AFFECTS SKIN TISSUE.
THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY. OF STARTING WITH NOTHING AND CREATING SOMETHING NEW AND WONDERFUL.
LIKE SAL, ONE OF MY FIRST CREATIONS. A ROBOTIC CONSTRUCT CONTROLLED BY MY MIND. DESIGNED TO CHANGE SHAPES AND FORMS, ALLOWING US TO TEST OTHER CREATIONS.
HE WAS BUILT FOR DISCOVERY. FOCUSED SOLELY ON EXPANDING KNOWLEDGE. I LIKED TO THINK WE HAD THAT IN COMMON.
THE ALLOY IS COMPLETELY HEAT-PROOF. HARMLESS. AND WITH THAT FINAL TEST—
—I THINK WE CAN DECLARE THIS PROJECT A SUCCESS.
EVEN WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED HERE—AFTER KRANG CONSCRIPTED ME—I STILL LOVED MY WORK. I THOUGHT I WAS HELPING HIM SAVE HIS RACE.
BUT THEN I DISCOVERED HIS TRUE PLANS.

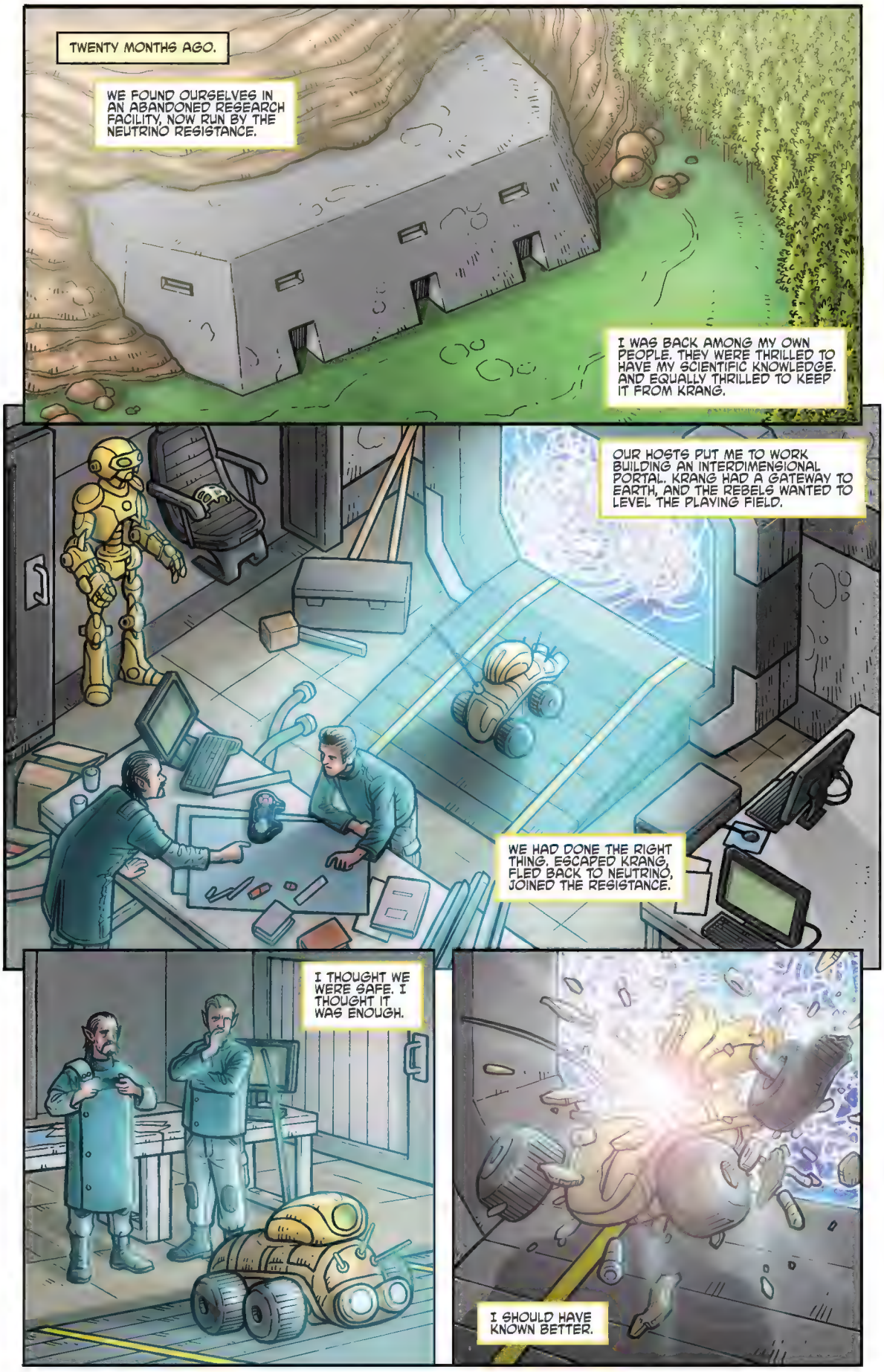
THAT WAS INCREDIBLE! SAL'S AN *AMAZING* INVENTION, DR. HONEYCUTT.
THIS IS A PLACE WHERE AMAZING THINGS HAPPEN.
THE WAY IT CAN ASSUME NEUTRINO FORM, CHANGE ITS SKIN, ITS HAIR, SIMULATE FABRICS. IT—
WELL, IT HAS SEVERE LIMITATIONS. NEUTRINO FORM DRAINS THE POWER PRETTY FAST. YOU STILL NEED THE ROBOT FORM TO RECHARGE.
I'D LOVE TO KEEP WORKING ON IT. IMPROVE THE POWER SYSTEM. EXPLORE NEW APPLICATIONS. BUT...
Simulated
HONEYCUTT
...KRANG HAS OTHER PRIORITIES.
IMPORTANT PRIORITIES. WE'RE DOING GOOD WORK HERE.
...RIGHT.


—AND SEVERE STAFFING ISSUES. I'LL NEED TO HIRE MORE SCIENTISTS, MORE LAB ASSISTANTS. SO THAT'S PROBLEM NUMBER ONE.
PROBLEM NUMBER TWO IS THE ANIMAL TESTING. IF YOU WANT US TO CIRCUMVENT THE ANIMAL WELFARE ACT, THAT'S FINE. BUT THE ADDED RISK MEANS WE'LL NEED TO RENEGOTIATE—
STOP BOUNCING AROUND BETWEEN EXCUSES, STOCKMAN. I'M PAYING YOU TO REDUCE HEADACHES, NOT CREATE MORE. FIX YOUR PROBLEMS AND FINISH THE JOB.
I HAVE ENOUGH IDIOT SCIENTISTS WORKING FOR ME HERE.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, DR. HONEYCUTT?
I—I JUST CAME TO INFORM YOU THAT THE TITANIUM ALLOY TESTS WERE SUCCESSFUL, GENERAL KRANG. WE CAN START MASS-FABRICATING IT FOR THE TECHNODROME.
IT COULD ALSO REVOLUTIONIZE MEDICINE, MANUFACTURING, SPACE EXPLORATION. THE POSSIBILITIES ARE—
QUITE LIMITED. FOR WHAT THIS RESEARCH IS COSTING, THERE'S ONLY ONE APPLICATION THAT MATTERS.
RIGHT. ONE APPLICATION THAT MATTERS. WAR. TERROR. GENOCIDE.
I SHOULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING. I WAS SO CLOSE TO HIM, FOR SO MANY MONTHS.
BUT INSTEAD...
HONEYCUTT
CASUALTY PROJECTION: 3.3BN
WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE, HONEYCUTT?
I DID NOTHING.

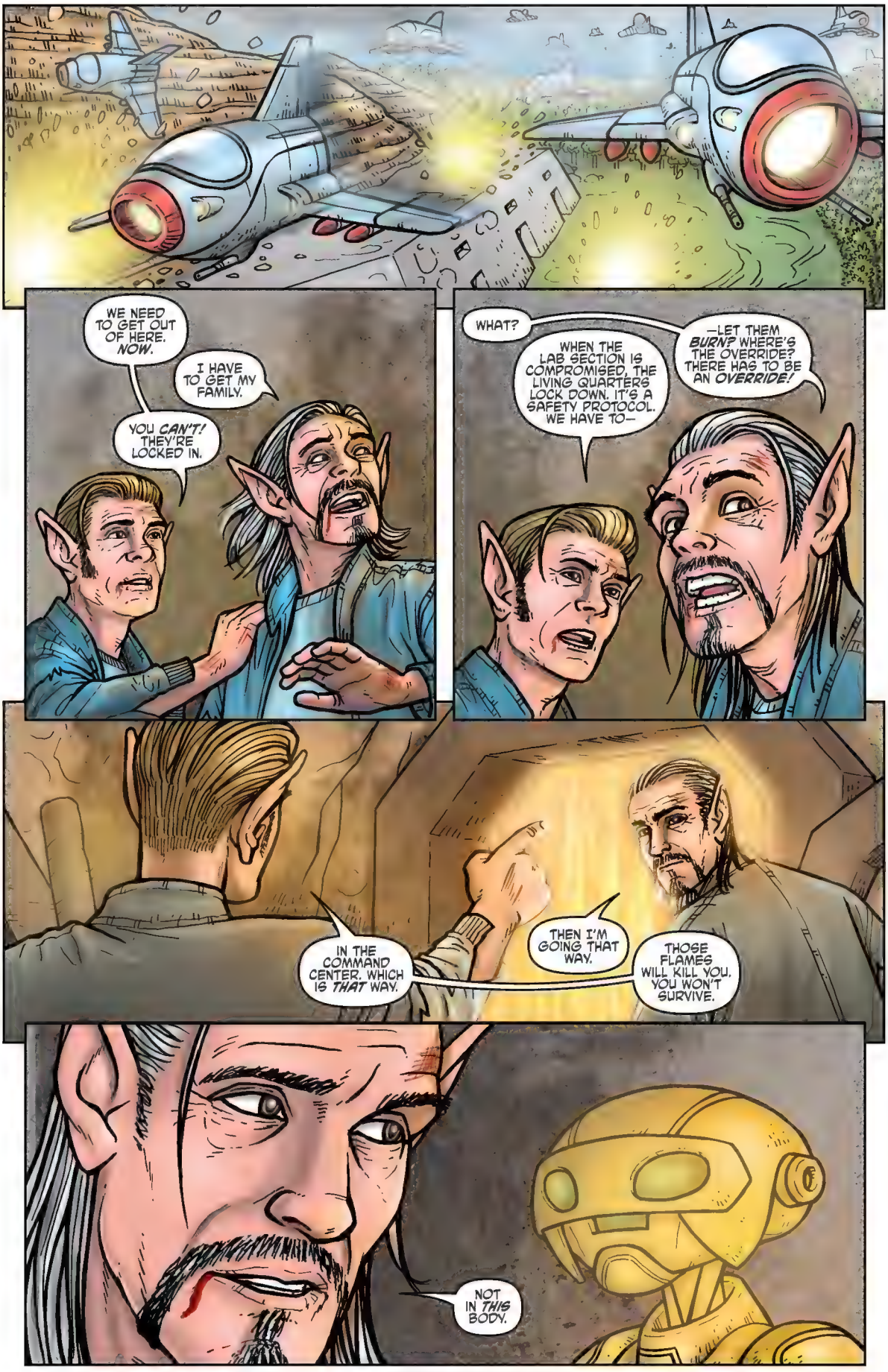

HEXA... AND...
YOU KNOW THIS, ELY.
PARCINON?
EXCELLENT!
AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP KRANG CONQUER THEM *ALL*?
I...
IT'S BEDTIME, BUDDY. WHY DON'T YOU HEAD ON INSIDE?
ALL HIS FRIENDS' PARENTS WORK FOR KRANG. ALL HIS NEIGHBORS, ALL HIS *TEACHERS*.
HE TALKS TO HIS FRIENDS. HE HEARS THINGS, SOME OF WHICH ARE TRUE.


I KNOW, MARRA. I GUESS I JUST THOUGHT HE WAS SMARTER THAN THAT.
HE'S *SIX*. HE'S A SIX-YEAR-OLD, AND HE'S EXPOSED TO EVIL ON A DAILY BASIS.
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU EXPECT ME TO SAY TO THAT.
NEITHER DO I. THIS IS THE SAME TOPIC WE'VE BEEN DANCING AROUND FOR MONTHS. EVER SINCE WE WERE ABDUCTED AND BROUGHT HERE—
I WAS *CONSCRIPTED*.
CONSCRIPTED? COME ON. IT'S *ME*.
I TALKED TO MY FRIEND AGAIN TODAY. THE ONE WHO KNOWS THOSE PEOPLE. THOSE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO HELP US.
MARRA—
WE NEED TO TALK TO THEM. WE NEED TO—
MARRA. *STOP*. WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS SO DANGEROUS. KRANG WOULD FIND US. AND SEND THAT PSYCHOPATH GRANITOR AFTER US. YOU DON'T GO INTO THAT PLACE EVERY DAY. YOU DON'T KNOW—
I KNOW EVIL WHEN I SEE IT. I KNOW THE WAY IT SPREADS, THE WAY IT... *INFECTS*. LIKE IT'S INFECTING OUR SON.
FIGHTING EVIL IS NEVER EASY. IT CAN BE PAINFUL. AND UGLY. BUT IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.
ISN'T IT?

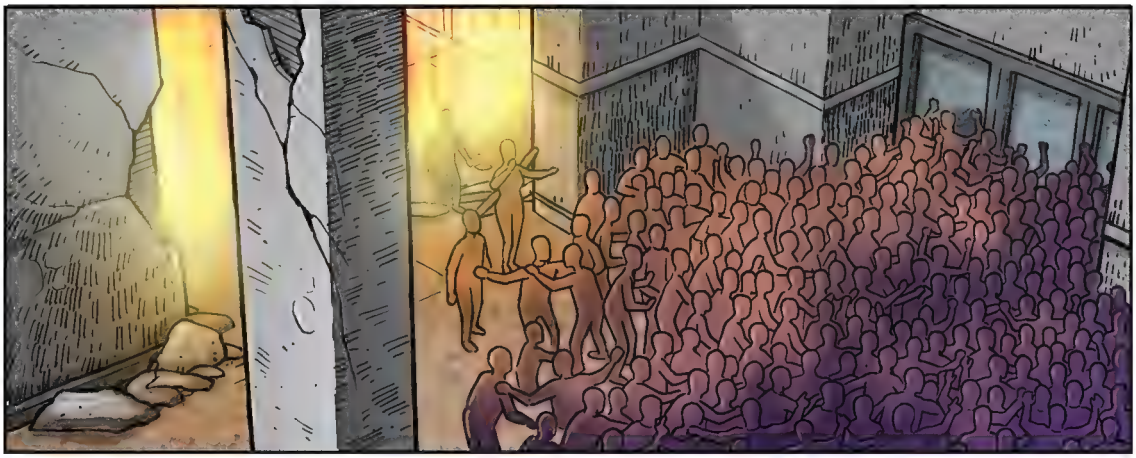
I STILL WASN'T SURE. WAS THIS THE RIGHT THING TO DO? WAS FLEEING THE BEST WAY TO FIGHT BACK?
3421 FILES DELETED
BUT I LOVED MY WIFE.
SO I AGREED.
DOCTOR HONEYCUTT?
WELCOME TO THE RESISTANCE.


TWENTY MONTHS AGO.
WE FOUND OURSELVES IN AN ABANDONED RESEARCH FACILITY, NOW RUN BY THE NEUTRINO RESISTANCE.
I WAS BACK AMONG MY OWN PEOPLE. THEY WERE THRILLED TO HAVE MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE. AND EQUALLY THRILLED TO KEEP IT FROM KRANG.
OUR HOSTS PUT ME TO WORK BUILDING AN INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTAL. KRANG HAD A GATEWAY TO EARTH, AND THE REBELS WANTED TO LEVEL THE PLAYING FIELD.
WE HAD DONE THE RIGHT THING. ESCAPED KRANG, FLED BACK TO NEUTRINO, JOINED THE RESISTANCE.
I THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE. I THOUGHT IT WAS ENOUGH.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

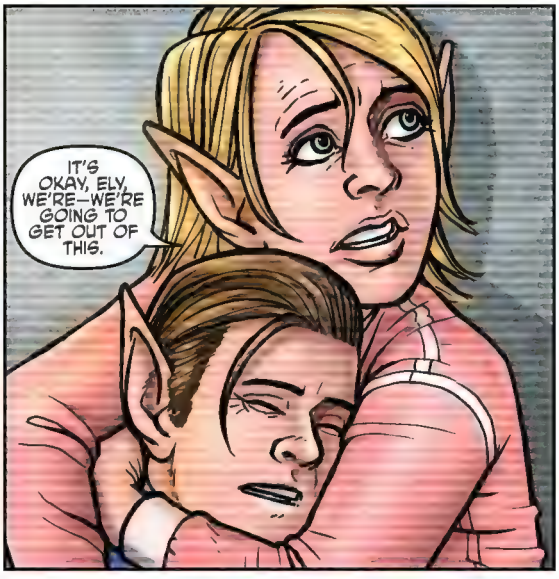
EVEN WITH THESE ADJUSTMENTS THE PORTAL STILL ONLY WORKS ABOUT SIXTY PERCENT OF THE TIME.
THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
WELL, OBVIOUSLY, WE'VE BEEN AT THIS HALF THE NIGHT, FELIX. I'LL GO BACK THROUGH THE DATA TOMORROW. WE SHOULD BE READY FOR ANOTHER ROUND OF TESTING IN TWO TO THREE WEEKS.
THREE WEEKS?
TWO TO THREE.
I WISH I HAD THE LUXURY OF PATIENCE, HONEYCUTT. BUT SOME OF US ARE TRYING TO WIN A WAR, NOT PROVE A THEOREM.
I UNDERSTAND WHAT'S AT STAKE IF—
I DON'T THINK YOU DO. I THINK—
KRANG! HE FOUND US!

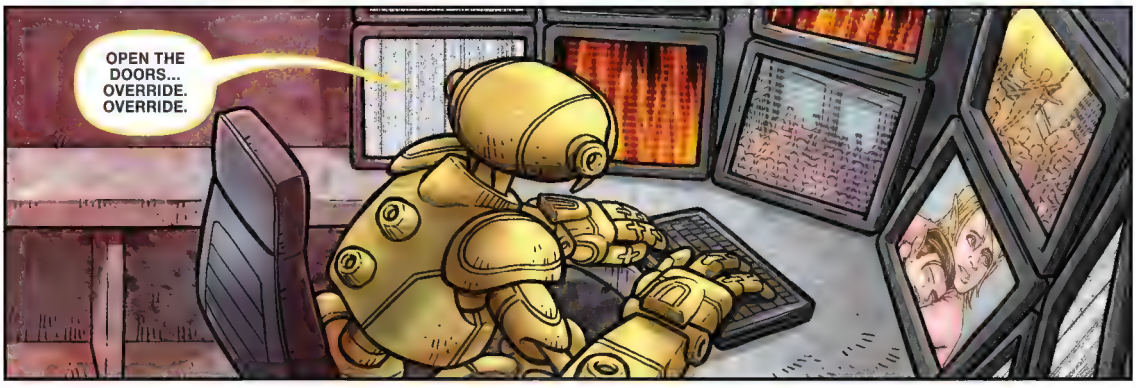

WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. NOW.
I HAVE TO GET MY FAMILY.
YOU CAN'T! THEY'RE LOCKED IN.
WHAT?
WHEN THE LAB SECTION IS COMPROMISED, THE LIVING QUARTERS LOCK DOWN. IT'S A SAFETY PROTOCOL. WE HAVE TO—
—LET THEM BURN? WHERE'S THE OVERRIDE? THERE HAS TO BE AN OVERRIDE!
IN THE COMMAND CENTER. WHICH IS THAT WAY.
THEN I'M GOING THAT WAY.
THOSE FLAMES WILL KILL YOU. YOU WON'T SURVIVE.
NOT IN THIS BODY.

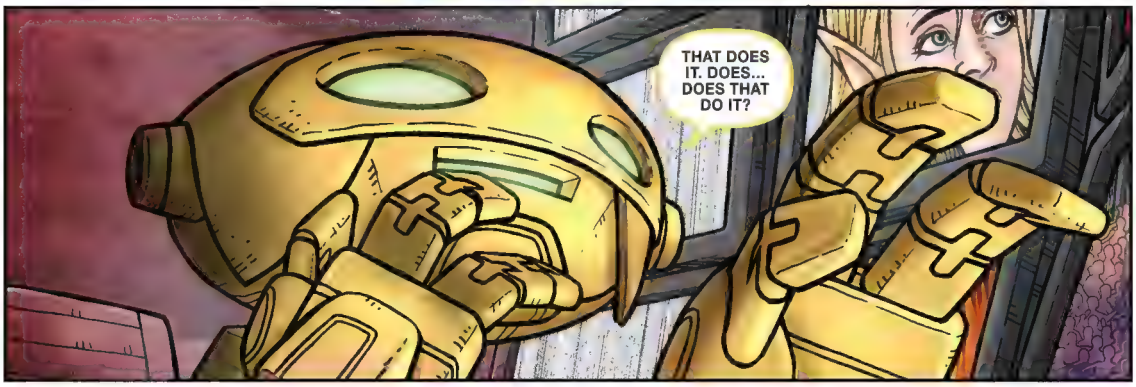
HONEYCUTT, YOU CAN'T. THE FIRE IS SPREADING TOO FAST. YOUR BODY WILL BURN AND YOU'LL BE TRAPPED IN—
I KNOW.
NOW GO.



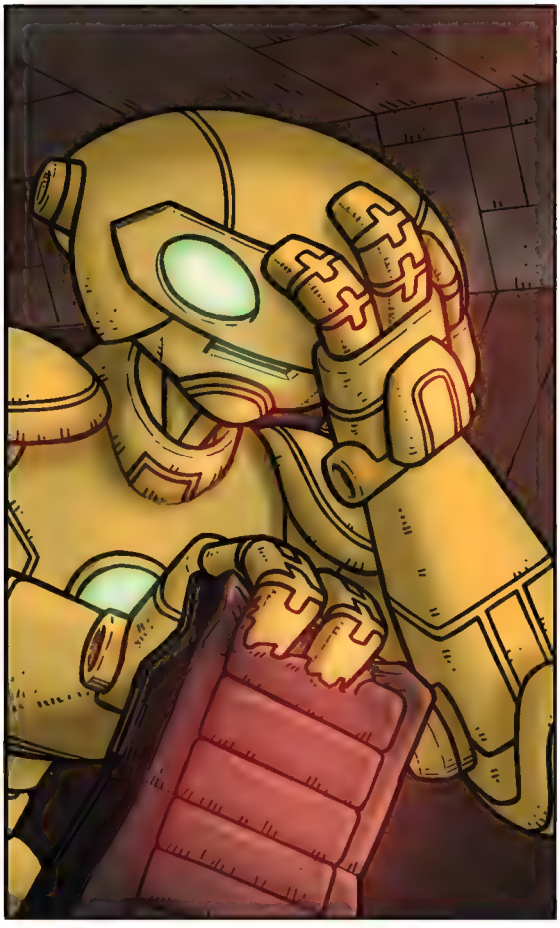
WHY WON'T YOU OPEN? OPEN!
MOM—

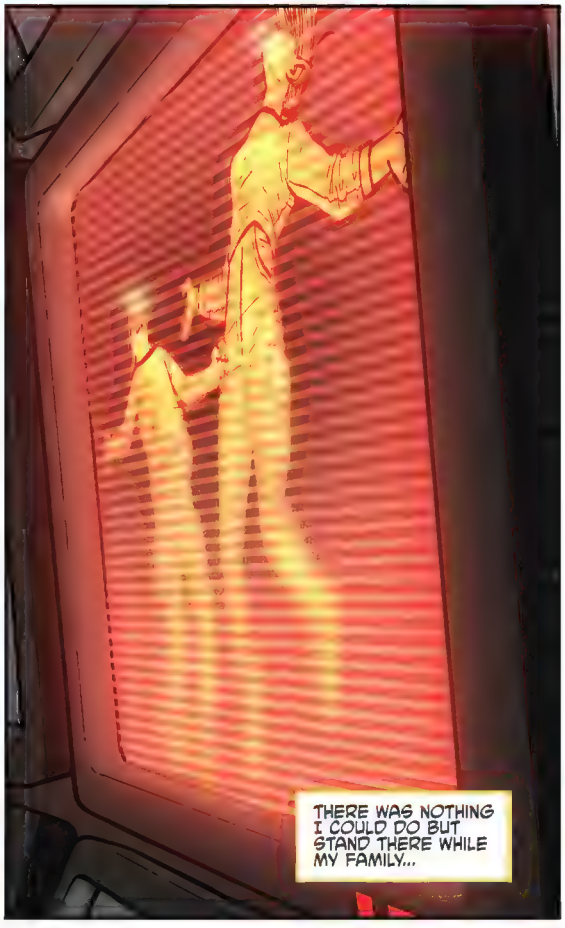

IT'S OKAY, ELY. WE'RE—WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS.

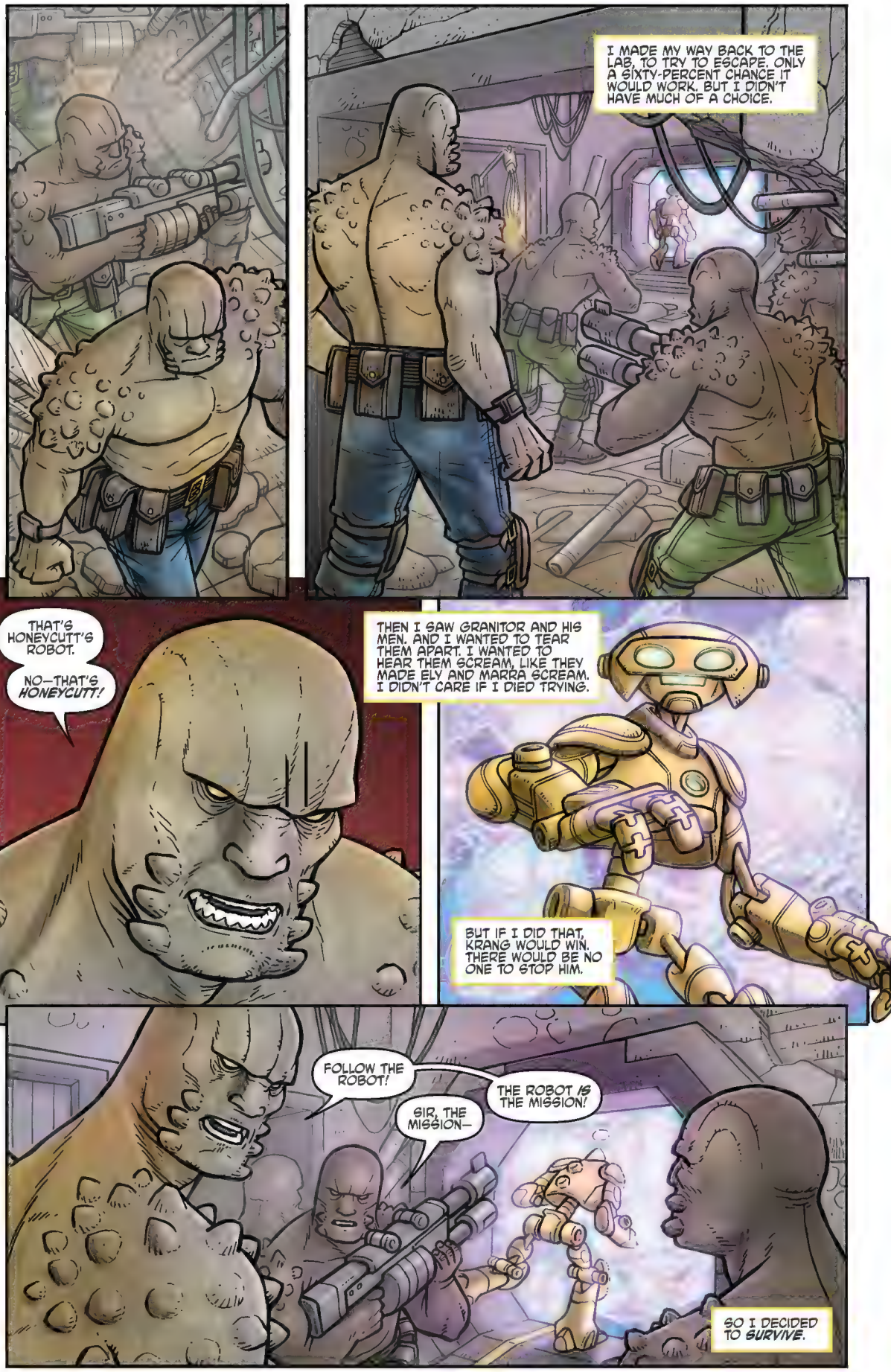

OPEN THE DOORS... OVERRIDE. OVERRIDE.

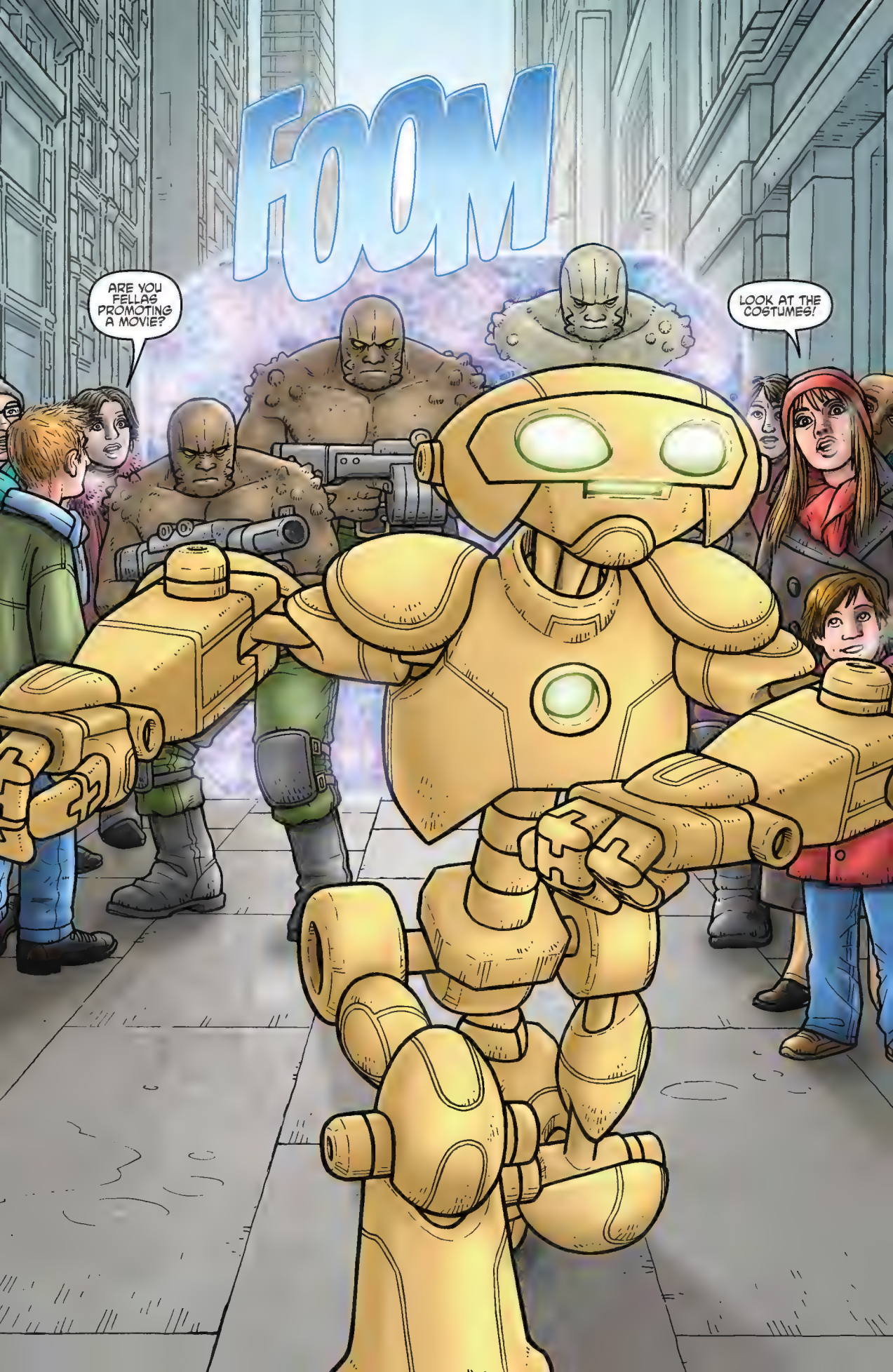

THAT DOES IT. DOES... DOES THAT DO IT?

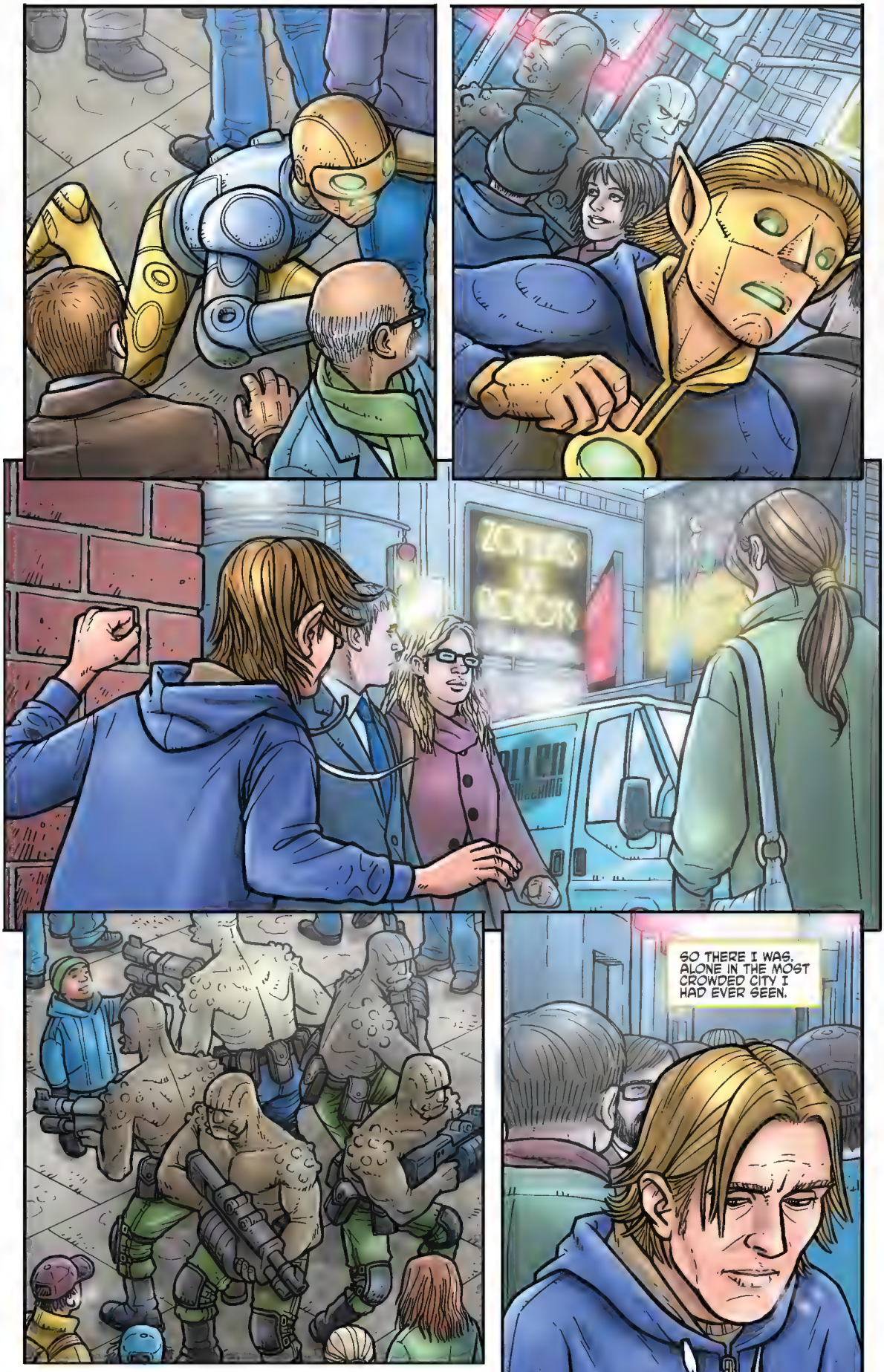
THIS IS SERGEANT GRANITOR. THAT'S MOST OF THEM. DO IT *NOW* BEFORE THEY SCATTER. I'LL TAKE MY MEN IN AND LOOK FOR HONEYCUTT.

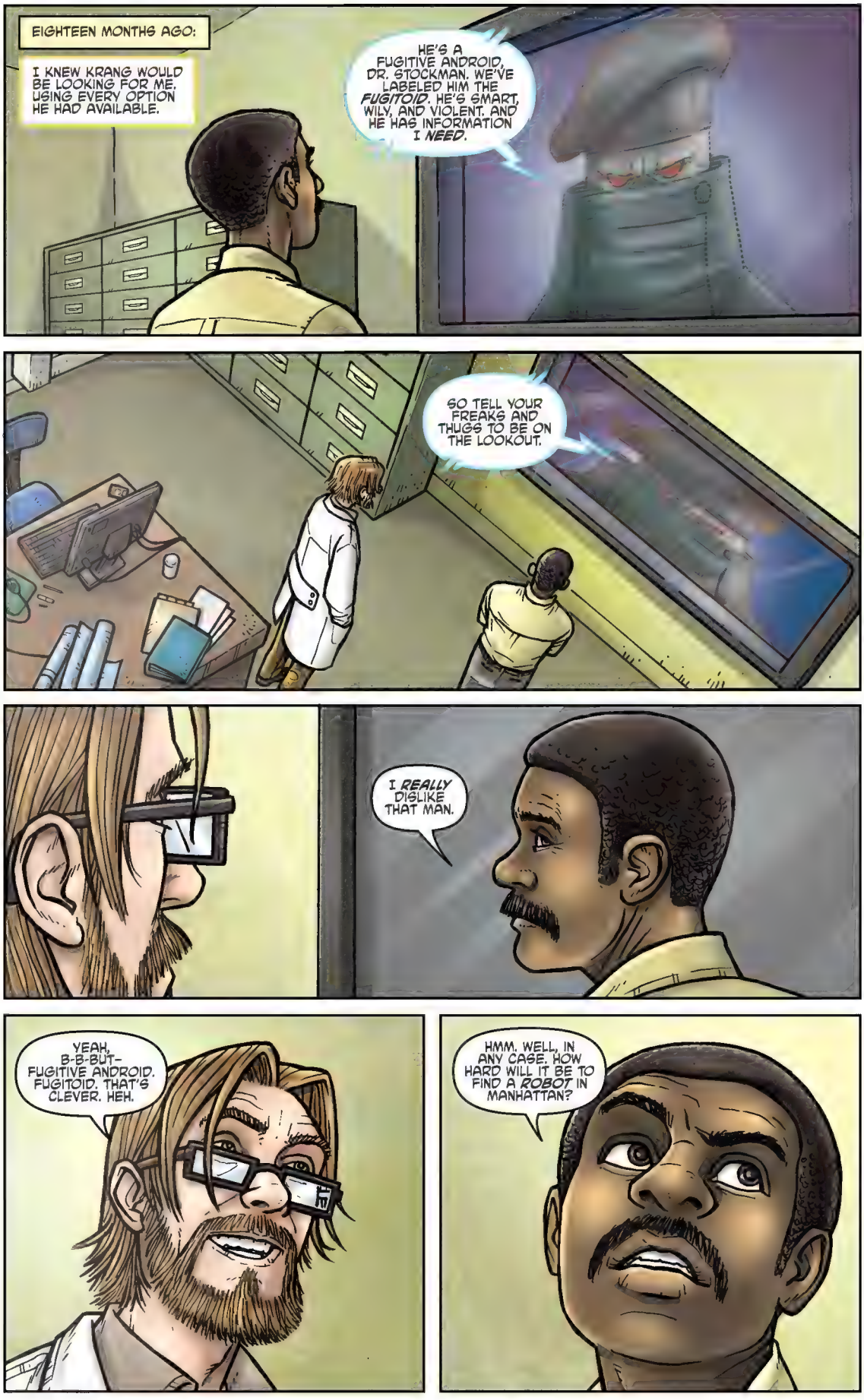


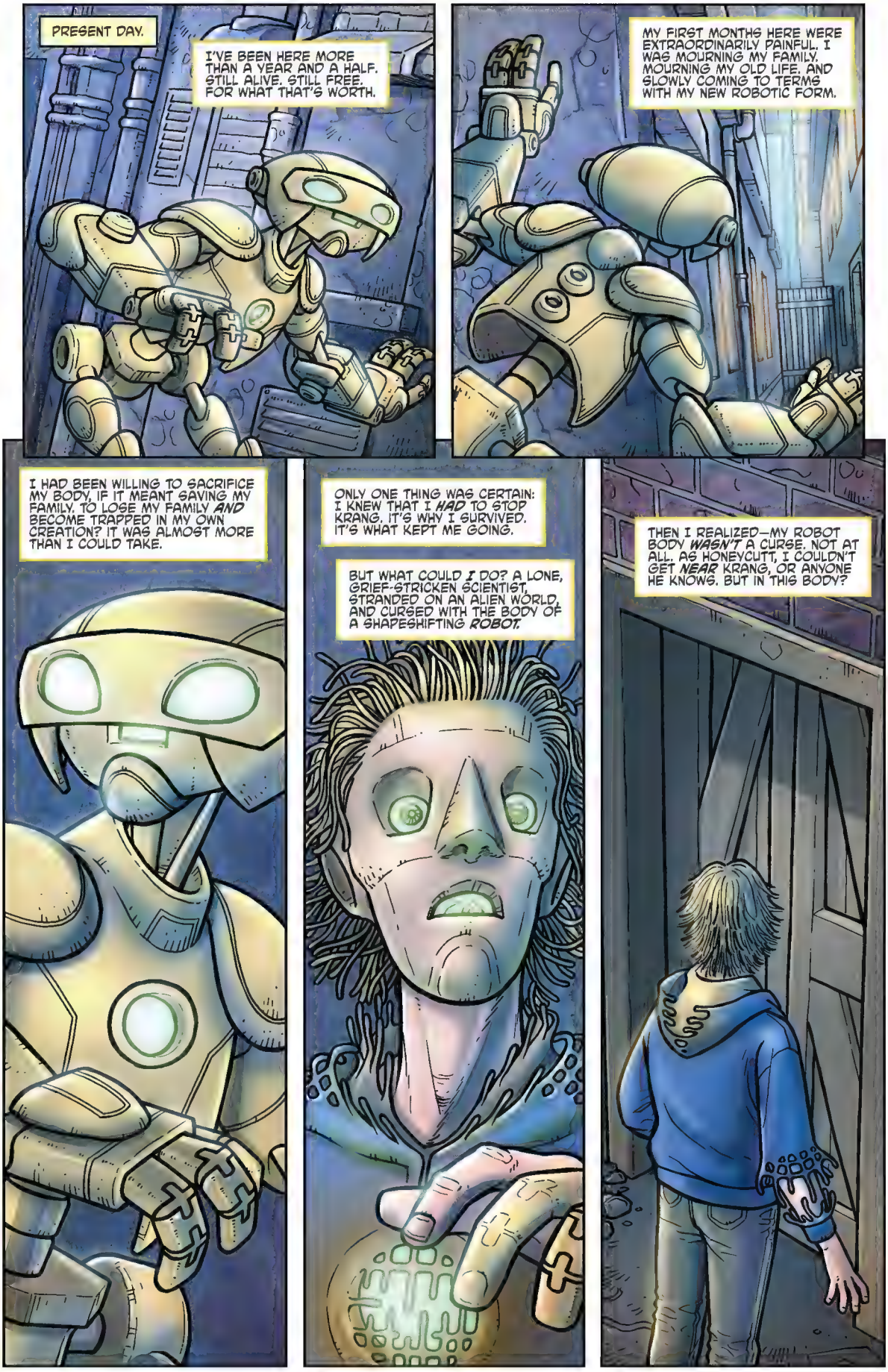

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO BUT STAND THERE WHILE MY FAMILY...


I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE LAB, TO TRY TO ESCAPE. ONLY A SIXTY-PERCENT CHANCE IT WOULD WORK. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE.
THAT'S HONEYCUTT'S ROBOT.
NO—THAT'S *HONEYCUTT!*
THEN I SAW GRANITOR AND HIS MEN. AND I WANTED TO TEAR THEM APART. I WANTED TO HEAR THEM SCREAM, LIKE THEY MADE ELY AND MARRA SCREAM. I DIDN'T CARE IF I DIED TRYING.
BUT IF I DID THAT, KRANG WOULD WIN. THERE WOULD BE NO ONE TO STOP HIM.
FOLLOW THE ROBOT!
SIR, THE MISSION—
THE ROBOT *IS* THE MISSION!
SO I DECIDED TO *SURVIVE.*

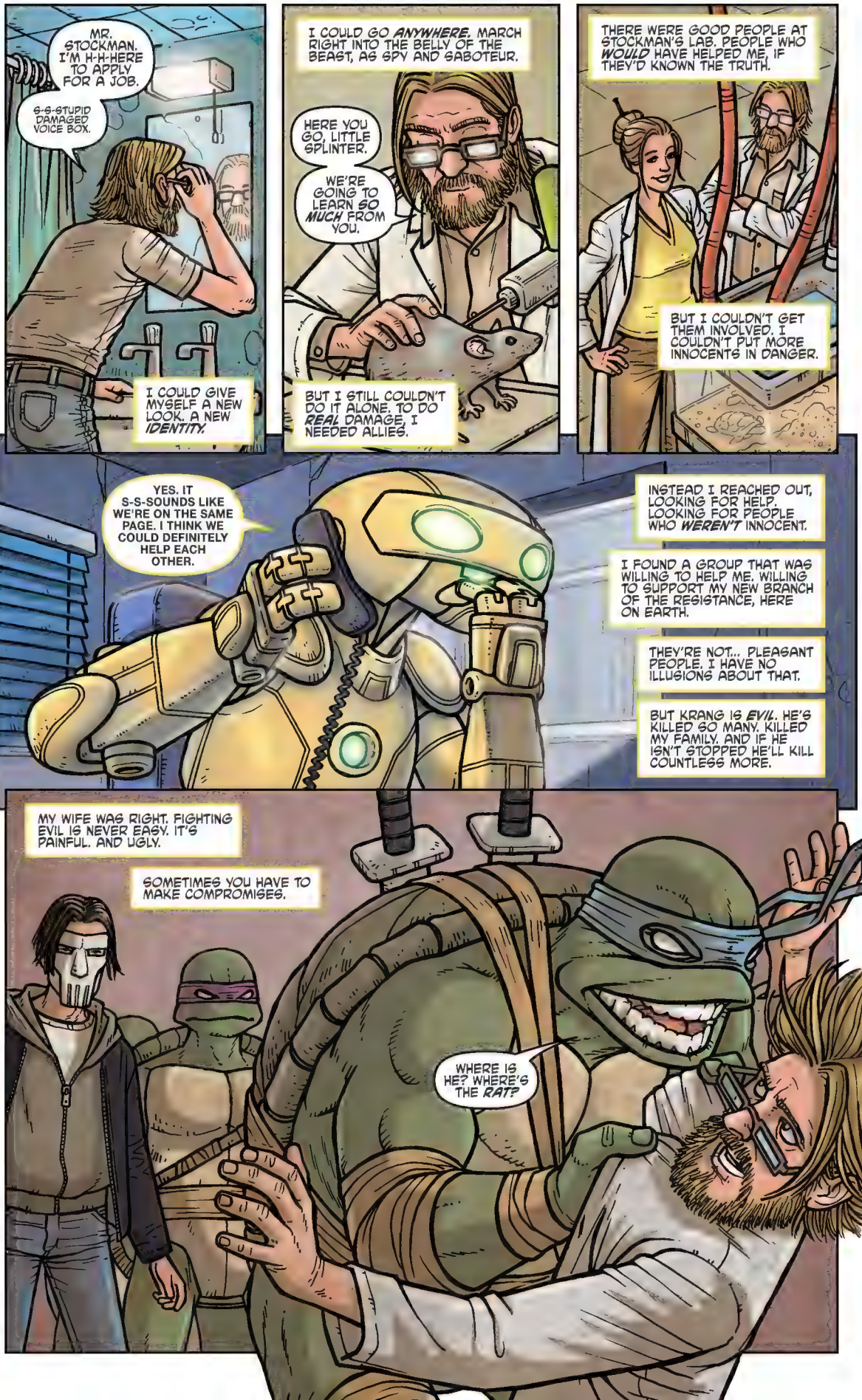

FOOM
ARE YOU FELLAS PROMOTING A MOVIE?
LOOK AT THE COSTUMES!


SO THERE I WAS, ALONE IN THE MOST CROWDED CITY I HAD EVER SEEN.


EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO:
I KNEW KRANG WOULD BE LOOKING FOR ME. USING EVERY OPTION HE HAD AVAILABLE.
HE'S A FUGITIVE ANDROID, DR. STOCKMAN. WE'VE LABELED HIM THE *FUGITOID*. HE'S SMART, WILY, AND VIOLENT. AND HE HAS INFORMATION I *NEED*.
SO TELL YOUR FREAKS AND THUGS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT.
I *REALLY* DISLIKE THAT MAN.
YEAH, B-B-BUT– FUGITIVE ANDROID. FUGITOID. THAT'S CLEVER. HEH.
HMM. WELL, IN ANY CASE. HOW HARD WILL IT BE TO FIND A *ROBOT* IN MANHATTAN?


PRESENT DAY.
I'VE BEEN HERE MORE THAN A YEAR AND A HALF. STILL ALIVE. STILL FREE. FOR WHAT THAT'S WORTH.
MY FIRST MONTHS HERE WERE EXTRAORDINARILY PAINFUL. I WAS MOURNING MY FAMILY. MOURNING MY OLD LIFE. AND SLOWLY COMING TO TERMS WITH MY NEW ROBOTIC FORM.
I HAD BEEN WILLING TO SACRIFICE MY BODY, IF IT MEANT SAVING MY FAMILY. TO LOSE MY FAMILY AND BECOME TRAPPED IN MY OWN CREATION? IT WAS ALMOST MORE THAN I COULD TAKE.
ONLY ONE THING WAS CERTAIN: I KNEW THAT I HAD TO STOP KRANG. IT'S WHY I SURVIVED. IT'S WHAT KEPT ME GOING.
BUT WHAT COULD I DO? A LONE, GRIEF-STRICKEN SCIENTIST, STRANDED ON AN ALIEN WORLD, AND CURSED WITH THE BODY OF A SHAPESHIFTING ROBOT.
THEN I REALIZED—MY ROBOT BODY WASN'T A CURSE. NOT AT ALL. AS HONEYCUTT, I COULDN'T GET NEAR KRANG, OR ANYONE HE KNOWS. BUT IN THIS BODY?

H-HI. I'M CHET ALLEN.
HE'S EXPECTING ME.


MR. STOCKMAN. I'M H-H-HERE TO APPLY FOR A JOB.
S-S-STUPID DAMAGED VOICE BOX.
I COULD GIVE MYSELF A NEW LOOK. A NEW IDENTITY.
I COULD GO ANYWHERE. MARCH RIGHT INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST, AS SPY AND SABOTEUR.
HERE YOU GO, LITTLE SPLINTER.
WE'RE GOING TO LEARN SO MUCH FROM YOU.
BUT I STILL COULDN'T DO IT ALONE. TO DO REAL DAMAGE, I NEEDED ALLIES.
THERE WERE GOOD PEOPLE AT STOCKMAN'S LAB. PEOPLE WHO WOULD HAVE HELPED ME, IF THEY'D KNOWN THE TRUTH.
BUT I COULDN'T GET THEM INVOLVED. I COULDN'T PUT MORE INNOCENTS IN DANGER.
YES. IT S-S-SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE. I THINK WE COULD DEFINITELY HELP EACH OTHER.
INSTEAD I REACHED OUT, LOOKING FOR HELP. LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO WEREN'T INNOCENT.
I FOUND A GROUP THAT WAS WILLING TO HELP ME. WILLING TO SUPPORT MY NEW BRANCH OF THE RESISTANCE, HERE ON EARTH.
THEY'RE NOT... PLEASANT PEOPLE. I HAVE NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT THAT.
BUT KRANG IS EVIL. HE'S KILLED SO MANY. KILLED MY FAMILY. AND IF HE ISN'T STOPPED HE'LL KILL COUNTLESS MORE.
MY WIFE WAS RIGHT. FIGHTING EVIL IS NEVER EASY. IT'S PAINFUL. AND UGLY.
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO MAKE COMPROMISES.
WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE RAT?

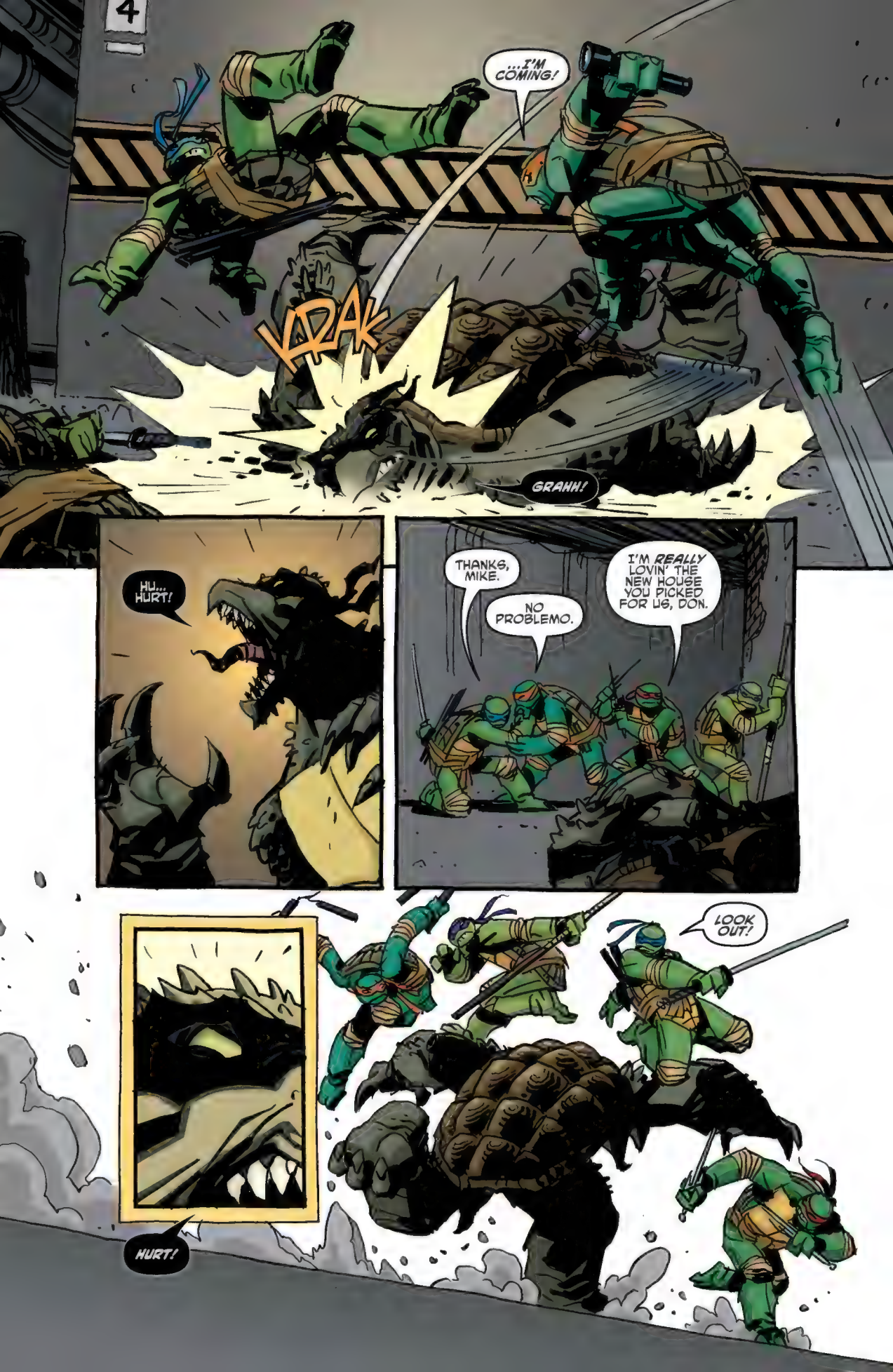
SO IF THESE PEOPLE CAN HELP ME TAKE KRANG DOWN...
...THEN IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO...
...ISN'T IT?
END.

art by PAUL McCAFFREY

art by ANDY KUHN

ISSUE #16

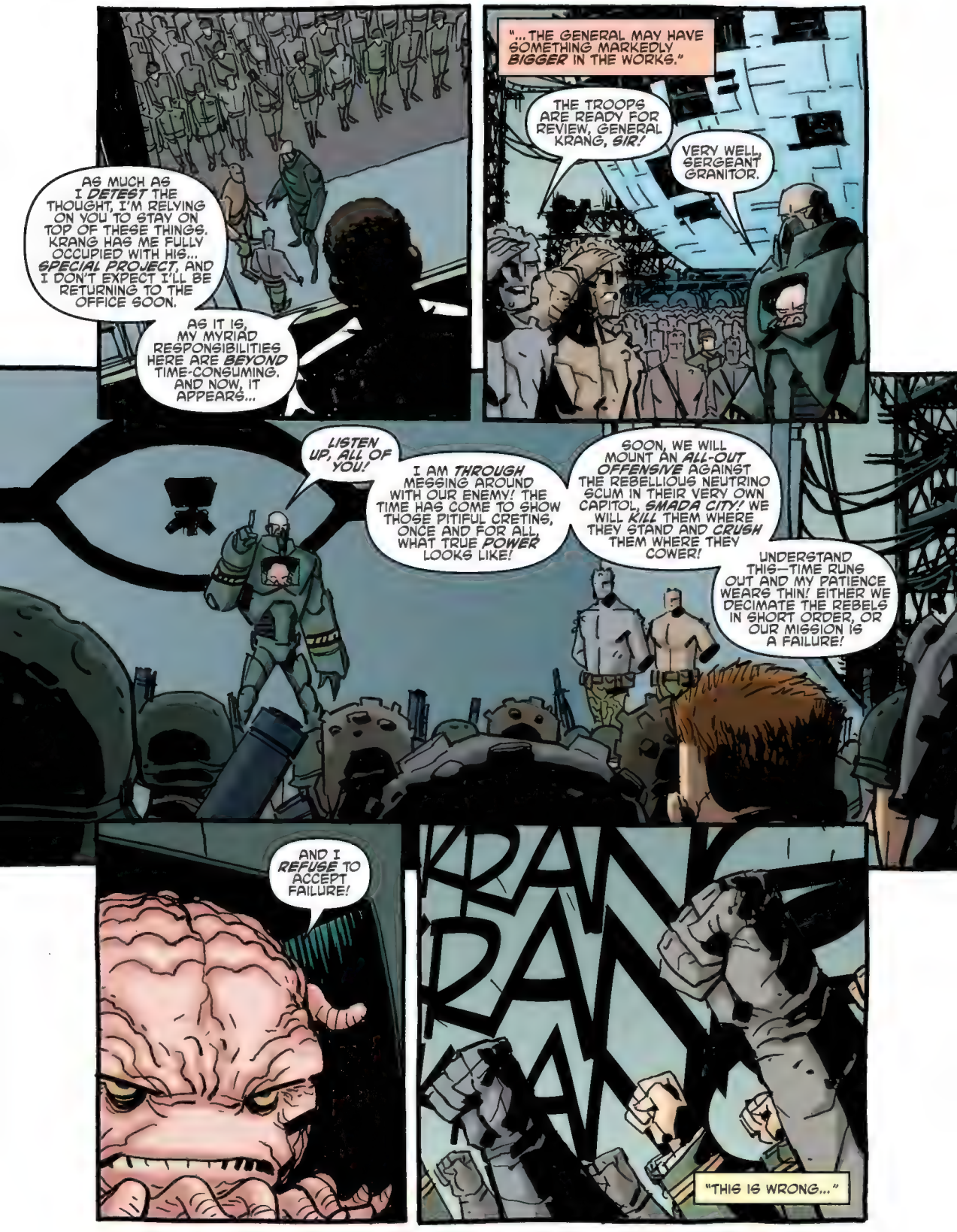
RRAARGH!
GRRGKL...
LEO!
4
MIKEY...
HOLD ON, BRO...


4
...I'M COMING!
KRAK
GRAHH!
HU... HURT!
THANKS, MIKE.
NO PROBLEMO.
I'M REALLY LOVIN' THE NEW HOUSE YOU PICKED FOR US, DON.
LOOK OUT!
HURT!

YLANG
GRAAH!
NOT GOOD.
KUSH
WHOA! I THINK YOU JUST MADE IT MADDER, LEO!
UFF!
FWAK
CHKSH

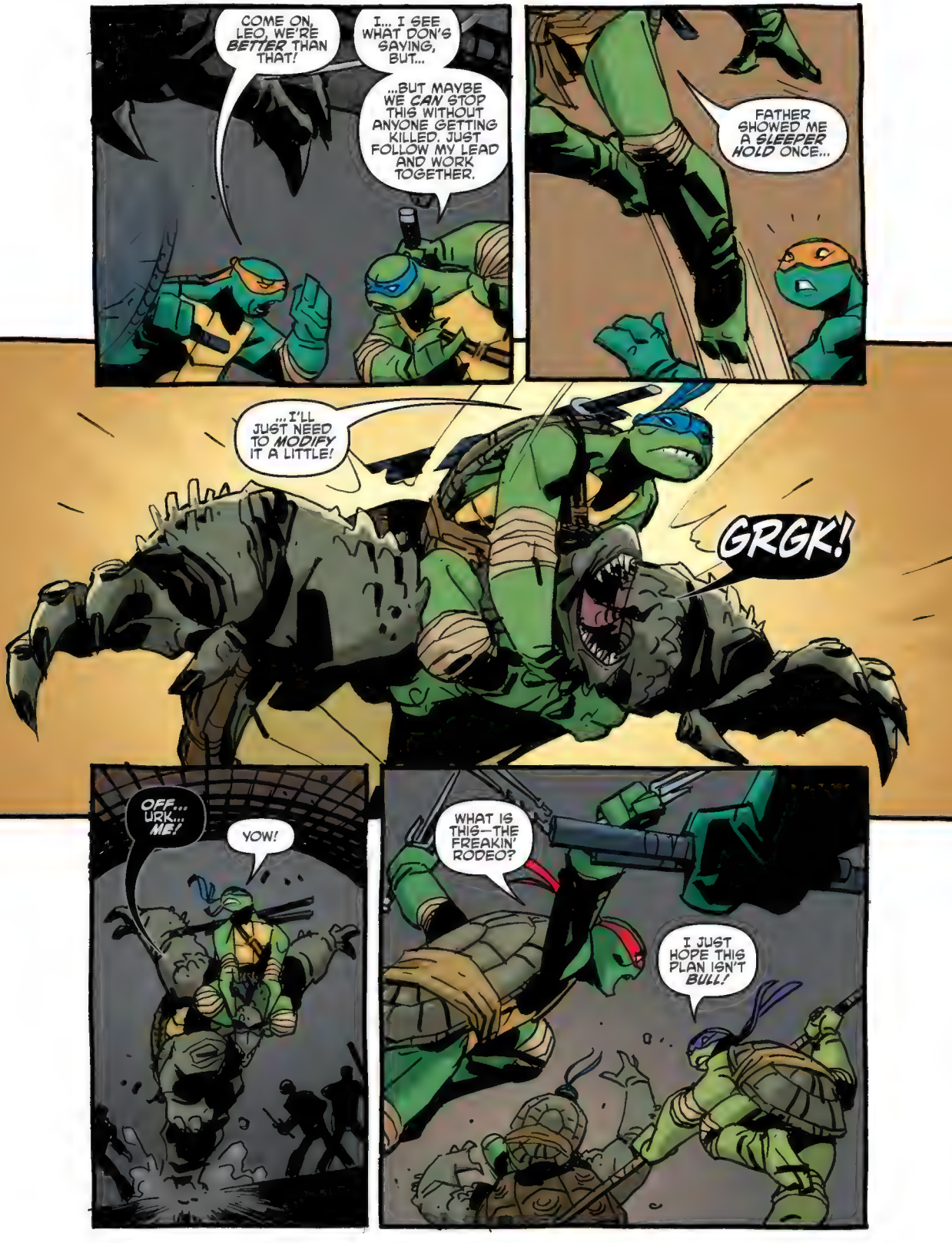
OKAY, ENOUGH OF THI—
WHAP
FWUMP
GAH!
WHOULF!
FWIP
RAHH!
CRAP!
NOT GOOD AT ALL.
KRAK

BURNOW ISLAND.
SO, LET ME *UNDERSTAND* THIS, MR. ALLEN.
I LEAVE NEW YORK FOR A MERE FEW WEEKS AND *ALREADY* YOU'VE EXPERIENCED A MAJOR SYSTEM FAILURE AND A SPECIMEN ESCAPE?
AND *NOW* YOU SAY THE SPECIMEN IS RUNNING RAMPANT THROUGH THE CITY AND HAS GARNERED THE ATTENTION OF BOTH THE PRESS AND THE AUTHORITIES?
SUFFICE IT TO SAY...
...THIS *DISPLEASES* ME GREATLY.
I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR STOCKMAN. WE, UM, ARE WORKING TO M-MAKE ALL NECESSARY REPAIRS HERE AND ARE MONITORING THE NEWS R-REPORTS OF, UM, SPECIMEN 6 CLOSELY.
MONITORING THE PROBLEM AND RESOLVING IT ARE *HARDLY* THE SAME THING, MR. ALLEN...
...CAN I ASSUME YOU HAVE A *CONTINGENCY PLAN* IN PLACE TO CAPTURE THIS CREATURE OR, SHORT OF THAT, HAVE ESTABLISHED *PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY* FOR STOCKGEN?
Y-YES, WE HAVE AGENTS OUT L-LOOKING, BUT THEY HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING YET. EVEN 6-GO...
...THERE IS NOTHING TO, UM, CONNECT SPECIMEN 6 TO STOCKGEN, SIR—JUST L-LIKE WITH THE OTHER TUR-TURTLES WE LOST.
WELL, IF THIS LATEST ESCAPEE DOES WHAT IT WAS *DESIGNED* TO DO, PERHAPS THOSE OTHER FOUR WON'T BE LOST FOR LONG. AND MAYBE WE'LL RECOVER THAT BLASTED *RAT* AS WELL.


"...THE GENERAL MAY HAVE SOMETHING MARKEDLY *BIGGER* IN THE WORKS."
THE TROOPS ARE READY FOR REVIEW, GENERAL KRANG, *SIR!*
VERY WELL, SERGEANT GRANITOR.
AS MUCH AS I *DETEST* THE THOUGHT, I'M RELYING ON YOU TO STAY ON TOP OF THESE THINGS. KRANG HAS ME FULLY OCCUPIED WITH HIS... *SPECIAL PROJECT*, AND I DON'T EXPECT I'LL BE RETURNING TO THE OFFICE SOON.
AS IT IS, MY MYRIAD RESPONSIBILITIES HERE ARE *BEYOND* TIME-CONSUMING. AND NOW, IT APPEARS...
LISTEN UP, ALL OF YOU!
I AM *THROUGH* MESSING AROUND WITH OUR ENEMY! THE TIME HAS COME TO SHOW THOSE PITIFUL CRETINS, ONCE AND FOR ALL, WHAT TRUE *POWER* LOOKS LIKE!
SOON, WE WILL MOUNT AN *ALL-OUT OFFENSIVE* AGAINST THE REBELLIOUS NEUTRINO SCUM IN THEIR VERY OWN CAPITOL, *SMADA CITY!* WE WILL *KILL* THEM WHERE THEY STAND AND *CRUSH* THEM WHERE THEY COWER!
UNDERSTAND THIS—TIME RUNS OUT AND MY PATIENCE WEARS THIN! EITHER WE DECIMATE THE REBELS IN SHORT ORDER, OR OUR MISSION IS A FAILURE!
AND I *REFUSE* TO ACCEPT FAILURE!
KRANG
"THIS IS WRONG..."

BUT, DOCTOR, NOW THAT YOU SAY MY HUSBAND IS THE REAL FATHER OF MY CHILD, HOW CAN YOU BE CERTAIN THAT... I'M THE REAL MOTHER?!
BUM BUM BUMMM
...THE GUYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY NOW.
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.
I'M DONE SITTING AROUND WORRYING—I'M GONNA GO FIND THEM.
CASEY, I'LL DROP YOU OFF AT THE ARENA ON THE WAY.
BUT—
NO WAY, APRIL—I'M GOIN' WITH YOU.
NO "BUTS." I KNOW YOU'RE TOUGH AND ALL, BUT THIS AIN'T THE KIND OF THING YOU DO BY YOURSELF, TRUST ME.
ARE YOU SURE? I MEAN, THIS IS YOUR FIRST GAME BACK—I KNOW HOW HARD YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR THE CHANCE TO PLAY AGAIN.
HEY, I MISSED A BUNCH OF GAMES ALREADY THIS SEASON, SO WHAT'S ONE MORE, RIGHT?
'SIDES, I'D FEEL BETTER KNOWIN' THOSE GREEN DORKS ARE OKAY, TOO. THEN I'LL KICK ALL THEIR STUPID BUTTS MYSELF FOR MAKIN' ME MISS MY GAME.
SPLINTER?
I BELIEVE IT'S BEST THAT I REMAIN HERE—MY SONS MAY RETURN AND REQUIRE MY ASSISTANCE.
AND... THANK YOU BOTH.
NO NEED TO THANK US...

"...WE'RE A TEAM, RIGHT?"
OKAY, GUYS, JUST LIKE WITH SHREDDER— WE DO THIS TOGETHER!
GYAH!
KA-WHAM
THIS HAS TO BE THE THING FROM STOCKGEN.
Y'THINK, DONNIE? WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST CLUE, BRAINIAC?
I'M SERIOUS, RAPH! DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S A COINCIDENCE THIS THING FOUND US HERE? SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S DOING WHAT IT WAS PROGRAMMED TO DO—AND IF IT WAS ABLE TO FIND US NOW, IT'LL FIND US AGAIN.
IF WE RUN, WE'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE. I THINK WE NEED TO END THIS, HERE AND NOW.
NO WAY! THIS ISN'T SHREDDER. HE CAN'T HELP WHAT HE IS— SOMEONE ELSE MADE HIM THIS WAY! SAME AS US!
MAYBE, MIKEY, BUT WE CAN'T LET IT GO BACK TO TEARING UP THE CITY.
THEN MAYBE WE CAN CATCH HIM OR KNOCK HIM OUT... OR SOMETHING!
I'M TELLING YOU, IF WE DON'T END THIS THING—HYAH! IT'S GONNA END US! I'M JUST TRYING TO BE REALISTIC, GUYS... NOT CRUEL!
FOR ONCE—HUNF! I'M WITH THE GEEK!
GRAAH!


COME ON, LEO, WE'RE BETTER THAN THAT!
I... I SEE WHAT DON'S SAYING, BUT...
...BUT MAYBE WE CAN STOP THIS WITHOUT ANYONE GETTING KILLED. JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD AND WORK TOGETHER.
FATHER SHOWED ME A SLEEPER HOLD ONCE...
...I'LL JUST NEED TO MODIFY IT A LITTLE!
GRGK!
OFF... URK... ME!
YOW!
WHAT IS THIS—THE FREAKIN' RODEO?
I JUST HOPE THIS PLAN ISN'T BULL!

ERK!
YEAH, GUYS, THAT'S IT!
KEEP IT COMING!
KSH
FWOK
DON'T LET UP!
JUST A LITTLE MORE!
HE'S ALMOST OUT!

OUT!
GUYS... WE GOTTA...
KEEP IT...
OH... NO.
...COMING.

FWUMP
HMMFF!
KRSSH
TURTLE...
...KILL.
FWK
YARGH!
NO! THIS HAS TO STOP.

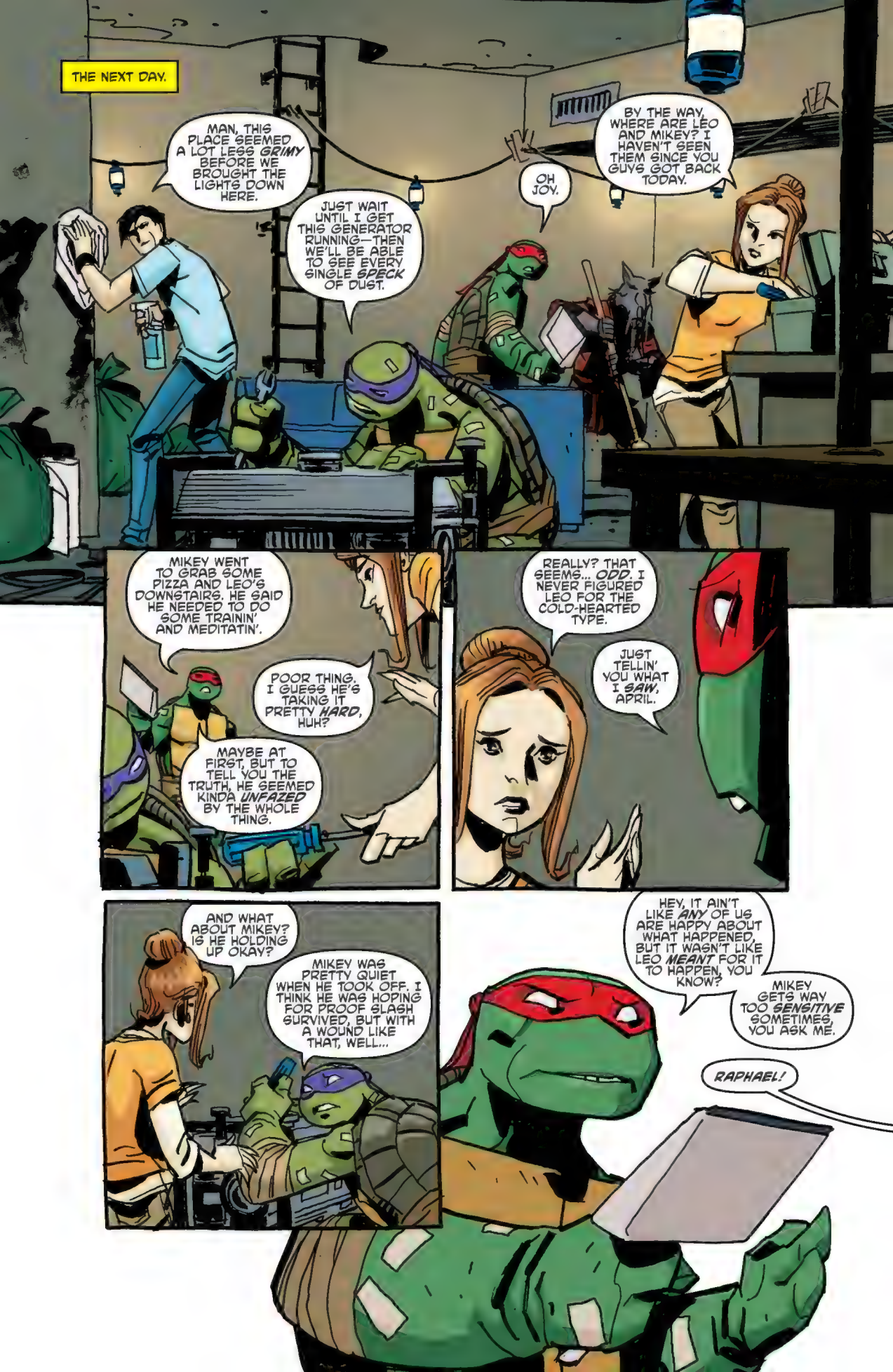
TURN HERE, APRIL. MY PHONE'S GPS SAYS *THAT'S* IT, RIGHT THERE.
WOW, IT'S A LOT MORE *DILAPIDATED* THAN I WAS EXPECTING.
YEAH, IT'S KIND OF A DUMP.
SEEMS ABANDONED... AND REALLY QUIET. DO YOU THINK THE GUYS ARE IN THERE?
DUNNO. BUT THERE'S ONLY *ONE WAY* FOR US TO FIND OUT FOR SURE.
AND I'M KEEPIN' *THESE* WITH ME WHILE WE DO.
COME ON, GRETZKY— LET'S GO FIND OUR FRIENDS.
AND, FOR THE RECORD, IF I HAVE TO GO INTO A SPOOKY OLD CHURCH TO LOOK FOR MUTANT TURTLES WHO ARE POSSIBLY BEING HUNTED BY A RABID SCIENCE EXPERIMENT, I'M REALLY GLAD I'M DOING IT WITH *YOU*.
YEAH... THANKS. I THINK.

TURTLE... HUNT...
I TOLD YOU... JUST STOP. THIS DOESN'T HAVE TO CONTINUE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
KILL... TURTLE. PAIN... STOP!
PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME...
I HAVE ALWAYS TAUGHT YOU THAT VIOLENCE IS A LAST RESORT—THAT ONLY IN DEFENSE OF YOUR OWN LIVES MUST YOU EVER CONTEMPLATE IT AS A SOLUTION. LIFE, ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS...
"...IS SACRED."
...NOBODY HAS TO DIE. WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU... REALLY. WE'RE FROM STOCKGEN, TOO. WE'RE...
...WE'RE JUST LIKE YOU.

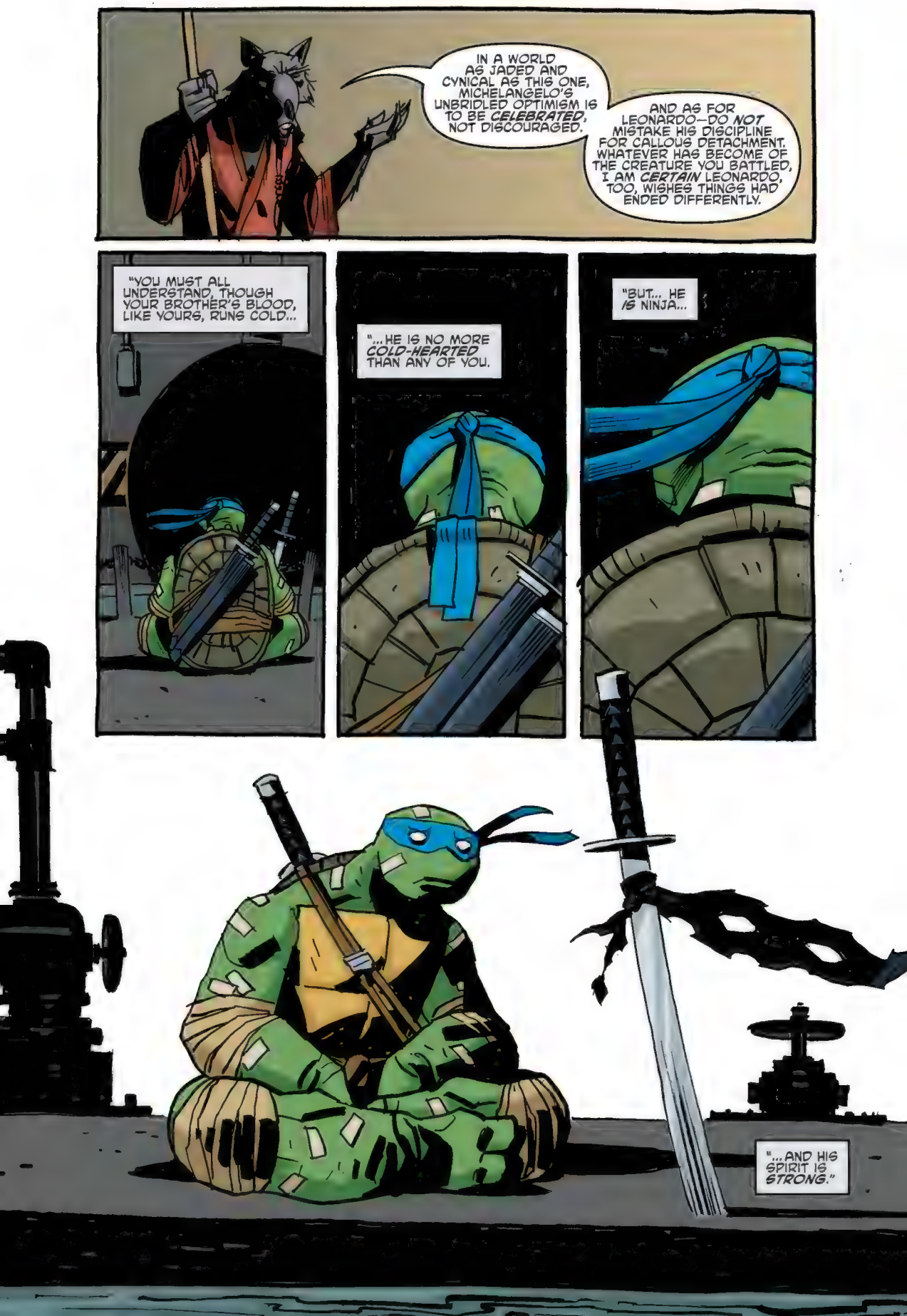
WHAP
KILL!
HNF!
DAMMIT, LISTEN TO ME!
I KNOW YOU CAN'T HELP WHAT YOU'RE DOING—I KNOW IT. BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, I WON'T LET YOU HURT MY BROTHERS. I—
OH, MY GOD— LEO!
NEW YORK
APRIL?
GRAARGH!
NO, WAIT! STOP!

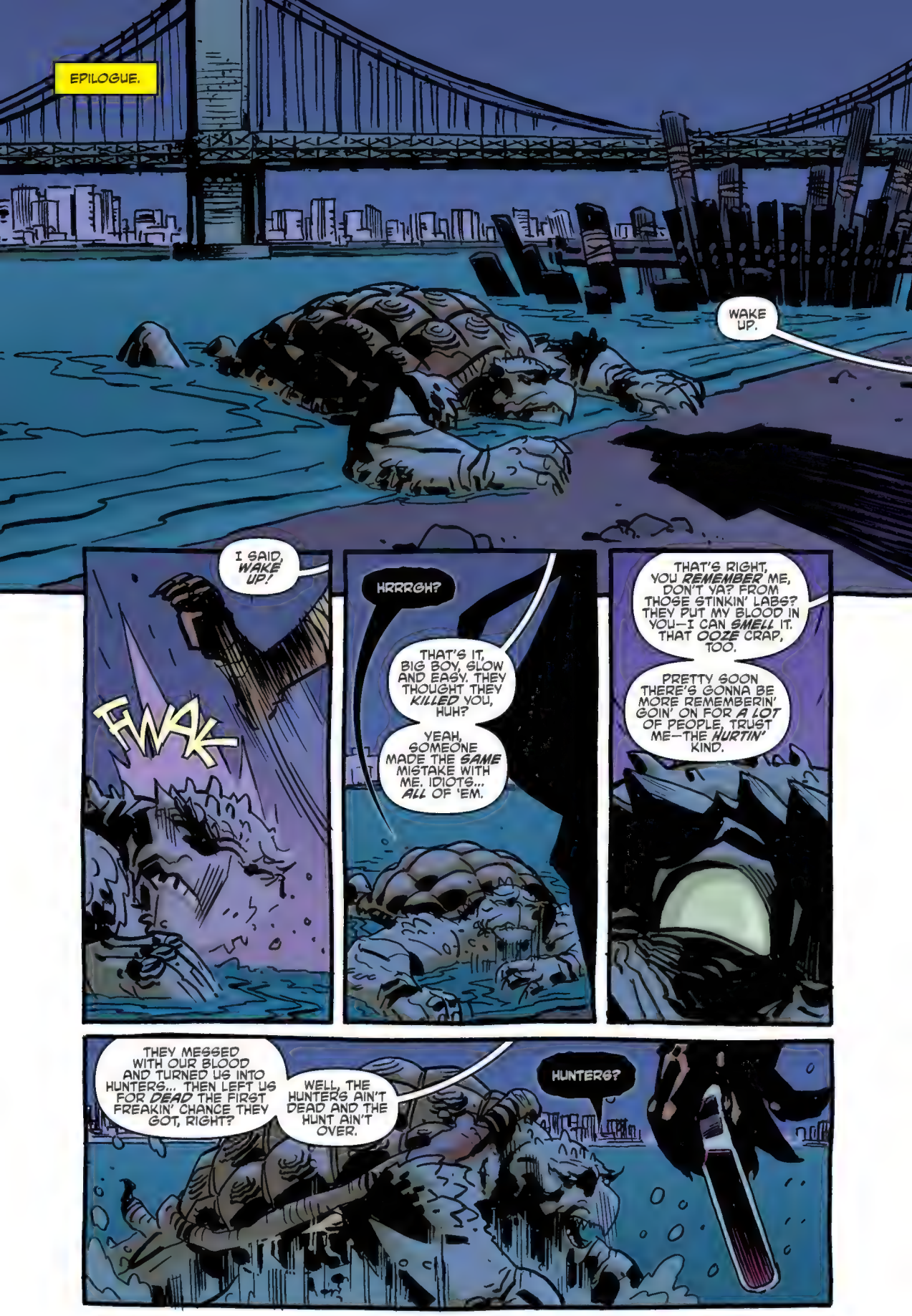
GRRGK!?
OH...
...NO.

RRRIP
CLANG
HU... HU...
I... I DIDN'T MEAN IT. I'M...
HURT.
SPLISH
...SORRY.


THE NEXT DAY.
MAN, THIS PLACE SEEMED A LOT LESS GRIMY BEFORE WE BROUGHT THE LIGHTS DOWN HERE.
JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET THIS GENERATOR RUNNING—THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE EVERY SINGLE SPECK OF DUST.
OH JOY.
BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE LEO AND MIKEY? I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM SINCE YOU GUYS GOT BACK TODAY.
MIKEY WENT TO GRAB SOME PIZZA AND LEO'S DOWNSTAIRS. HE SAID HE NEEDED TO DO SOME TRAININ' AND MEDITATIN'.
POOR THING. I GUESS HE'S TAKING IT PRETTY HARD, HUH?
MAYBE AT FIRST, BUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, HE SEEMED KINDA UNFAZED BY THE WHOLE THING.
REALLY? THAT SEEMS... ODD. I NEVER FIGURED LEO FOR THE COLD-HEARTED TYPE.
JUST TELLIN' YOU WHAT I SAW, APRIL.
AND WHAT ABOUT MIKEY? IS HE HOLDING UP OKAY?
MIKEY WAS PRETTY QUIET WHEN HE TOOK OFF. I THINK HE WAS HOPING FOR PROOF SLASH SURVIVED, BUT WITH A WOUND LIKE THAT, WELL...
HEY, IT AIN'T LIKE ANY OF US ARE HAPPY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, BUT IT WASN'T LIKE LEO MEANT FOR IT TO HAPPEN, YOU KNOW?
MIKEY GETS WAY TOO SENSITIVE SOMETIMES, YOU ASK ME.
RAPHAEL!

DO NOT SPEAK OF YOUR BROTHER SO!
MICHELANGELO IS A KINDLY SOUL—HE HAS BEEN THIS WAY THROUGH TWO LIFETIMES.
RUPERT
IZZERIA
"HIS EMPATHY FOR OTHERS IS A VIRTUE, NOT A FLAW.
"HE SIMPLY SEEKS OUT THE GOODNESS IN OTHERS THAT IS SO INNATE TO HIMSELF.
MIKESTER
"HE WISHES ONLY TO LOVE...
MIKESTER,
HEY, AMIGO,
DON'T THINK I CAN DEAL WITH THE KIND OF STUFF THAT FOLLOWS YOU AND YOUR BROS.
I'LL KEEP THE PIZZAS COMING, THOUGH,
WOODY
RUPERT'S
PIZZERIA
"...AND TO BE LOVED."
RUPERT'S PIZZERIA


IN A WORLD AS JADED AND CYNICAL AS THIS ONE, MICHELANGELO'S UNBRIDLED OPTIMISM IS TO BE *CELEBRATED*, NOT DISCOURAGED.
AND AS FOR LEONARDO—DO *NOT* MISTAKE HIS DISCIPLINE FOR CALLOUS DETACHMENT. WHATEVER HAS BECOME OF THE CREATURE YOU BATTLED, I AM *CERTAIN* LEONARDO, TOO, WISHES THINGS HAD ENDED DIFFERENTLY.
"YOU MUST ALL UNDERSTAND, THOUGH YOUR BROTHER'S BLOOD, LIKE YOURS, RUNS COLD...
"...HE IS NO MORE *COLD-HEARTED* THAN ANY OF YOU.
"BUT... HE *IS* NINJA...
"...AND HIS SPIRIT IS *STRONG*."


EPILOGUE.
WAKE UP.
I SAID, WAKE UP!
FWAK
HRRRGH?
THAT'S IT, BIG BOY, SLOW AND EASY. THEY THOUGHT THEY KILLED YOU, HUH?
YEAH, SOMEONE MADE THE SAME MISTAKE WITH ME. IDIOTS... ALL OF 'EM.
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YA? FROM THOSE STINKIN' LABS? THEY PUT MY BLOOD IN YOU—I CAN SMELL IT. THAT OOZE CRAP, TOO.
PRETTY SOON THERE'S GONNA BE MORE REMEMBERIN' GOIN' ON FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE, TRUST ME—THE HURTIN' KIND.
THEY MESSED WITH OUR BLOOD AND TURNED US INTO HUNTERS... THEN LEFT US FOR DEAD THE FIRST FREAKIN' CHANCE THEY GOT, RIGHT?
WELL, THE HUNTERS AIN'T DEAD AND THE HUNT AIN'T OVER.
HUNTERS?

YEAH, HUNTERS—*ME* AND *YOU*, BIG BOY. AND IF THEY THINK *OUR* BLOOD'S THE ONLY THING THEY GOTTA WORRY ABOUT, THEY GOT *ANOTHER* THING COMIN'.
NOW, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE. WE GOT *PLACES TO BE*...
...AND *PEOPLE TO KILL.*
SPLINTER

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by BEN BATES

ISSUE #17

PLANET NEUTRINO.
SMADA CITY.
TEN DAYS NOW.
THIS ATTACK HAS GONE ON, NON-STOP, FOR TEN DAYS.
THROUGHOUT IT ALL, OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT VALIANTLY.

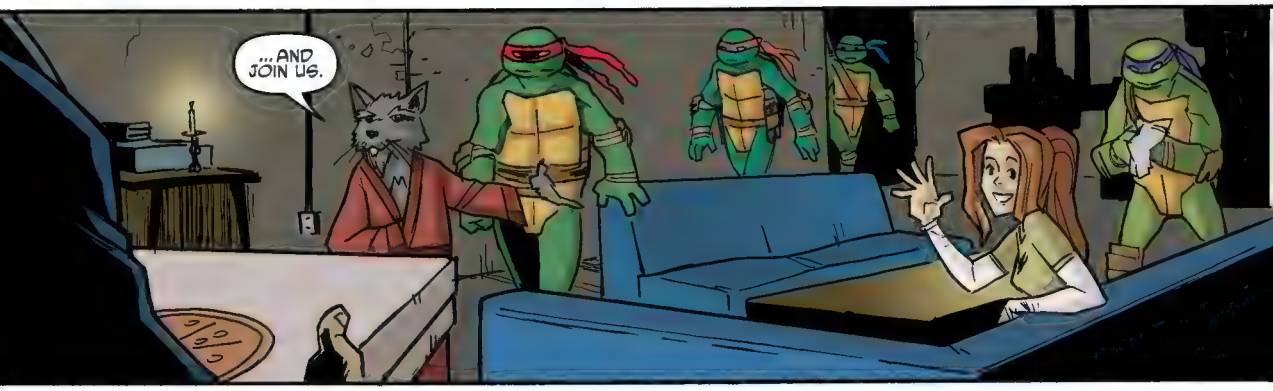
THEY HAVE SPILLED THE ENEMY'S BLOOD...
...WHILE SACRIFICING MUCH OF THEIR OWN.
YET, DESPITE THEIR BRAVERY, THE NEUTRINO RESISTANCE FIGHTERS ARE FAR TOO OUTGUNNED AND OUTMANNED TO WITHSTAND THIS ONSLAUGHT MUCH LONGER.

IT APPEARS OUR OLD "FRIEND" KRANG IS NO LONGER SATISFIED WITH SIMPLE OCCUPATION OF OUR WORLD...
...AND HAS MOVED ON TO *COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.*
THE FINAL BATTLE FOR OUR VERY SURVIVAL IS AT HAND.
COMMANDER DASK?
KING ZENTER!
TAKE YOUR COMMANDO TEAM AND FIND *HONEYCUTT*, WHEREVER HE IS. ONCE YOU HAVE, DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO BRING HIM HERE AS COVERTLY AS POSSIBLE. LET NOTHING STOP YOU.
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
I FEAR THE PROFESSOR IS OUR *LAST REMAINING HOPE*. WITHOUT HIM, ALL THAT WE LOVE AND CHERISH...
"...MAY SOON BE LOST FOREVER."

NEW YORK CITY.
"APRIL, CAN YOU HAND ME THE 5/8 WRENCH, PLEASE?"
"SURE, DONNIE—SOCKET OR OPEN-ENDED?"
OPEN-ENDED WILL BE GREAT.
HERE YOU GO. WE GETTING CLOSER TO FIRING THIS PUPPY UP?
CLOSER... BUT NOT QUITE READY FOR LIFT-OFF, YET.
I WANT TO MAKE SURE WE HAVE FRESH DIESEL IN THE GENERATOR BEFORE WE START IT, NOT TO MENTION ANOTHER TWEAK OR TWO OF THE ELECTRICAL COMPONENTS, THINGS LIKE THAT. LAST THING WE WANT IS AN EXPLOSION DOWN HERE.
BUT, YEAH, DEFINITELY CLOSER TO HAVING US A WELL-OILED MACHINE.
GREAT! THE SOONER YOU GET THE ELECTRICITY FLOWING, THE SOONER WE CAN START ANALYZING THE SERUM I TOOK FROM STOCKGEN—I'M DYING TO KNOW WHAT THE HECK IT IS AND HOW IT RELATES TO YOU GUYS.
ME, TOO...
...AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I WANT TO SET UP OUR LAB ONCE WE GET THE POWER UP AND RUNNING.
A WELL-OILED MACHINE...
...FINELY HONED COMPONENTS COMBINING TO FORM AN EFFECTIVE WHOLE.
WHEN THE INDIVIDUAL PARTS FUNCTION TOGETHER AS INTENDED—AS DESIGNED—THE RESULT IS PURE POWER.

BUT, SHOULD *DISORDER* ENTER THE WORKS...
...THEN THE MACHINE IS AT RISK FOR MALFUNCTION. FOR *FAILURE*.
MIKESTER,
HEH, AMIGO,
DON'T THINK I CAN
DEAL WITH THE KIND
OF STUFF
FOLLOWS
AND YOUR
I'LL KEEP
COMIN
HARMONY IS THE KEY.
AND HARMONY *MUST* BE RESTORED IN THIS FAMILY, OTHERWISE THE ONCE WELL-OILED MACHINE RISKS FALLING INTO A PERMANENT STATE OF DISREPAIR.
IT IS TIME FOR THE MASTER TO MAKE A *TWEAK OR TWO* OF HIS OWN.
MICHELANGELO.
UH... YES, SENSEI?
PLEASE GATHER THE OTHERS TOGETHER. I WISH TO SPEAK TO EVERYONE.

YO! PIZZA'S HERE!
AH, CASEY JONES—YOUR TIMING IS EXCELLENT.
READY TO DIG IN, ARE YA, MASTER SPLINTER?
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, YES.
PLEASE, BRING THE PIZZA...

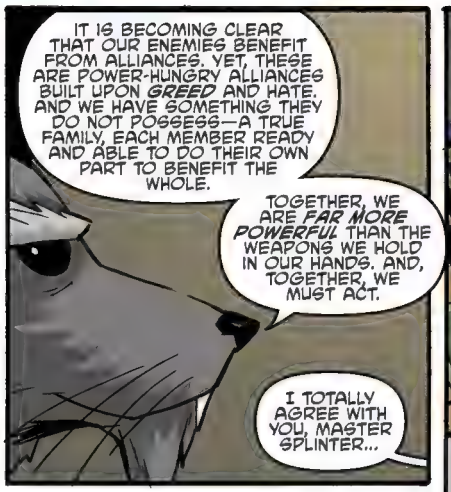

...AND JOIN US.

ANOTHER FAMILY MEETING?
I GUESS.
MAN, YOU GUYS DO THIS A LOT.
HEY, CASE, DID YOU... UM... HAPPEN TO SEE WOODY?

NAH, SORRY, MIKEY—NO WOODY, NO NOTE, NO NOTHIN'. JUST THE FRESH PIZZA WAITIN' OUTSIDE RUPERT'S LIKE YOU SAID IT WOULD BE.
OH... OKAY. THANKS.
RECENTLY, WE HAVE EXPERIENCED *SETBACKS* AS WE'VE FACED THE CONTINUING CHALLENGES OF THIS NEW LIFE.

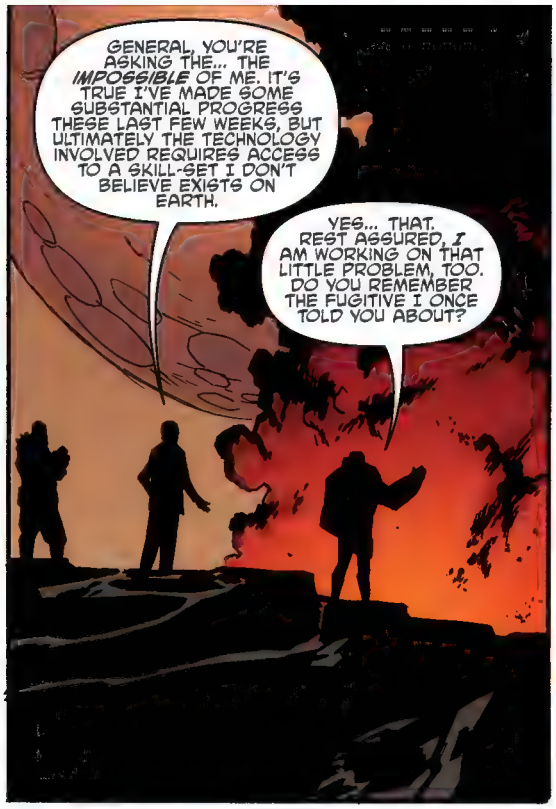
FOR SOME OF US, FRIENDSHIPS HAVE BEEN STRAINED AND SELF-CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN SHAKEN—EMOTIONAL WOUNDS THAT STING *NO LESS* THAN THE PHYSICAL BLOWS WE HAVE ALL BORNE.
BUT, JUST AS OUR BODILY INJURIES HEAL, SO, TOO, MUST OUR HEARTS AND MINDS IF WE ARE TO ENSURE OUR SURVIVAL.
AND YOU HAVE ALL SET YOUR MINDS AND BODIES TO GOOD WORK. MISS O'NEIL'S RECENT... *PROCUREMENT* FROM STOCKGEN HAS PROVIDED US WITH VITAL NEW MATERIALS, AND DONATELLO HAS LED US TO OUR *NEW HOME*.
RAPHAEL FOUND *DISCIPLINE* WHEN UNCONTROLLABLE FURY COULD HAVE EASILY RULED THE DAY, WHILE MICHELANGELO AND CASEY JONES HAVE SHOWN *TREMENDOUS COURAGE* IN THE FACE OF TERRIBLE DANGER.
AND LEONARDO WAS ABLE TO *PROTECT* HIS BROTHERS IN A BATTLE THAT SEEMED ALL BUT LOST. NOW WE MUST TAKE THESE EXPERIENCES... THIS NEW KNOWLEDGE... AND MOVE *FORWARD* WITH PURPOSE.

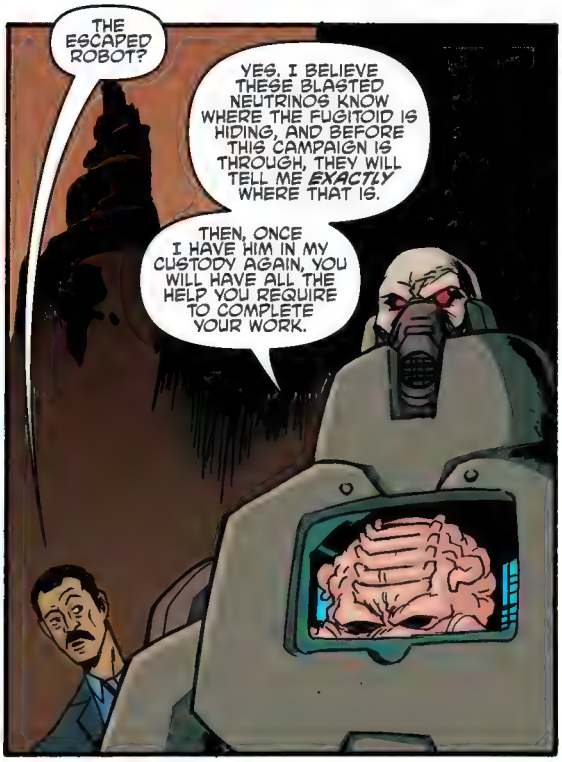
YOU MEAN LIKE COMIN' UP WITH A GOOD *GAME PLAN*, RIGHT, MASTER SPLINTER?
YES, CASEY JONES—A PLAN TO GAIN EVEN MORE KNOWLEDGE, WHICH, IN TURN, WE MAY BE ABLE TO USE TO REPAIR THAT WHICH HAS BEEN BROKEN. AND TO FIX OTHER THINGS *BEFORE* THEY NEED FIXING... SO TO SPEAK.
PREVENTATIVE MAINTENANCE.
JUST SO, DONATELLO.


IT IS BECOMING CLEAR THAT OUR ENEMIES BENEFIT FROM ALLIANCES. YET, THESE ARE POWER-HUNGRY ALLIANCES BUILT UPON *GREED* AND HATE. AND WE HAVE SOMETHING THEY DO NOT POSSESS—A TRUE FAMILY, EACH MEMBER READY AND ABLE TO DO THEIR OWN PART TO BENEFIT THE WHOLE.
TOGETHER, WE ARE *FAR MORE POWERFUL* THAN THE WEAPONS WE HOLD IN OUR HANDS. AND, TOGETHER, WE MUST ACT.
I TOTALLY AGREE WITH YOU, MASTER SPLINTER...

...AND I KNOW *RIGHT* WHERE WE CAN START.

HRRGGK!
THE PLANET NEUTRINO.
WELL... SKOFF... THAT WAS UNPLEASANT.
INDEED. YOUR OBVIOUS INDIVIDUAL WEAKNESSES ASIDE, WE HAVE FOUND IT TAKES HUMANS SOME TIME TO ADAPT TO INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL TRAVEL.
YES, WELL, A BIT OF ADVANCE WARNING WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE.
I DON'T DO NICE, STOCKMAN.
REALLY? I HADN'T NOTICED.
THEN, DO YOU NOTICE THAT CITY ON FIRE IN THE DISTANCE? THAT IS SMADA CITY, CENTRAL CAPITOL OF THIS FETID DUNG HEAP.
OR, RATHER, THE SOON-TO-BE FORMER CAPITOL CITY, ONCE MY ARMY GRINDS IT INTO RUBBLE.
CHARMING. AND DID YOU BRING ME HERE JUST TO TELL ME THIS? SEEMS A BIT EXCESSIVE, DON'T YOU THINK?
I BROUGHT YOU HERE, STOCKMAN, TO GIVE YOU A FIRSTHAND VIEW OF THE DESTRUCTION I AM CAPABLE OF DELIVERING TO THOSE WHO FALL INTO MY DISFAVOR. WHAT YOU CALL "EXCESSIVE," I CALL A "FRIENDLY REMINDER" OF WHO IS IN CHARGE.
SOON I WILL JOIN THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST SMADA CITY. WHILE I'M BUSY OBLITERATING THESE NEUTRINO SCUM, YOU WILL OVERSEE THE COMPLETION OF MY TECHNODROME.


GENERAL, YOU'RE ASKING THE... THE *IMPOSSIBLE* OF ME. IT'S TRUE I'VE MADE SOME SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS THESE LAST FEW WEEKS, BUT ULTIMATELY THE TECHNOLOGY INVOLVED REQUIRES ACCESS TO A SKILL-SET I DON'T BELIEVE EXISTS ON EARTH.
YES... THAT. REST ASSURED, *I* AM WORKING ON THAT LITTLE PROBLEM, TOO. DO YOU REMEMBER THE FUGITIVE I ONCE TOLD YOU ABOUT?


THE ESCAPED ROBOT?
YES, I BELIEVE THESE BLASTED NEUTRINOS KNOW WHERE THE FUGITOID IS HIDING, AND BEFORE THIS CAMPAIGN IS THROUGH, THEY WILL TELL ME *EXACTLY* WHERE THAT IS.
THEN, ONCE I HAVE HIM IN MY CUSTODY AGAIN, YOU WILL HAVE ALL THE HELP YOU REQUIRE TO COMPLETE YOUR WORK.

CAPTAIN TRAGG?
BURNOW ISLAND, THIS IS TRAGG. BRING US BACK.
ROGER, CAPTAIN TRAGG. STAND BY.

STOCKMAN, YOU STAND AWAY FROM ME...

...I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING SICK ON MY BOOTS AGAIN.
FOOM

THE FOOT CLAN COMPOUND.
WHY HAVE YOU NOT BEGUN YOUR SEARCH, KARAI? YOUR MISSION TO BRING ME THE ONE CALLED LEONARDO?
I *HAVE* BEGUN, GRANDFATHER. YOUR ORDERS ARE MY PRIORITY— AS ALWAYS.
I AM PRODUCING THE *NECESSARY ELEMENTS* TO ASSIST ME IN THE MISSION.
NECESSARY ELEMENTS?
YES...
...AFTER OUR LAST FEW BATTLES WITH THE RAT AND TURTLES, I REALIZED THAT I—THAT IS, *WE* MUST FURTHER ENHANCE OUR ARMY IN ORDER TO FACILITATE THE CAPTURE OF OUR ENEMY.
ENEMY, GRANDDAUGHTER? DO YOU NOT MEAN MY FUTURE SECOND-IN-COMMAND?
AS YOU SAY, MASTER.

DESPITE YOUR OBVIOUS DISPLEASURE WITH THIS MISSION, YOUR STRATEGY HAS MERIT, KARAI.
OR IT WOULD... IF IT DID NOT REQUIRE MORE OF THE *ALIEN OOZE COMPONENT* THAN WE CURRENTLY HAVE ON HAND.
I AM WELL AWARE OF THAT, GRANDFATHER.
AND I WILL HANDLE THAT MATTER *PERSONALLY*...

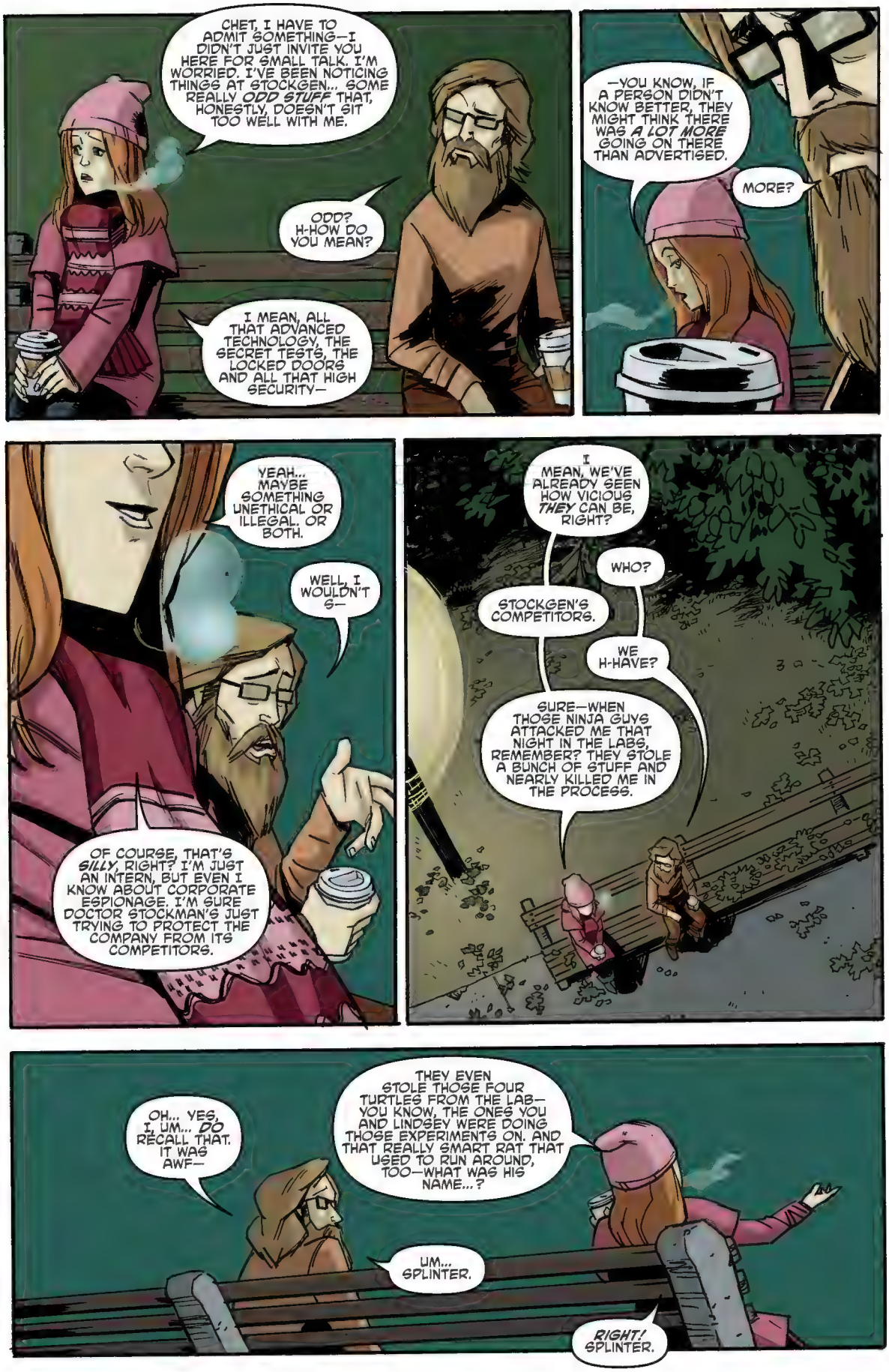
"...AS I KNOW *PRECISELY* WHERE TO GET WHAT WE REQUIRE."
I WANTED TO THANK YOU AGAIN FOR HANGING OUT WITH ME TONIGHT, CHET. AS LONG AS I'VE BEEN INTERNING AT STOCKGEN, I STILL FEEL LIKE I *BARELY* KNOW THE PEOPLE I WORK WITH.
MY P-PLEASURE... UM, APRIL. IT'S N-NICE TO GET AWAY FROM THE OFFICE TO TALK. TH-THOUGH, UM... WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO HAVE COFFEE, I DIDN'T QUITE EXPECT IT T-TO BE *HERE*.
ARE Y-YOU SURE THIS IS, UM... SAFE?
THE PARK? OH, YEAH... THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I COME HERE ALL THE TIME TO HAVE COFFEE IN THE, UH... DARK.
O-OKAY. IF YOU SAY SO.
YOU KNOW, YOUR COFFEE'S GONNA GET COLD REAL QUICK IF YOU DON'T DRINK IT.
I... UM, DON'T REALLY L-LIKE COFFEE, ACTUALLY.
I'M A BIT, UM... SELECTIVE ABOUT WH-WHAT I CONSUME.
OH. OKAY.

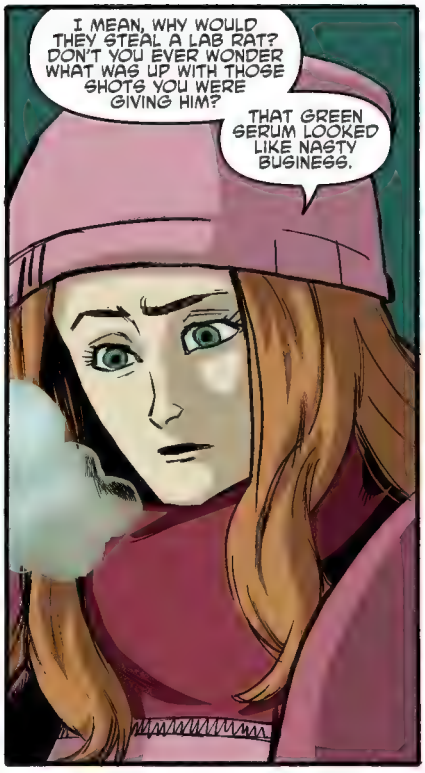
OKAY, THAT CHET DUDE'S *CREEPIN'* ME OUT, GUYS. I DON'T LIKE LEAVIN' APRIL ALONE WITH HIM LIKE THIS.
SHHH, CASEY! WHAT PART OF *SILENT COVER* DIDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
YEAH, BRO, CHILL—WE'RE HERE, SO SHE AIN'T ALONE. APRIL'S DOIN' HER THING, WE'RE DOIN' OURS, JUST LIKE MASTER SAID.

BESIDES, APRIL WORKS WITH THIS CHET GUY ALL THE TIME WHEN WE'RE NOT THERE TO PROTECT HER. SHE'S A SMART GIRL, MAN.
I NEVER SAID SHE *WASN'T*, DON—I JUST SAID THAT DUDE'S CREEPY. SOMETHIN' 'BOUT HIM IS... I DUNNO... OFF.

WELL, HE'S GONNA *RUN OFF* IF WE ALL DON'T SHUT UP.
I'M JUST SAYIN'—
DON'T. KEEP QUIET AND STICK TO THE PLAN—APRIL DOES THE TALKING, WE LISTEN AND OBSERVE.

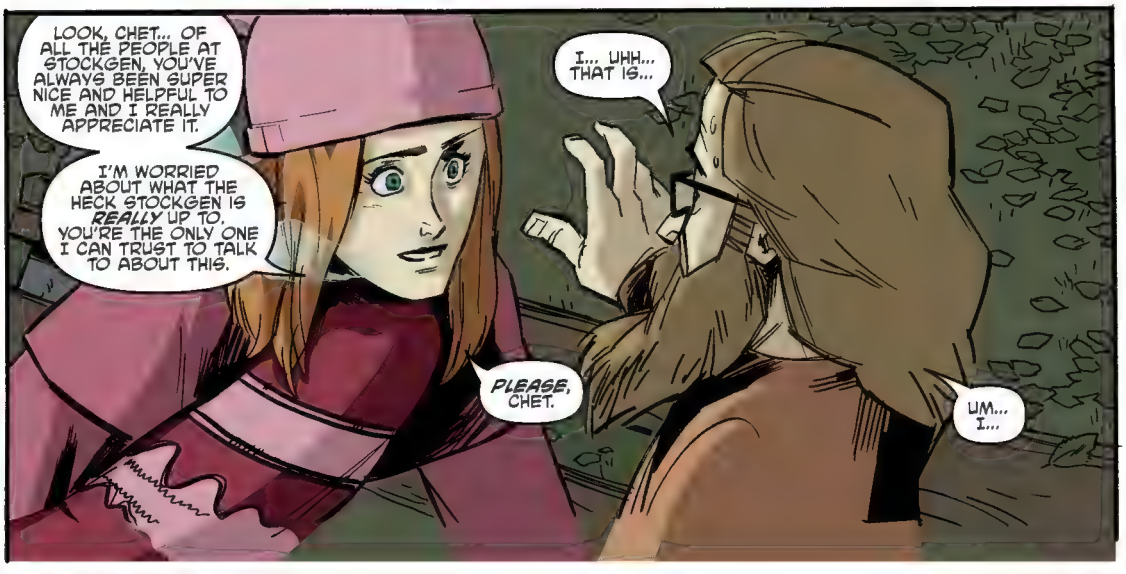
I STILL SAY SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT WITH THAT CREEP.

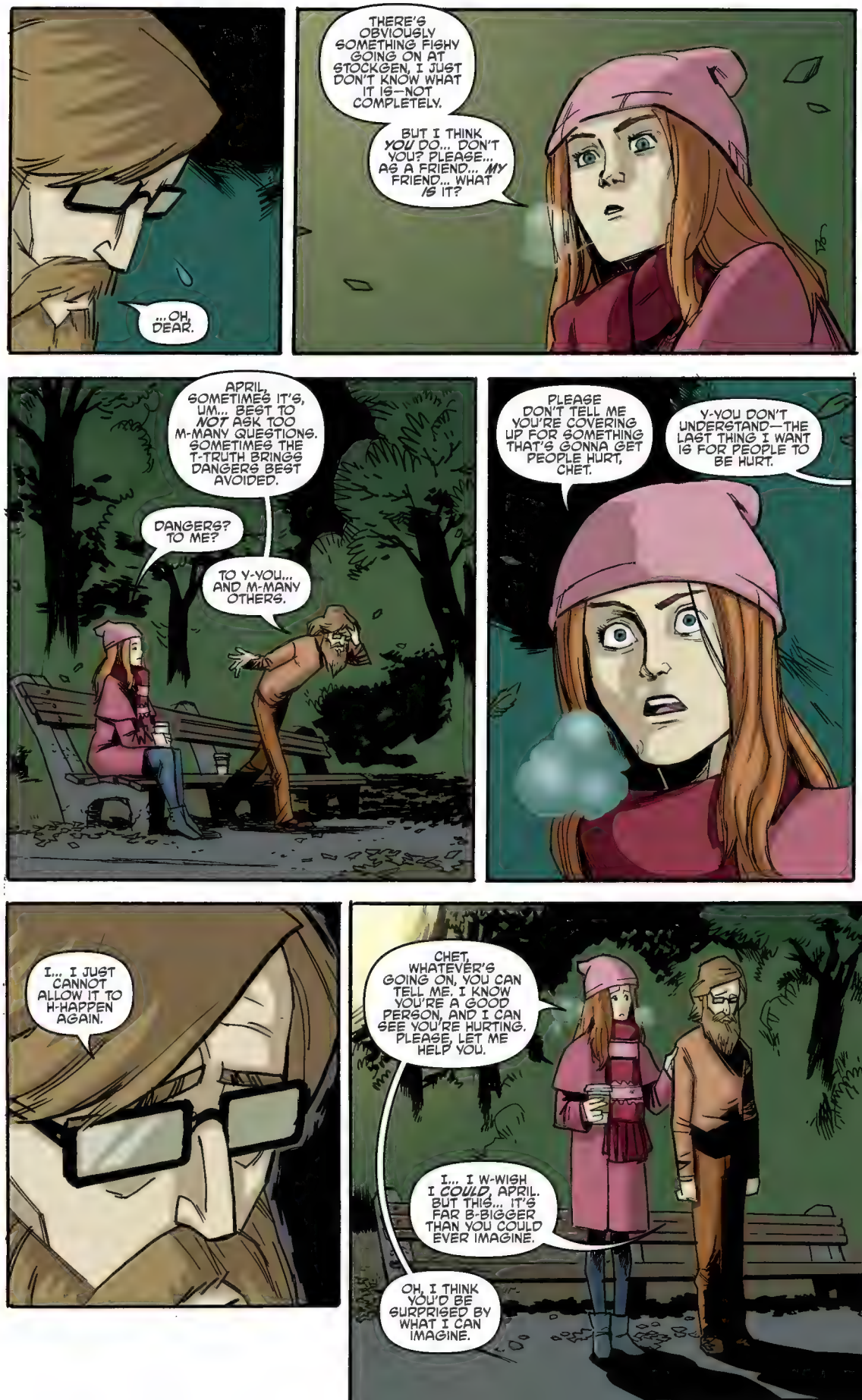

CHET, I HAVE TO ADMIT SOMETHING—I DIDN'T JUST INVITE YOU HERE FOR SMALL TALK. I'M WORRIED. I'VE BEEN NOTICING THINGS AT STOCKGEN... SOME REALLY *ODD STUFF* THAT, HONESTLY, DOESN'T SIT TOO WELL WITH ME.
ODD? H-HOW DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, ALL THAT ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY, THE SECRET TESTS, THE LOCKED DOORS AND ALL THAT HIGH SECURITY—
—YOU KNOW, IF A PERSON DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, THEY MIGHT THINK THERE WAS *A LOT MORE* GOING ON THERE THAN ADVERTISED.
MORE?
YEAH... MAYBE SOMETHING UNETHICAL OR ILLEGAL. OR BOTH.
WELL, I WOULDN'T S—
OF COURSE, THAT'S *SILLY*, RIGHT? I'M JUST AN INTERN, BUT EVEN I KNOW ABOUT CORPORATE ESPIONAGE. I'M SURE DOCTOR STOCKMAN'S JUST TRYING TO PROTECT THE COMPANY FROM ITS COMPETITORS.
I MEAN, WE'VE ALREADY SEEN HOW VICIOUS *THEY* CAN BE, RIGHT?
WHO?
STOCKGEN'S COMPETITORS.
WE H-HAVE?
SURE—WHEN THOSE NINJA GUYS ATTACKED ME THAT NIGHT IN THE LABS, REMEMBER? THEY STOLE A BUNCH OF STUFF AND NEARLY KILLED ME IN THE PROCESS.
OH... YES, I, UM... *DO* RECALL THAT. IT WAS AWF—
THEY EVEN STOLE THOSE FOUR TURTLES FROM THE LAB—YOU KNOW, THE ONES YOU AND LINDSEY WERE DOING THOSE EXPERIMENTS ON. AND THAT REALLY SMART RAT THAT USED TO RUN AROUND, TOO—WHAT WAS HIS NAME...?
UM... SPLINTER.
RIGHT! SPLINTER.


I MEAN, WHY WOULD THEY STEAL A LAB RAT? DON'T YOU EVER WONDER WHAT WAS UP WITH THOSE SHOTS YOU WERE GIVING HIM?
THAT GREEN SERUM LOOKED LIKE NASTY BUSINESS.

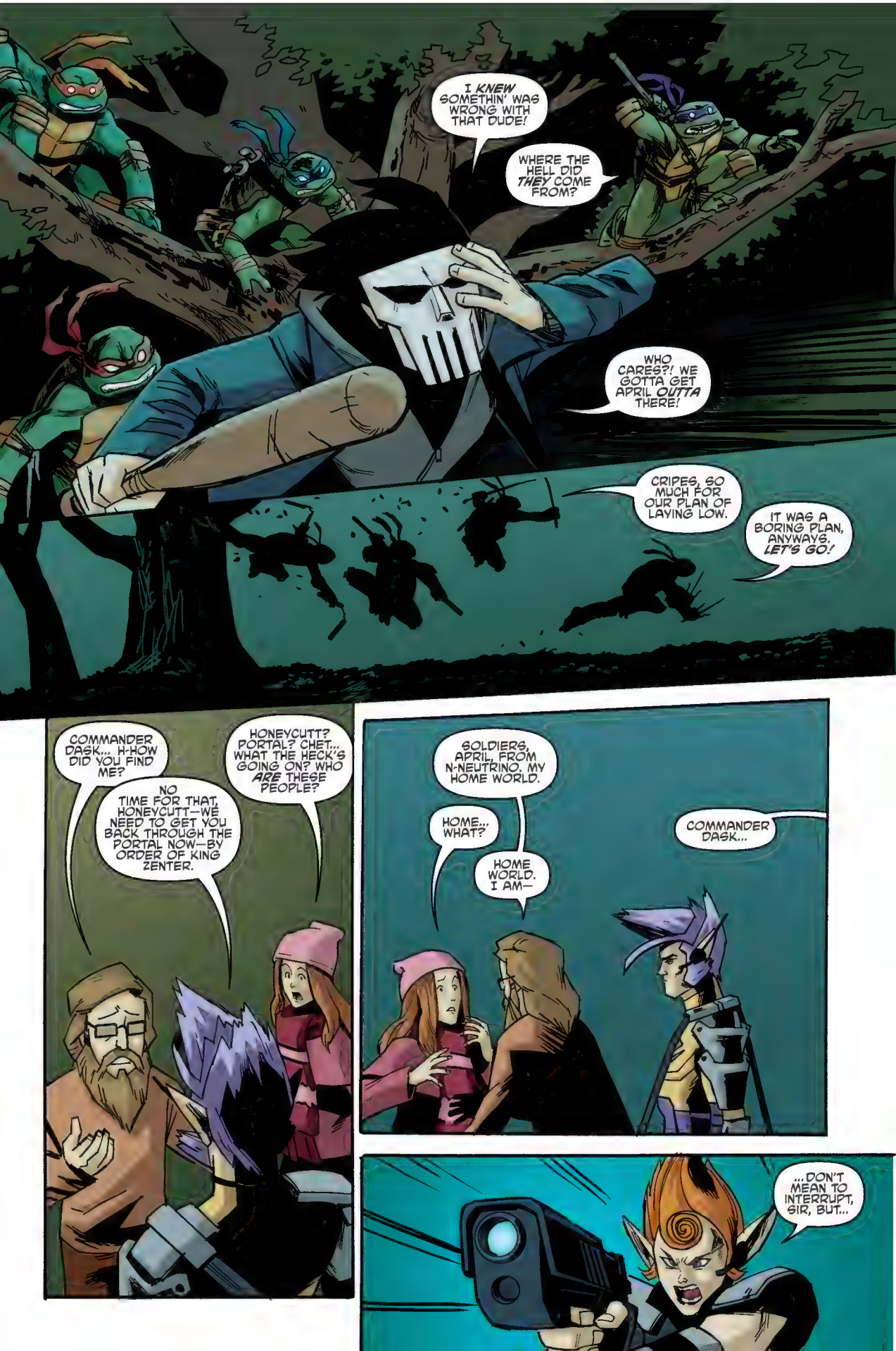
DANG, IF APRIL EVER CHANGES HER MIND ABOUT BEIN' A SCIENTIST, SHE'S GOT SOME SICK ACTING SKILLS.
QUIET, MIKEY.

G-GREEN SERUM? YOU SHOULDN'T KNOW A-ABOUT THAT.


LOOK, CHET... OF ALL THE PEOPLE AT STOCKGEN, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUPER NICE AND HELPFUL TO ME AND I REALLY APPRECIATE IT.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT WHAT THE HECK STOCKGEN IS *REALLY* UP TO. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST TO TALK TO ABOUT THIS.
I... UHH... THAT IS...
PLEASE, CHET.
UM... I...


...OH, DEAR.
THERE'S OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON AT STOCKGEN, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS—NOT COMPLETELY.
BUT I THINK *YOU* DO... DON'T YOU? PLEASE... AS A FRIEND... *MY* FRIEND... WHAT *IS* IT?
APRIL, SOMETIMES IT'S, UM... BEST TO *NOT* ASK TOO M-MANY QUESTIONS. SOMETIMES THE T-TRUTH BRINGS DANGERS BEST AVOIDED.
DANGERS? TO ME?
TO Y-YOU... AND M-MANY OTHERS.
PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE COVERING UP FOR SOMETHING THAT'S GONNA GET PEOPLE HURT, CHET.
Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND—THE LAST THING I WANT IS FOR PEOPLE TO BE HURT.
I... I JUST CANNOT ALLOW IT TO H-HAPPEN AGAIN.
CHET, WHATEVER'S GOING ON, YOU CAN TELL ME. I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON, AND I CAN SEE YOU'RE HURTING. PLEASE, LET ME HELP YOU.
I... I W-WISH I *COULD*, APRIL. BUT THIS... IT'S FAR B-BIGGER THAN YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE.
OH, I THINK YOU'D BE SURPRISED BY WHAT I CAN IMAGINE.

GAH!
PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT...
...TIME TO GO HOME.


I KNEW SOMETHIN' WAS WRONG WITH THAT DUDE!
WHERE THE HELL DID THEY COME FROM?
WHO CARES?! WE GOTTA GET APRIL OUTTA THERE!
CRIPES, SO MUCH FOR OUR PLAN OF LAYING LOW.
IT WAS A BORING PLAN, ANYWAYS. LET'S GO!
COMMANDER DASK... H-HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
NO TIME FOR THAT, HONEYCUTT—WE NEED TO GET YOU BACK THROUGH THE PORTAL NOW—BY ORDER OF KING ZENTER.
HONEYCUTT? PORTAL? CHET... WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
SOLDIERS, APRIL, FROM N-NEUTRINO, MY HOME WORLD.
HOME... WHAT?
HOME WORLD. I AM—
COMMANDER DASK...
...DON'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT, SIR, BUT...

ZZAP
BLAD
...WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
APRIL! I'M COMIN'!
KALA! ZAK! HOLD 'EM OFF! I'VE GOT HONEYCUTT!
NRF CENTRAL, THIS IS DASK! DO YOU COPY?!
THE... THE T-TURTLES? BUT... HOW?
DAMN! THEY'RE FAST!
BACK OFF, GOON!
UFF!
WHAP
I GOT YOU, APRIL!
CASEY! I HAD HIM!
YEAH, SURE!

DON'T YOU KNOW IT AIN'T POLITE TO POINT, CHUMP?!
FWAK
AND IT'S NOT NICE TO SHOOT STRANGERS, EITHER!
SWID
CENTRAL, THIS IS CASK! DO YOU READ?!
YAH!
ZZAP
OH, GONNA MAKE IT PERSONAL NOW, ARE YA?
NO...
...JUST BUSINESS.
SHEESH! ENOUGH WITH THE GUNS ALREADY!
ZZAP
PUT ME DOWN, CASEY!
SORRY, APRIL—I JUST DIDN'T WANT YOU GETTIN' HURT.
FINE...

"...BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?!"
DROP THE GUN, MAN.
BACK OFF! I'M ONLY WARNING YOU ONCE!
ALL OF YOU, STOP! I'LL GO W-WILLINGLY...
"...JUST STOP FIGHTING!"
COMMANDER DASK, WE HAVE YOUR COORDINATES.
ABOUT BLASTED TIME! ENGAGE TELEPORTATION!
BUT, WE READ MORE THAN—
NOW, DAMMIT!
LEO! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I DON'T KN—
FOOM
OH, MY GOD, CASEY... THEY'RE GONE.
YEAH...

"...BUT WHERE?!"

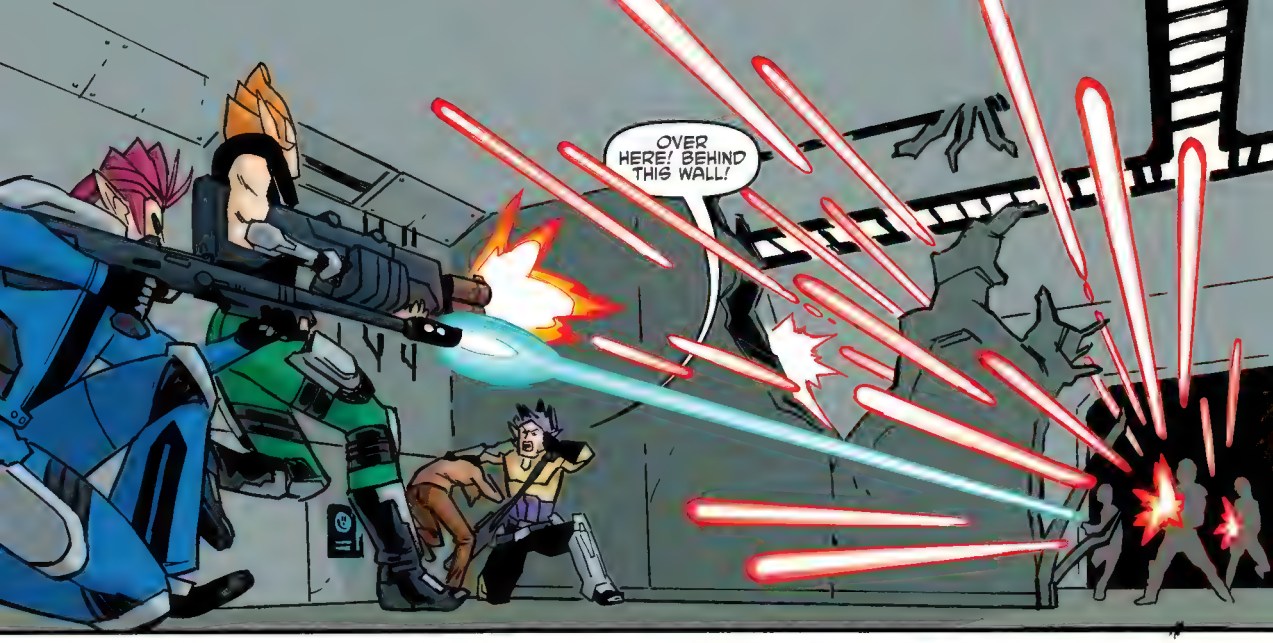
art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by BEN BATES

ISSUE #18

PLANET NEUTRINO.
NEUTRINO RESISTANCE FIGHTERS' COMMAND CENTER.

WHAT THE--?!
THE COMMAND CENTER'S UNDER ATTACK!
KALA! ZAK! ON ME! WE NEED TO GET HONEYCUTT TO COVER!
THE WHAT'S UNDER ATTACK?
AND WHO'S HONEYCUTT?
LEGS ASKING, MORE RUNNING—WE GOTTA GET OUR SHELLS OUTTA THIS FIREZONE!
C'MON!
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?


OVER HERE! BEHIND THIS WALL!

WHAT ABOUT THE GREEN ONES, COMMANDER DASK?!
JUST WORRY ABOUT KRANG'S BLASTED SOLDIERS, KALA—THE EARTHLINGS AREN'T IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.
SORRY, CHUMP...

...BUT WE BEG TO DIFFER.
OH MY.

IDIOTS! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US ALL KILLED?
BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T TRYIN' TO DO THAT TO US BEFORE, RIGHT?
WHAT?! YOU ATTACKED US!
AFTER YOU STARTED WAVING YOUR GUNS AROUND.
YEAH! WE WERE JUST TRYIN' TO SAVE APRIL FROM YOU AND CHET.
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO APRIL OR CHET ARE, BUT KILLING YOU FOUR WAS NEVER PART OF OUR MISSION.
WE WERE SENT TO RETRIEVE HONEYCUTT, NOTHING MORE— YOU JUST GOT IN THE WAY.

AGAIN WITH HONEYCUTT.
WHO IS THAT?
THE FUGITOID!
THE WHAT NOW?

PROFESSOR, GET DOWN!
WHOA!

RAHH!
ZZZAP
HYAH!
KRAK
MAN, I'M SICK OF GETTIN' SHOT AT!
JOIN THE CLUB, BRO!
WHAP
ALL CLEAR.
ARE YOU OKAY, PROFESSOR?
Y-YES... UM, THANK YOU.

SIR, THERE'S GOING TO BE MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM—WE NEED TO GET MOVING.
AGREED.
LISTEN, I TOLD YOU WE DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU, BUT IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, KRANG'S THUGS DEFINITELY WILL.
KRANG? WHO IS—
NO TIME. WE NEED TO RELOCATE ASAP AND EITHER YOU BUNCH STAND AROUND HERE LIKE FOUR BRIGHT-GREEN TARGETS... OR YOU COME WITH US.
YOUR CALL.
LEO?
I... I DON'T KNOW. IT'S JUST... JUST...
...OKAY. FINE.
WE'LL GO.
BUT WE WANT SOME *ANSWERS* WHEN THIS IS DONE.
HEY, IF WE LIVE THROUGH THIS...

"...YOU'LL GET ALL THE ANSWERS YOU WANT."
AND YOU SAY THEY.. VANISHED, MISS O'NEIL?
YES, MASTER SPLINTER. THERE WAS A BURST OF LIGHT AND THEN THEY DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR. THE TURTLES, CHET, AND THOSE THREE WEIRD SOLDIERS.
YEAH. POOF!
A BURST OF LIGHT? AN EXPLOSION, PERHAPS?
I DON'T THINK SO. WHEN THEY FIRST APPEARED, THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOING THROUGH A PORTAL. THE SCI-FI GEEK IN ME THINKS MAYBE THEY... TELEPORTED? NOT THAT I'VE EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN REAL LIFE.
'COURSE, I'VE NEVER SEEN HUMAN-SIZED TALKING TURTLES UNTIL RECENTLY, EITHER, SO THERE YOU GO.
MY SONS, GONE. AND I... I SENT THEM.
AGAIN, I AM... RESPONSIBLE.
KRAK

THAT...
...THAT WAS UNNECESSARY.
PLEASE, ACCEPT MY MOST SINCERE APOLOGIES.
UM... SURE.
YEAH, UH, MASTER SPLINTER. NO BIGGIE. WE ALL LOSE OUR COOL SOMETIMES.
PERHAPS, CASEY JONES. BUT THAT MAKES IT NO LESS POINTLESS OR WASTEFUL.
I—*WE*—MUST REMEMBER THAT MY SONS HAVE ALL BEEN WELL-TRAINED AND ARE MORE THAN CAPABLE OF PROTECTING EACH OTHER IN EVEN THE MOST DIRE CIRCUMSTANCES.
YOU *KNOW* IT! THEY'LL HANDLE THINGS AND GET BACK FROM WHEREVER THEY WENT, YOU'LL SEE. PIECE O' CAKE.
I'M SURE YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE SHOULDN'T BE HANDLING THINGS ON *OUR* END, TOO.
I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THOSE SOLDIERS. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN STRANGE-LOOKING SOLDIERS AROUND CHET—THERE WERE SOME BIG, MEAN ONES IN THE LABS THE NIGHT I SNAGGED THE TURTLE TRACKERS.
NO. BUT THEY DID HAVE SOME WEIRD SKIN—ALMOST LIKE ARMOR.
WITH POINTY EARS?
THIS ALL POINTS TO *STOCKGEN*, I JUST KNOW IT. BUT I NEED TO DIG A LITTLE DEEPER TO FIGURE OUT HOW. WANNA GO FOR A *RIDE*, CASEY?
LET'S GO. LIKE MY HOCKEY COACH ALWAYS SAYS, THE *BEST DEFENSE*...

"...IS A GOOD OFFENSE."
KEEP SHOOTING! WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OU—
HELP!
THIS IS INSANE! NO WAY WE GET PAST THAT MANY!
PUT ME DOWN, YOU BULLY!
I HAVE HER! LET'S GO! WE'RE DONE HERE!
BY THE CREATOR...
"...IT'S PRINCESS TRIB!"
I SAID, LET ME GO!
PRINCESS?

OKAY, WE'VE GOTTA SAVE THE PRINCESS!
KALA, YOU'RE WITH ME. ZAK, THE PROFESSOR'S YOURS—IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM, THIS WILL ALL BE FOR NOTHING.
UNDERSTOOD.
YOU READY, KALA?
I AM...
...LET'S DO THIS!
FINE—JUST DON'T GET IN OUR WAY.
HEH! I WAS GONNA TELL *YOU* THAT.
GREAT. MIKEY DECIDES TO SAVE THE PRETTY GIRL...
...BUT WHO'S GONNA SAVE *HIS* UGLY BUTT?

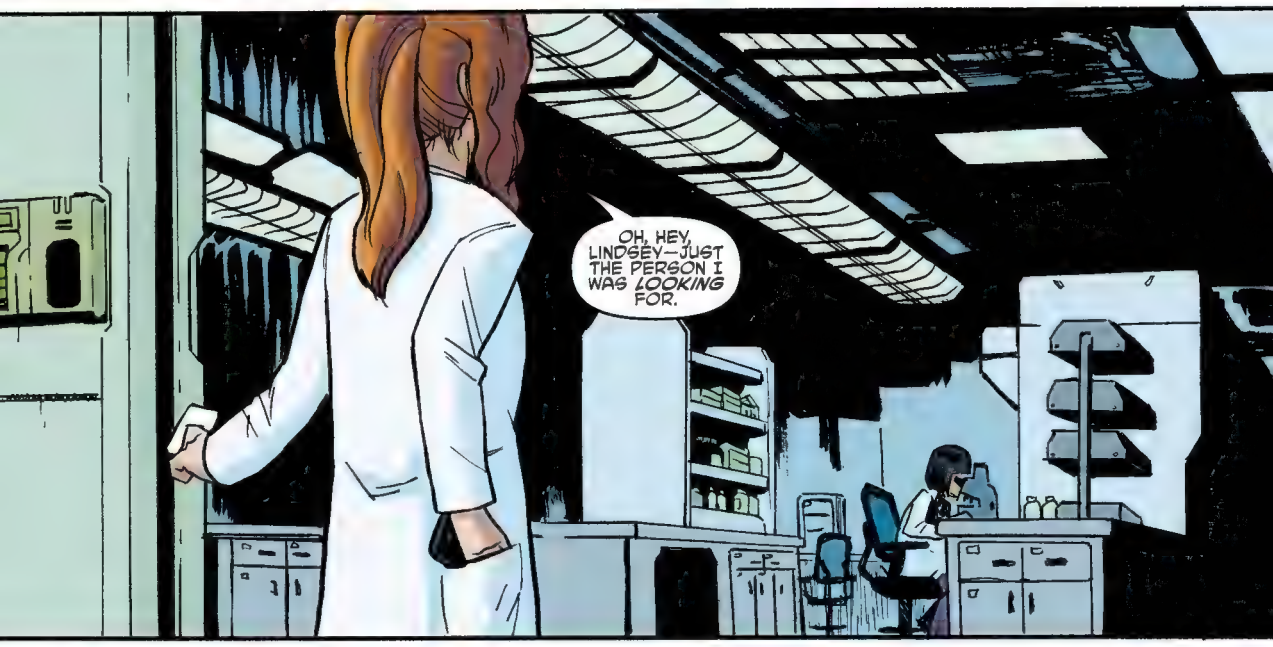
KEEP THOSE FOOLS OFF ME! I JUST GOTTA GET THIS CRAZY BRAT TO THE CARRIER, THEN WE'RE GONE!
I'M GOING TO TEAR YOUR EYES OUT!
CAREFUL, KALA! WE DON'T WANT TO HIT THE PRINCESS WITH OUR FIRE!
NO WORRIES, DUDE!
LET ME SHOW YOU A LITTLE TRICK MY BIG BRO LEO TAUGHT ME!
FWSSH
TONK
OR NOT.

THEY'RE STILL COMING!
FORGET THEM! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR! TIME TO FALL BACK!
UFF!
DAMMIT! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
OH, NO...
...THEY'RE NOT!
INCOMING!
FWAK
WHO NEEDS THROWING STARS, ANYWAYS?
KRAK

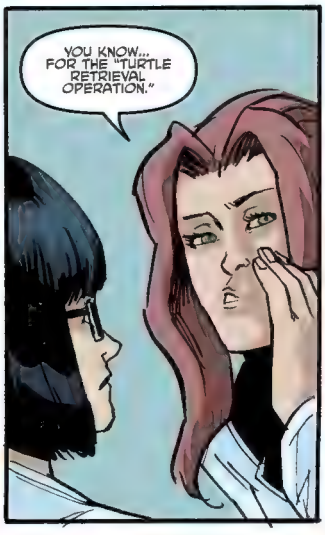
DON'T WORRY, PRINCESS...
WAIT! WHO...?
AAAAAHH!
...I'VE GOT YOU!
WHOULF!
SHE ESCAPED!
FORGET HER. WE'VE GOT THE OTHER TWO...
"...THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR WHAT GENERAL KRANG'S GOT PLANNED."
MOM... DAD...
...NO.

STOCKGEN RESEARCH
OKAY, I'M *INSIDE* AND HEADING INTO THE LABS.
YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, APRIL? THAT AIN'T EXACTLY THE *SAFEST PLACE* TO BE SNEAKIN' AROUND.

I'LL BE FINE, CASEY, DON'T WORRY. BESIDES, I'M NOT SNEAKING—JUST ASKING A FEW *FRIENDLY QUESTIONS* IS ALL. GOTTA GO... BYE!
CLICK
A FEW FRIENDLY QUESTIONS... RIGHT.

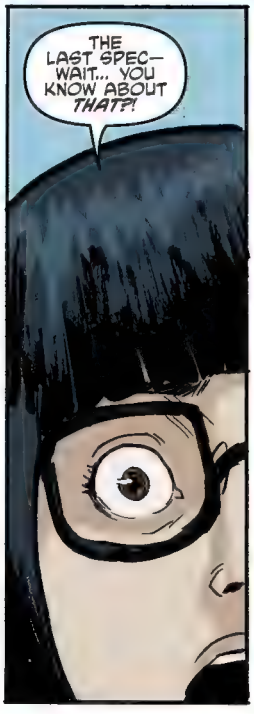

OH, HEY LINDSEY—JUST THE PERSON I WAS *LOOKING* FOR.

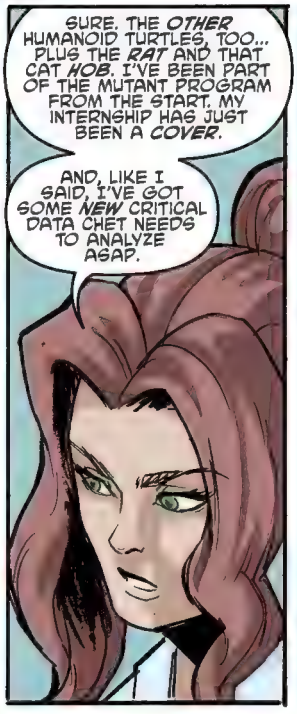
APRIL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO LATE?
WELL... CHET AND I HAD SOME IMPORTANT DATA TO GO OVER, BUT SUDDENLY HE'S *NOWHERE* TO BE FOUND. I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT KNOW WHERE HE GOT OFF TO.
WHAT KIND OF IMPORTANT DATA?

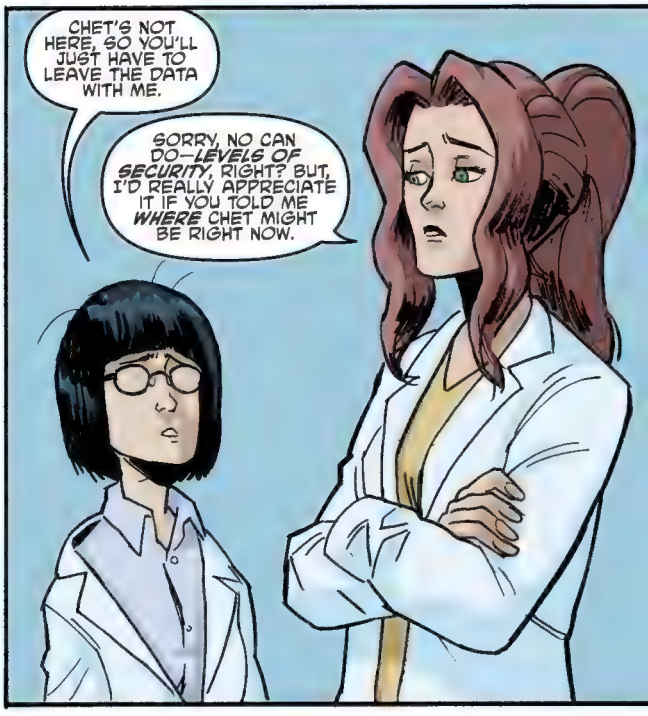

YOU KNOW... FOR THE "TURTLE RETRIEVAL OPERATION."

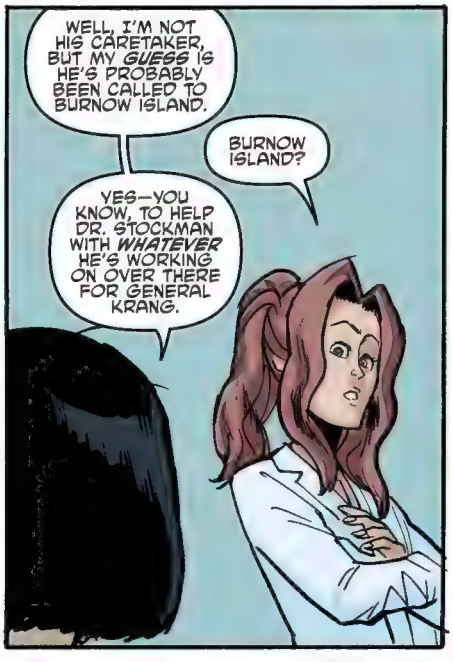
THAT... THAT'S *HIGHLY CLASSIFIED* INFORMATION. WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT?
NO ONE *TOLD* ME—I'VE BEEN *WORKING* ON THE PROJECT FROM THE START.
BUT... NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT *YOU* HAVING CLEARANCE.

C'MON, LINDSEY, DO YOU *REALLY* THINK, FOR SOMETHING THIS TOP SECRET, WE'D *ALL* KNOW WHAT THE OTHERS WERE UP TO? WOULDN'T STAY A SECRET FOR VERY LONG IF THERE WEREN'T *MULTIPLE LEVELS* OF SECURITY.
I SUPPOSE NOT... BUT—
HECK, I JUST FOUND OUT ABOUT *YOUR* INVOLVEMENT RECENTLY—WHEN THE LAST "SPECIMEN" ESCAPED.


THE LAST SPEC— WAIT... YOU KNOW ABOUT *THAT*?!

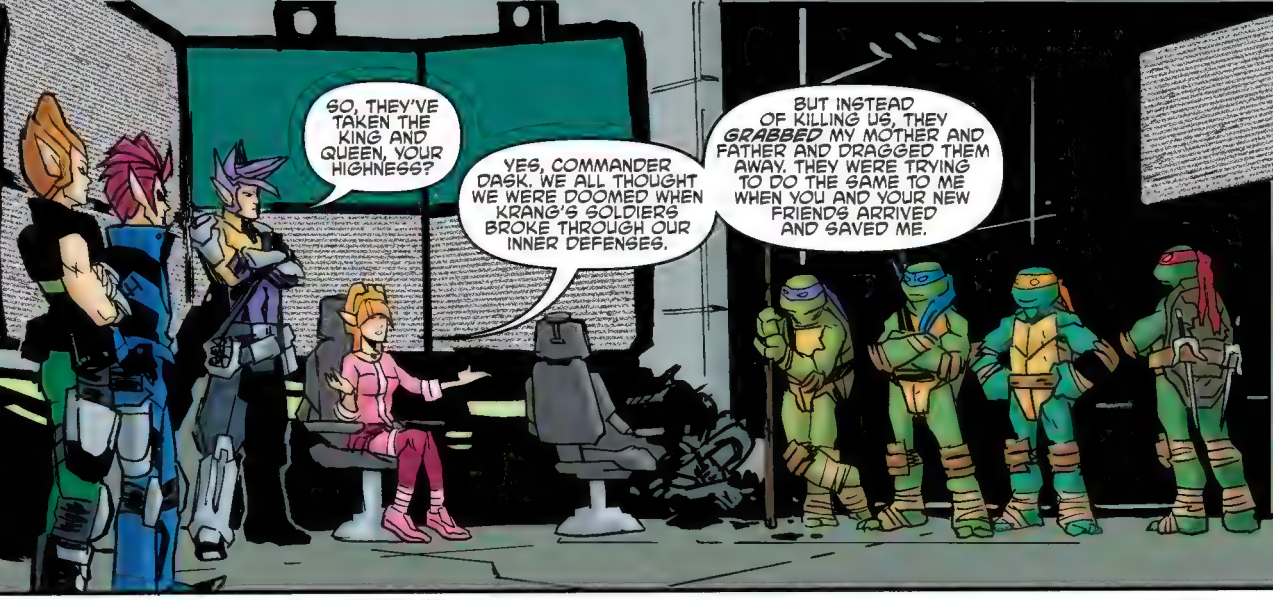

SURE. THE *OTHER* HUMANOID TURTLES, TOO... PLUS THE *RAT* AND THAT CAT *HOB*. I'VE BEEN PART OF THE MUTANT PROGRAM FROM THE START. MY INTERNSHIP HAS JUST BEEN A *COVER*.
AND, LIKE I SAID, I'VE GOT SOME *NEW* CRITICAL DATA CHET NEEDS TO ANALYZE ASAP.

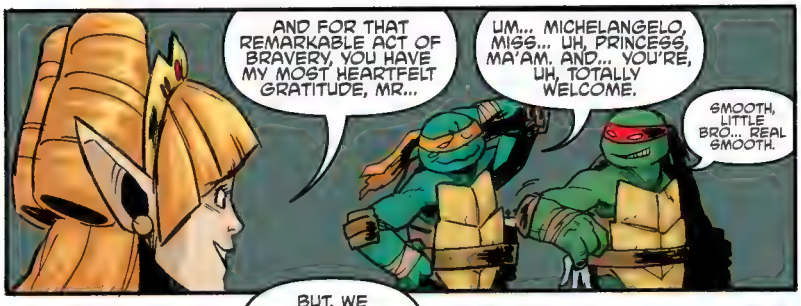

CHET'S NOT HERE, SO YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LEAVE THE DATA WITH ME.
SORRY, NO CAN DO—*LEVELS OF SECURITY*, RIGHT? BUT, I'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU TOLD ME *WHERE* CHET MIGHT BE RIGHT NOW.


WELL, I'M NOT HIS CARETAKER, BUT MY *GUESS* IS HE'S PROBABLY BEEN CALLED TO BURNOW ISLAND.
BURNOW ISLAND?
YES—YOU KNOW, TO HELP DR. STOCKMAN WITH *WHATEVER* HE'S WORKING ON OVER THERE FOR GENERAL KRANG.

OH, UM, GENERAL KRANG... YEAH...
...ON BURNOW ISLAND. SURE.
SO...

...BURNOW ISLAND.


SO, THEY'VE TAKEN THE KING AND QUEEN, YOUR HIGHNESS?
YES, COMMANDER DASK. WE ALL THOUGHT WE WERE DOOMED WHEN KRANG'S SOLDIERS BROKE THROUGH OUR INNER DEFENSES.
BUT INSTEAD OF KILLING US, THEY *GRABBED* MY MOTHER AND FATHER AND DRAGGED THEM AWAY. THEY WERE TRYING TO DO THE SAME TO ME WHEN YOU AND YOUR NEW FRIENDS ARRIVED AND SAVED ME.

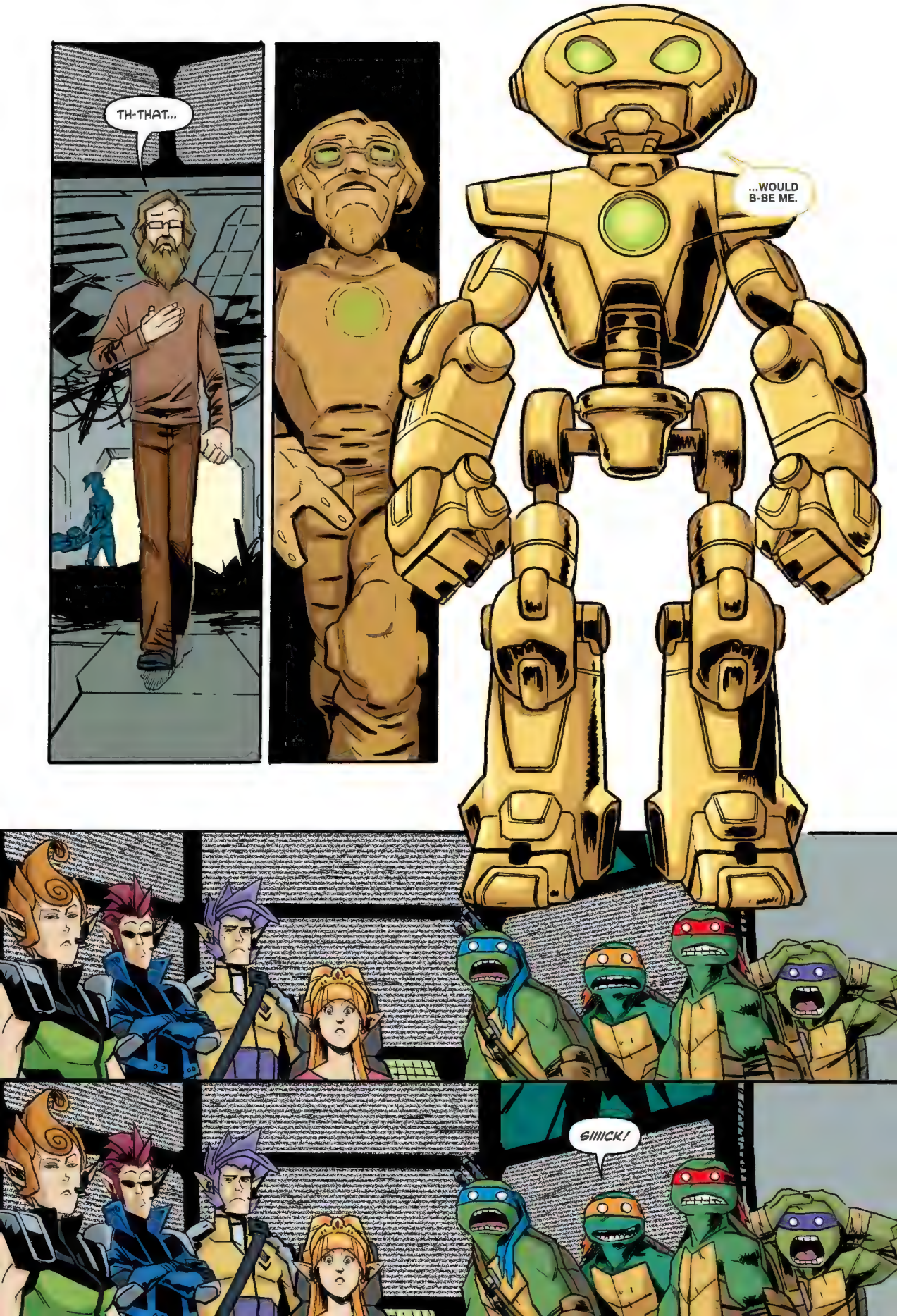

AND FOR THAT REMARKABLE ACT OF BRAVERY, YOU HAVE MY MOST HEARTFELT GRATITUDE, MR...
UM... MICHELANGELO, MISS... UH, PRINCESS, MA'AM. AND... YOU'RE, UH, TOTALLY WELCOME.
SMOOTH, LITTLE BRO... REAL SMOOTH.

BUT, WE WERE *UNABLE* TO RESCUE THE KING AND QUEEN. THIS DOES NOT BODE WELL.
THEY WERE *ALIVE* WHEN THE SOLDIERS TOOK THEM, BUT FOR HOW LONG? I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK WHAT *HORRORS* KRANG HAS PLANNED FOR THEM.

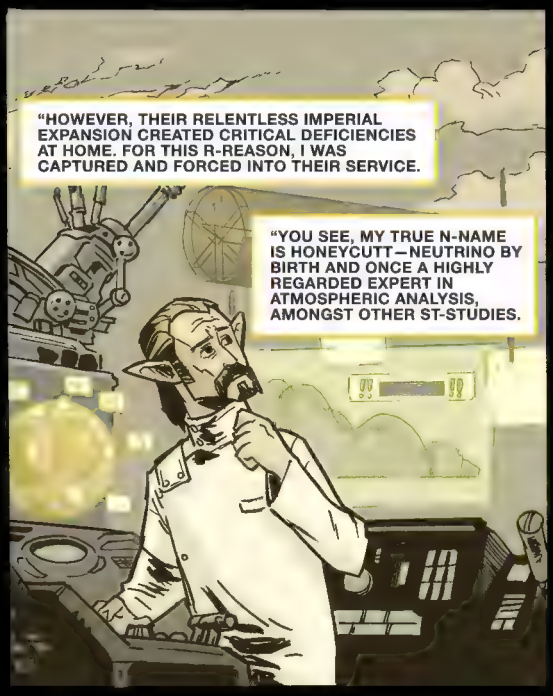
THANK GOODNESS YOU WERE ABLE TO RETURN THE *FUGITOID* TO US. WITH HIM HERE, PERHAPS THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR ALL OF US, INCLUDING MY PARENTS.

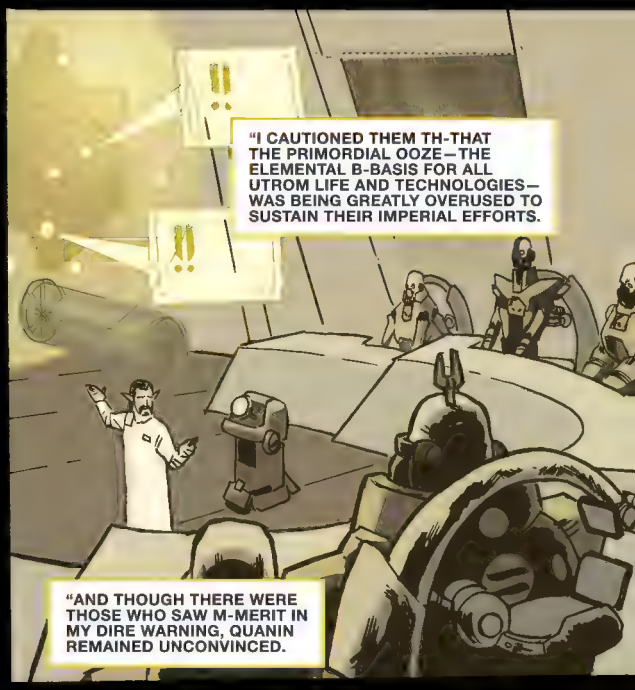
UM, NO DISRESPECT, PRINCESS, BUT WE HAVE NO IDEA *WHO* ANY OF YOU ARE OR *WHAT* THE HECK ALL THIS IS ABOUT, AND MY BROTHERS AND I JUST RISKED OUR NECKS TO HELP SAVE YOU.
YOUR GUY HERE PROMISED US *ANSWERS* WHEN THE FIGHTING STOPPED AND WE'D REALLY APPRECIATE THEM NOW.

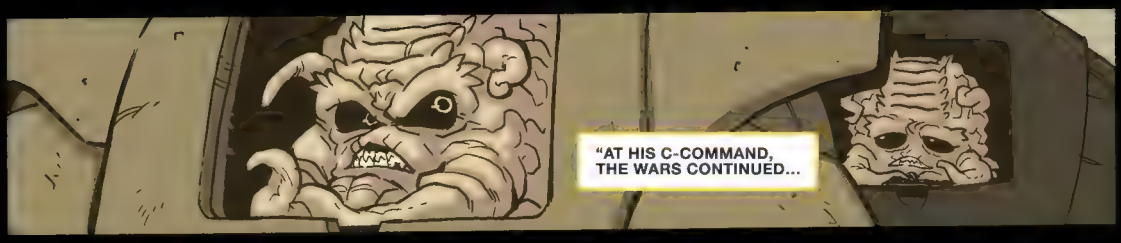
STARTING WITH TELLING US WHO THIS *KRANG* GUY IS YOU KEEP MENTIONING.
YEAH... AND WHAT THE *HELL'S* A FUGITOID?


TH-THAT...
...WOULD B-BE ME.
SIIIICK!

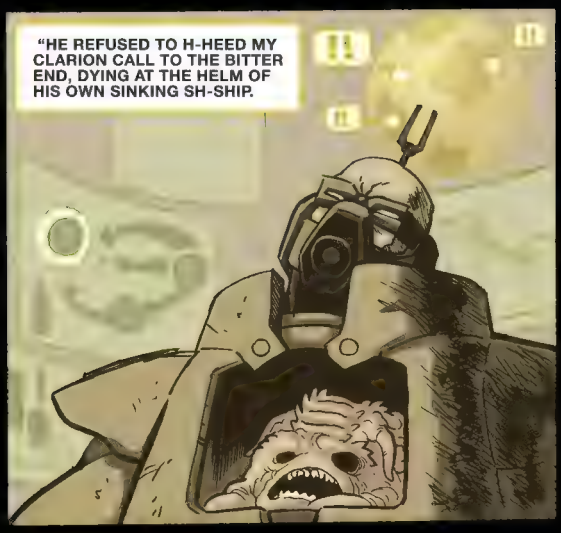
DUDE, CHET'S TOTALLY A ROBOT.
I KNOW, MIKEY. IT'S... IT'S AMAZING.
OKAY, WHILE THE NERD TWINS DROOL ALL OVER THEMSELVES, I STILL GOT QUESTIONS... LIKE, WHERE ARE WE, AND HOW THE HECK IS CHET A STINKIN' ROBOT?!
AND, ONCE AND FOR ALL, WHO IS KRANG?
THIS IS THE PLANET NEUTRINO, THAT'S THE FUGITOID, AND KRANG'S THE BASTARD WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS DESTRUCTION!
P-PLEASE, SOLDIER ZAK, I UNDERSTAND YOUR F-FRUSTRATION, BUT I SH-SHOULD BE THE ONE TO EXPLAIN.
IT IS T-TRUE—WE HAVE TRAVELLED VIA AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL P-PORTAL TO NEUTRINO, A PLANET LOCATED IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS DIMENSION X...
"...ALSO THE H-HOME TO THE LATE PLANET UTROMINON, WHERE OUR M-MORTAL ENEMY KRANG—HEIR TO QUANIN, THE LAST SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UTROM HIGH COUNCIL—IS FROM.
"THOUGH FEW IN NUMBER, THE UTROMS WERE THE SUPERIOR POWER ON UTROMINON, HOLDING ALL POLITICAL AND MILITARY POSITIONS OF AUTHORITY.
"BUT, UTROMINON WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING, AS THEY SOUGHT TO RULE ALL OF DIMENSION X."

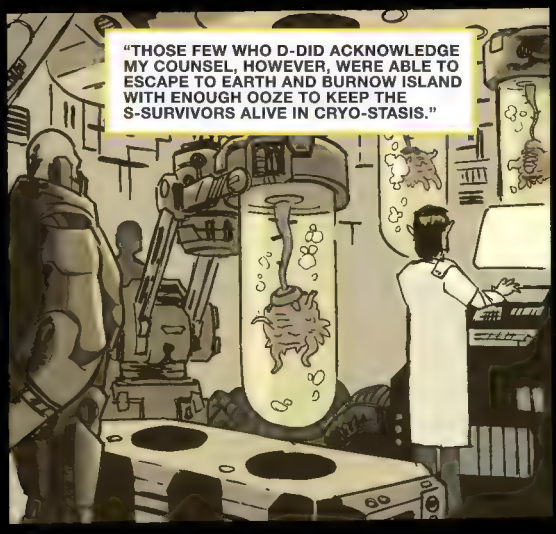

"HOWEVER, THEIR RELENTLESS IMPERIAL EXPANSION CREATED CRITICAL DEFICIENCIES AT HOME. FOR THIS R-REASON, I WAS CAPTURED AND FORCED INTO THEIR SERVICE.
"YOU SEE, MY TRUE N-NAME IS HONEYCUTT—NEUTRINO BY BIRTH AND ONCE A HIGHLY REGARDED EXPERT IN ATMOSPHERIC ANALYSIS, AMONGST OTHER ST-STUDIES.


"I CAUTIONED THEM TH-THAT THE PRIMORDIAL OOZE—THE ELEMENTAL B-BASIS FOR ALL UTROM LIFE AND TECHNOLOGIES—WAS BEING GREATLY OVERUSED TO SUSTAIN THEIR IMPERIAL EFFORTS.
"AND THOUGH THERE WERE THOSE WHO SAW M-MERIT IN MY DIRE WARNING, QUANIN REMAINED UNCONVINCED.


"AT HIS C-COMMAND, THE WARS CONTINUED...

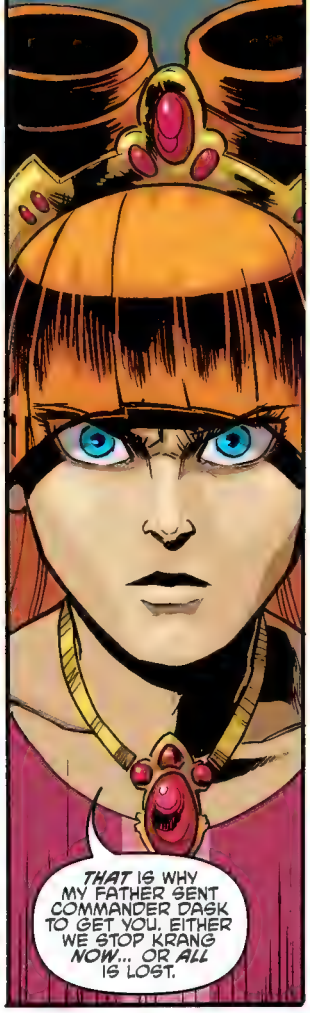
"...THUS DOOMING THEIR P-PLANET. THE OOZE WAS NEARLY USED UP, KILLING UTROMINON AND M-MOST OF ITS INHABITANTS, INCLUDING QUANIN.


"HE REFUSED TO H-HEED MY CLARION CALL TO THE BITTER END, DYING AT THE HELM OF HIS OWN SINKING SH-SHIP.

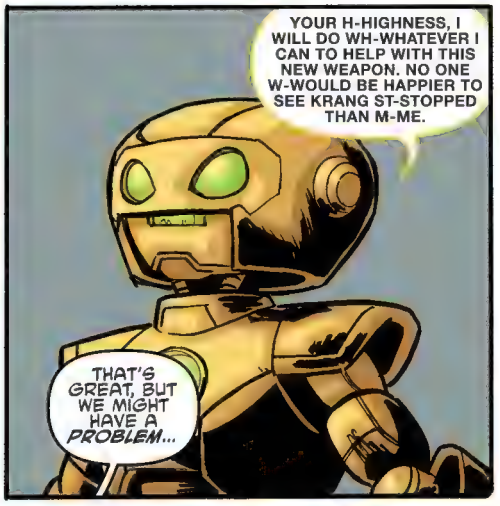

"THOSE FEW WHO D-DID ACKNOWLEDGE MY COUNSEL, HOWEVER, WERE ABLE TO ESCAPE TO EARTH AND BURNOW ISLAND WITH ENOUGH OOZE TO KEEP THE S-SURVIVORS ALIVE IN CRYO-STASIS."

"IF THE REAL UTROMINON WAS G-GONE, KRANG DECIDED HE WOULD SIMPLY MAKE A N-NEW ONE.
"SO, UNDER C-CONSTANT THREAT TO MY FAMILY'S LIFE, I WORKED TO CONSTRUCT A DEVICE THAT WOULD BE USED TO MANIPULATE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. KRANG CALLED IT THE TECHNODROME.
"BUT B-BEFORE THE DEVICE COULD BE COMPLETED, THE NEUTRINO RESISTANCE FIGHTERS SPIRITED ME AWAY. THIS DISPLEASED KRANG GREATLY.
"KRANG M-MOUNTED A MASSIVE MILITARY C-CAMPAIGN AGAINST NEUTRINO, EVENTUALLY OCCUPYING VITAL STRATEGIC ASSETS DESPITE F-FIERCE OPPOSITION FROM THE NRF.
"SADLY, KRANG'S WAR ALSO K-KILLED MY BELOVED FAMILY, SO I ESCAPED TO EARTH—PERMANENTLY F-FUSED TO ONE OF MY RO-ROBOTIC EXPERIMENTS. *
*See TMNT: Micro-Series. Fugitoid – B.C.
"IT W-WAS THERE I T-TOOK UP THE PERSONA OF THE ONE YOU KNOW—CHET ALLEN."
AS ALLEN, I H-HAVE WORKED TO TH-THWART KRANG'S PLAN TO TERRAFORM YOUR EARTH. AND THE GENERAL HAS N-NOT STOPPED SEARCHING FOR ME, NOR CEASED P-PUNISHING NEUTRINO FOR HELPING ME ESCAPE.
AND NOW WE NEED YOUR HELP, PROFESSOR.

OUR NRF SCIENTISTS WERE NEARING COMPLETION OF A *WEAPON* THAT COULD TURN THIS WAR TO OUR FAVOR, BUT THEY REQUIRE YOUR *UNIQUE EXPERTISE* TO COMPLETE IT.


THAT IS WHY MY FATHER SENT COMMANDER DASK TO GET YOU. EITHER WE STOP KRANG *NOW*... OR *ALL* IS LOST.

SHE'S SO... *AWESOME.*
PUT YOUR TONGUE BACK IN YOUR MELON, MIKE—YOU'RE PRACTICALLY *LICKIN'* THE FLOOR.


YOUR H-HIGHNESS, I WILL DO WH-WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP WITH THIS NEW WEAPON. NO ONE W-WOULD BE HAPPIER TO SEE KRANG ST-STOPPED THAN M-ME.
THAT'S GREAT, BUT WE MIGHT HAVE A *PROBLEM*...

...I'M ALREADY GETTING REPORTS THAT THE WEAPON THE SCIENTISTS WERE WORKING ON WAS *DAMAGED* IN THIS ATTACK—AND SOME OF THE SCIENTISTS KILLED.
NOT TO MENTION, WE HAVE *NO CLUE* WHAT KRANG HAS PLANNED FOR THE KING AND QUEEN.
UH, BOSS... I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO *FIND OUT.* LOOK.

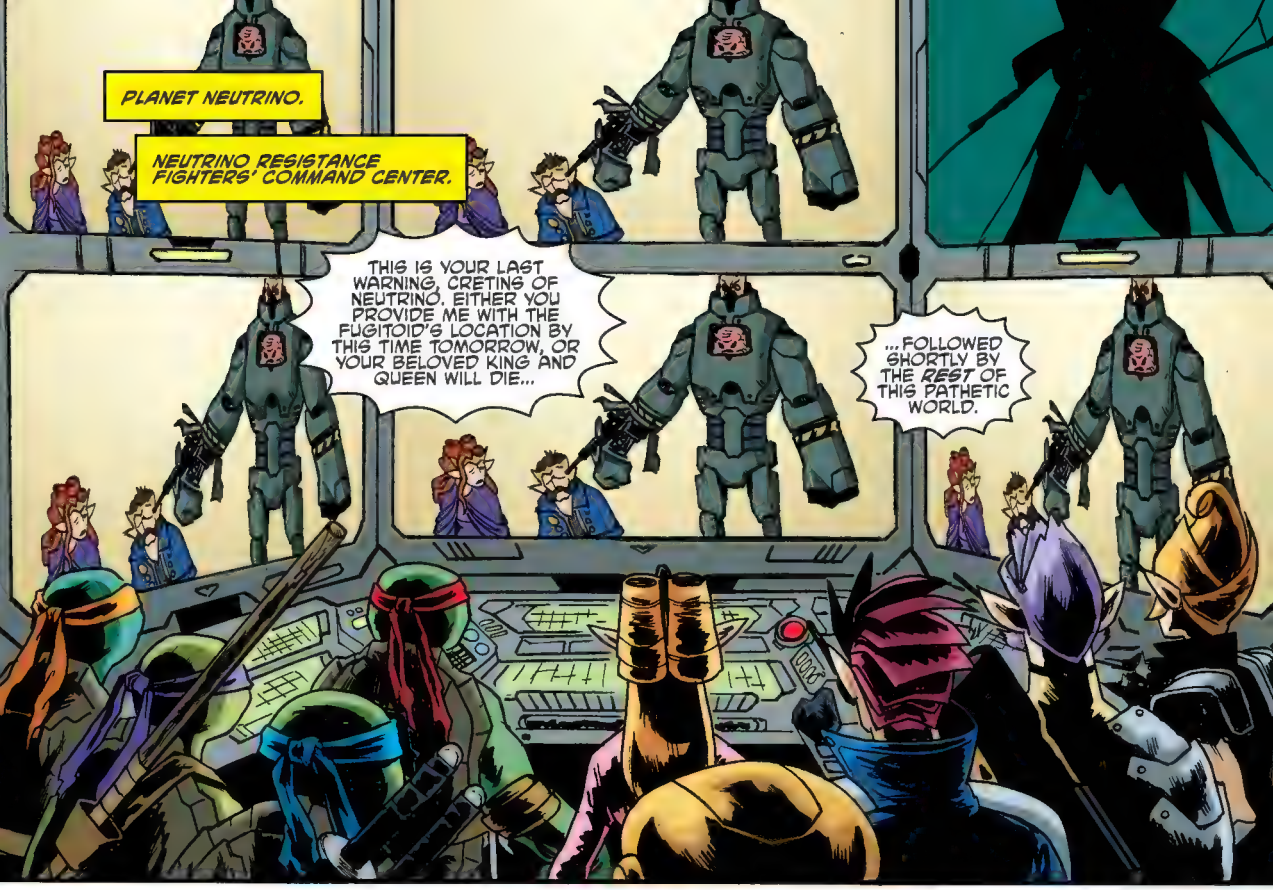
GREETINGS, *CRETINS* OF NEUTRINO!
KRANG.
THAT'S KRANG?
HE LOOKS SO...
...*PINK* AND *SQUISHY.* GROSS.

I AM HERE AT YOUR SO-CALLED ROYAL PALACE—WHICH, AS YOU ALL KNOW, HAS BEEN *MY HEADQUARTERS* EVER SINCE I INVADED THIS DUNG HEAP OF A PLANET AND SENT YOUR COWARDLY ROYAL FAMILY INTO HIDING.
BUT, THEY COULD ONLY STAY OUT OF MY REACH FOR SO LONG. DESPITE THE ACCURSED NRF'S PITIFUL EFFORTS, THE KING AND QUEEN'S ESCAPE WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE.
BUT, DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT...
...SEE FOR YOURSELF.
SO, PATHETIC NEUTRINOS, *I* HAVE YOUR ROYAL FAMILY, AND *YOU* HAVE A CHOICE—EITHER YOU BRING ME THE FUGITOID, OR I *KILL* EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU...
...STARTING WITH *THEM*.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

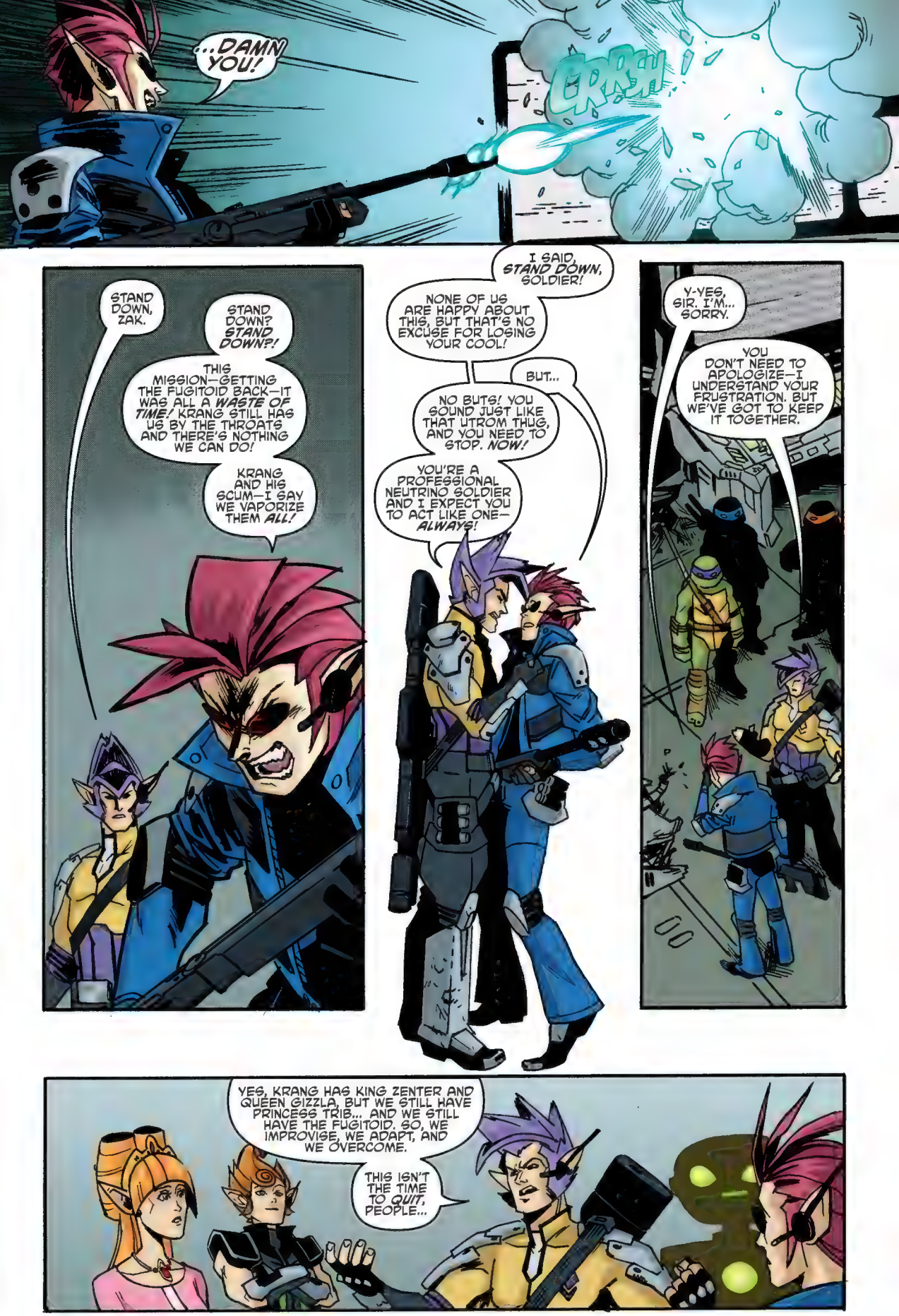
art by BEN BATES

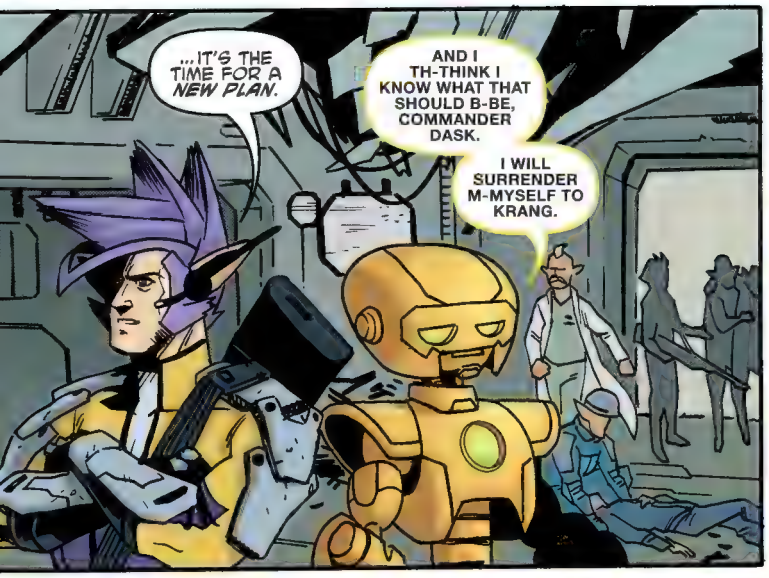
ISSUE #19


PLANET NEUTRINO.
NEUTRINO RESISTANCE FIGHTERS' COMMAND CENTER.
THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING, CRETINS OF NEUTRINO. EITHER YOU PROVIDE ME WITH THE FUGITOID'S LOCATION BY THIS TIME TOMORROW, OR YOUR BELOVED KING AND QUEEN WILL DIE...
...FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY THE *REST* OF THIS PATHETIC WORLD.

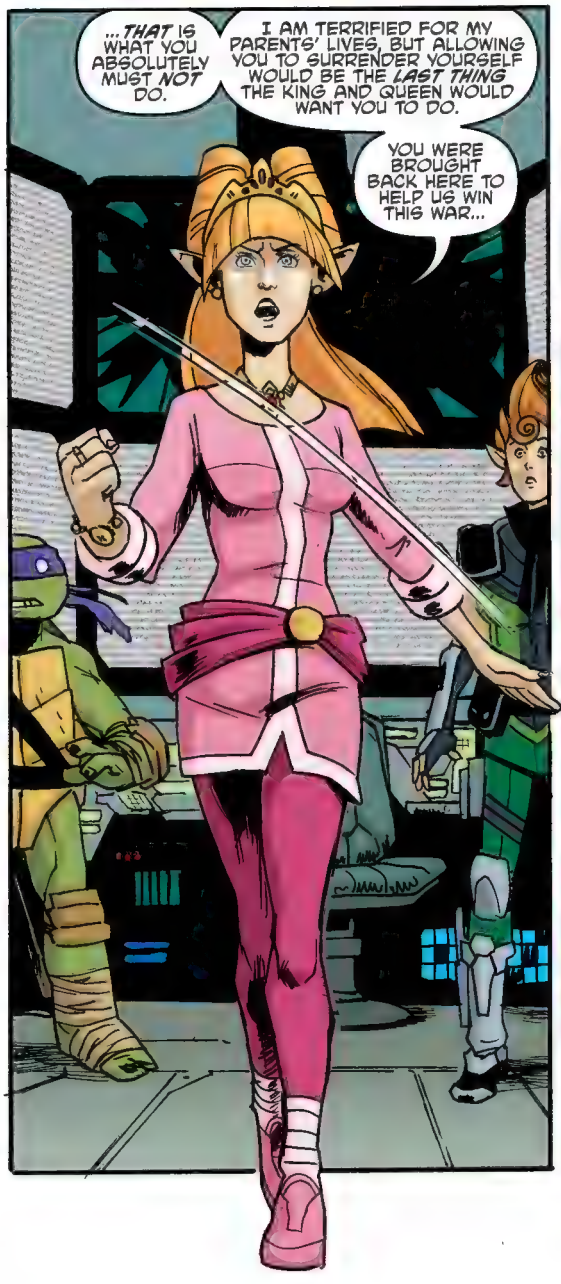
SKISSS

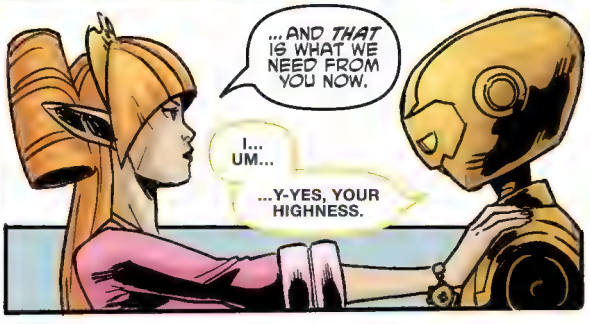
NO.
DAMN YOU, KRANG...


...DAMN YOU!
CRASH
STAND DOWN, ZAK.
STAND DOWN? STAND DOWN?!
THIS MISSION—GETTING THE FUGITOID BACK—IT WAS ALL A WASTE OF TIME! KRANG STILL HAS US BY THE THROATS AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!
KRANG AND HIS SCUM—I SAY WE VAPORIZE THEM ALL!
I SAID, STAND DOWN, SOLDIER!
NONE OF US ARE HAPPY ABOUT THIS, BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR LOSING YOUR COOL!
BUT...
NO BUTS! YOU SOUND JUST LIKE THAT UTROM THUG, AND YOU NEED TO STOP. NOW!
YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL NEUTRINO SOLDIER AND I EXPECT YOU TO ACT LIKE ONE—ALWAYS!
Y-YES, SIR. I'M... SORRY.
YOU DON'T NEED TO APOLOGIZE—I UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION. BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP IT TOGETHER.
YES, KRANG HAS KING ZENTER AND QUEEN GIZZLA, BUT WE STILL HAVE PRINCESS TRIB... AND WE STILL HAVE THE FUGITOID. SO, WE IMPROVISE, WE ADAPT, AND WE OVERCOME.
THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO QUIT, PEOPLE...

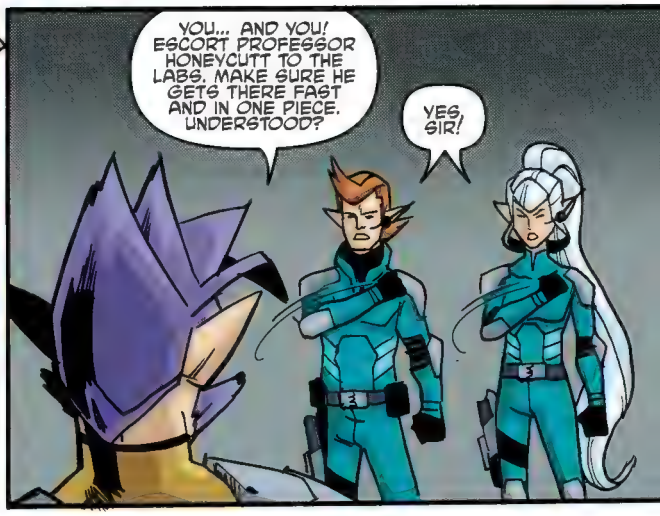

...IT'S THE TIME FOR A NEW PLAN.
AND I TH-THINK I KNOW WHAT THAT SHOULD B-BE, COMMANDER DASK.
I WILL SURRENDER M-MYSELF TO KRANG.

SURRENDER? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
YES, I AM. I H-HAVE ALREADY BEEN THE CAUSE OF F-FAR TOO MANY DEATHS. IF GIVING MYSELF OVER TO KRANG S-SAVES THE LIVES OF THE KING AND QUEEN, THEN IT'S WHAT I M-MUST DO.
NO, PROFESSOR, YOU ARE WRONG...


...THAT IS WHAT YOU ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT DO.
I AM TERRIFIED FOR MY PARENTS' LIVES, BUT ALLOWING YOU TO SURRENDER YOURSELF WOULD BE THE LAST THING THE KING AND QUEEN WOULD WANT YOU TO DO.
YOU WERE BROUGHT BACK HERE TO HELP US WIN THIS WAR...


...AND THAT IS WHAT WE NEED FROM YOU NOW.
I... UM...
...Y-YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.

COMMANDER DASK--YOU SAID THE NEW WEAPON WAS DAMAGED BUT NOT FULLY DESTROYED, CORRECT?
THAT'S CORRECT, PRINCESS.
THEN LET'S GET THE GOOD PROFESSOR TO THE LABORATORY QUICKLY. WITH ANY LUCK, HE WILL BE ABLE TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE AND PROVIDE US WITH THE TECHNOLOGY WE NEED TO STOP KRANG'S ATTACK.

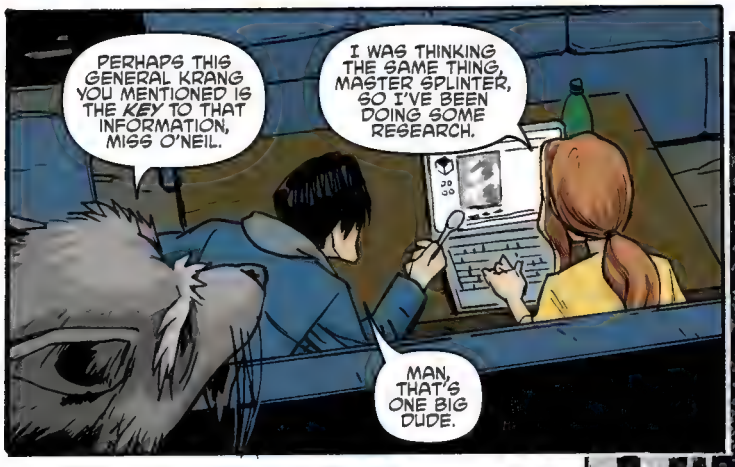

YOU... AND YOU! ESCORT PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT TO THE LABS. MAKE SURE HE GETS THERE FAST AND IN ONE PIECE. UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR!

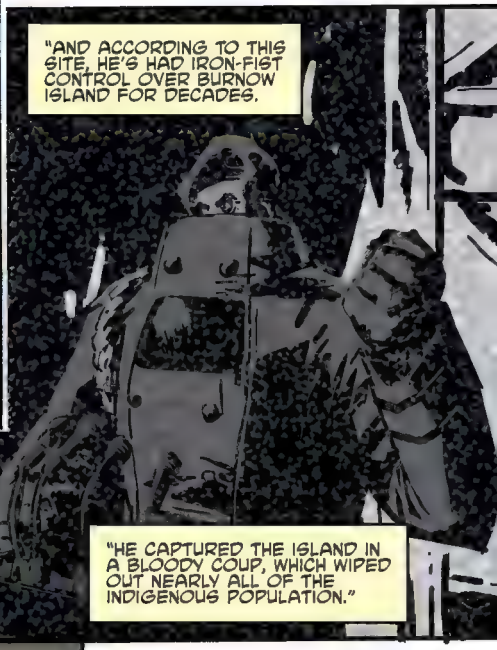
WHOA! WAIT! WHAT ABOUT US?
IF THIS KRANG GUY REALLY WANTS TO MAKE EARTH HIS NEW UTROMINON, THERE'S NO WAY WE JUST STAND BY AND LET THAT HAPPEN. I NEED TO GO WITH CHE-ER, PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT AND LEARN MORE.
I FULLY UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS FOR YOUR PLANET, UH...
DONATELLO.
THANK YOU... DONATELLO. AS I WAS SAYING I UNDERSTAND YOUR WORRIES, BUT WE HAVE MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS WE MUST ADDRESS ON NEUTRINO FIRST.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, PRINCESS, EARTH GETTING DESTROYED ABSOLUTELY QUALIFIES AS AN IMMEDIATE CONCERN IN OUR BOOK.
HER HIGHNESS SAID NOT NOW.
SORRY, IT'S NOT A REQUEST.
YOU WILL RESPECT PR—
COMMANDER DASK!
THEY ARE RIGHT—THEY SAVED MY LIFE AND WE ARE ALL INDEBTED TO THEM. DONATELLO MAY ACCOMPANY THE PROFESSOR TO THE LABS.
TOLD YOU I WAS SMART FOR SAVIN' HER, RAPH.
EVEN A BLIND RABBIT FINDS A CARROT SOMETIMES, BRO.
HUH?
DONATELLO, Y-YOU SAY?
UH-HUH.
HOW FASCINATING TH-THAT YOU KEPT THE NAMES SHE GAVE YOU.

YOUR HIGHNESS, NOW THAT THE FUGITOID IS WHERE HE NEEDS TO BE, IT'S TIME FOR MY SOLDIERS AND I TO DO WHAT WE DO BEST.
WE CAN'T JUST STAND BY WHILE KRANG HAS THE KING AND QUEEN—WE HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM.
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, OF COURSE, PRINCESS.
YOU READ MY MIND, COMMANDER. THAT IS MY UTMOST WISH.
THAT WON'T BE EASY, COMMANDER—KRANG'LL HAVE THE CASTLE ZIPPED UP TIGHT WITH SECURITY.
YES, HE WILL, KALA. WE'RE GOING TO NEED SOME KIND OF DIVERSION... SOMETHING BIG TO DRAW ATTENTION AWAY FROM AN INFILTRATION TEAM.
EVEN THEN, GETTING IN WITHOUT BEING SEEN WILL BE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE, BOSS.
MAYBE NOT.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING NOW, UH...?
LEONARDO.
LOOK, I'M NOT GONNA PRETEND I COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, WITH THE SCIENCE AND ALL—THAT'S DONNIE'S SPECIALTY. BUT I GET THAT THE EARTH'S AT RISK FROM THIS KRANG GUY, SO WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM.
AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?
SIMPLE. YOU COME UP WITH THE DIVERSION AND WE'LL GET YOU INSIDE THAT CASTLE UNSEEN.
AND WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOUR CREW CAN PULL THAT OFF?
BECAUSE, COVERT INFILTRATION'S NOT A JOB FOR AN ARMY...

"...IT'S A JOB FOR NINJA."
SOMEWHERE OVER BURNOW ISLAND.
"WHERE THE HECK *IS* BURNOW ISLAND, ANYWAYS?"

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN NORTH AMERICA AND WESTERN AFRICA. REMEMBER, CASEY—IT WAS ON THE GEOGRAPHY TEST YOU HAD LAST MONTH THAT I HELPED YOU STUDY FOR?
ANYWAY... IT'S WAY TOO FAR AWAY FOR US TO GET TO, BUT IF THE TURTLES WERE TELEPORTED SOMEHOW, I SUPPOSE IT'S POSSIBLE THEY'RE THERE.
I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT A TINY SPECK OF AN ISLAND SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE HAS TO DO WITH STOCKGEN AND CHET.
UM, YEAH. I THINK I MIGHTA, UH, GOT THAT ONE WRONG.
AND MOST OF THE OTHERS, TOO.


PERHAPS THIS GENERAL KRANG YOU MENTIONED IS THE KEY TO THAT INFORMATION, MISS O'NEIL.
I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING, MASTER SPLINTER, SO I'VE BEEN DOING SOME RESEARCH.
MAN, THAT'S ONE BIG DUDE.


"AND ACCORDING TO THIS SITE, HE'S HAD IRON-FIST CONTROL OVER BURNOW ISLAND FOR DECADES.
"HE CAPTURED THE ISLAND IN A BLOODY COUP, WHICH WIPED OUT NEARLY ALL OF THE INDIGENOUS POPULATION."

I NEVER HEARD OF THAT ON THE NEWS OR IN SCHOOL OR NOTHIN'.
PROBABLY BECAUSE BURNOW ISLAND HAS NO VALUABLE NATURAL RESOURCES TO SPEAK OF, SO THERE'S BEEN NO INTERVENTION BY THE REST OF THE WORLD... OR INTEREST.
MANKIND IS RARELY SWAYED INTO ACTION BY COMPASSION ALONE. TOO OFTEN IT REQUIRES PERSONAL GAIN AS THE DRIVING FORCE.

WHICH MAKES ME WONDER—WHAT THE HECK IS BAXTER STOCKMAN DOING THERE...

"...AND WHAT'S THIS KRANG CHARACTER REALLY *UP* TO?"
YOU MAY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE NOW, KRANG, BUT MY NEUTRINOS WILL NEVER SURRENDER TO YOUR TYRANNY. YOU'RE MAD IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE US BEATEN.
SAYS THE SO-CALLED KING WITH BOUND HANDS AND BENT KNEES.
WE BOTH KNOW YOUR REBELS ARE AS PITIFULLY WEAK AS YOU, ZENTER. I'VE NO DOUBTS THEY'LL *CAVE* TO MY DEMANDS—
—ANYTHING TO SAVE THE USELESS HIDES OF THEIR PRECIOUS KING AND QUEEN.
AND ONCE I HAVE THE FUGITOID IN MY GRASP, I WILL COMPLETE MY TECHNODROME, EARTH WILL BECOME NEW UTROMINON, AND THE UTROMS WILL ONCE AGAIN FULFILL OUR DESTINY AS *ULTIMATE RULERS* OF THE UNIVERSE.
IN TRUTH, WE AREN'T SO DIFFERENT, YOU AND I. WE BOTH UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE THE FATE OF OUR PEOPLE IN OUR HANDS.
HOW WE WOULD DO *ANYTHING* IN OUR POWER TO SAVE THEM.
BUT, WHILE *I* POSSESS THE WILL—THE POWER—NECESSARY TO SAVE MY KIND, *YOU* DO NOT. BEFORE THIS IS OVER, I *WILL* SQUASH YOUR RACE BENEATH MY BOOTS LIKE THE INSIGNIFICANT BUGS YOU TRULY ARE.
PLANET NEUTRINO IS IN ITS END DAYS—AND YOU WILL BE BOUND AND HELPLESS AS YOU WATCH YOUR WORLD DIE.
YOU WILL NOT PREVAIL, KRANG.
YES, ZENTER, *I WILL*. AFTER ALL...

"...WHO CAN STOP ME?"
BURNOW ISLAND.
ANY SCUTTLEBUTT FROM NEUTRINO?
ONLY THAT WE'RE KICKIN' SOME SERIOUS ASS OVER THERE. BETCHA THAT THING'S GONNA BE OVER IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

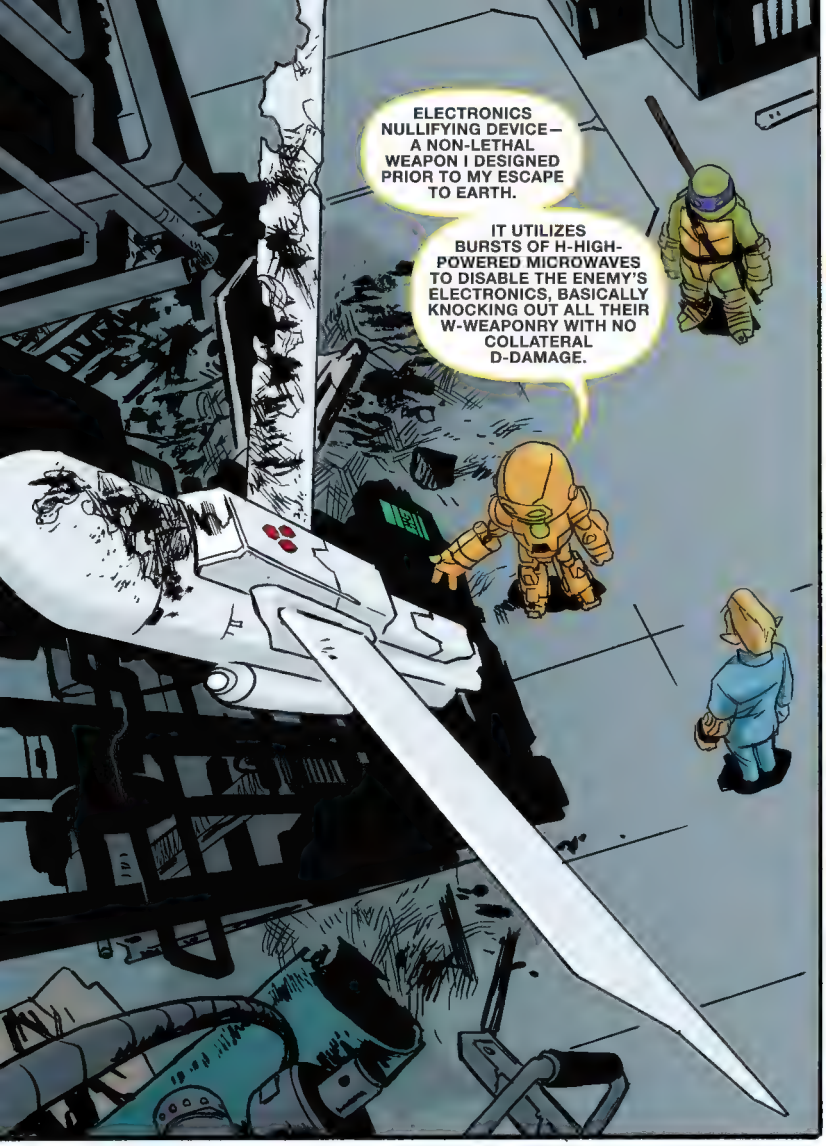
YEAH, THAT'S GOOD... I GUESS. I DON'T EXACTLY LOOK FORWARD TO HAVING KRANG BACK ON THE ISLAND. THAT GUY'S GOT SOME MAJOR ISSUES.
HEY, 'LONG AS HE KEEPS SIGNIN' OUR PAYCHECKS, WHO CARES? AT LEAST IT'S SKATE DUTY 'ROUND HERE WITHOUT SERGEANT GRANITOR BARKIN' AT US ALL FREAKIN' DAY, AM I RIGHT?

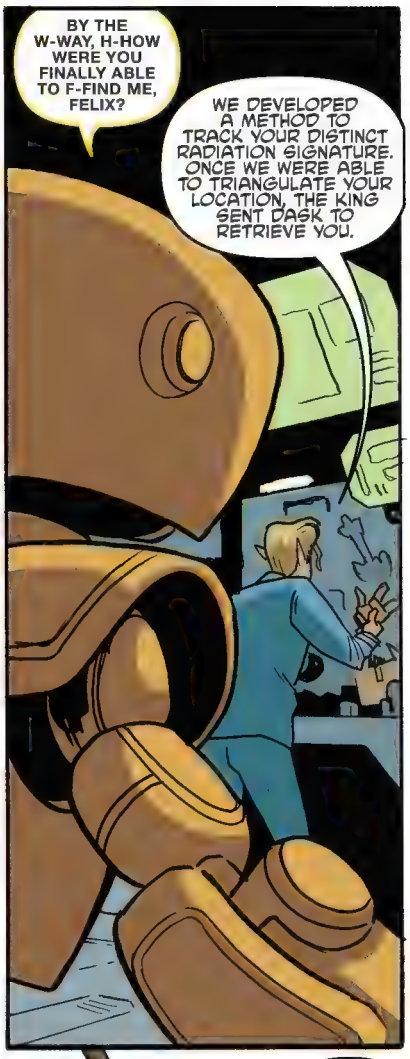
GRGK!
SWIP
KRAK
UFF!

THE ALIEN OOZE. TAKE ME TO IT—NOW.
UH... Y-YEAH. WH-WHATEVER YOU WANT.
DON'T SPEAK...

...JUST DO.

PLANET NEUTRINO.
MY G-GOODNESS... FELIX?
AH, HONEYCUTT. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN... EVEN IN YOUR ROBOT FORM.
AND Y-YOU. I F-FEARED YOU'D BEEN KILLED WHEN I LAST SAW YOU.*
LUCKILY, NO— I CAME OUT OF THAT WITH ONE LESS ARM, BUT THANKS TO YOUR ROBOTIC STUDIES, I WAS ABLE TO... COMPENSATE.
*See TMNT MICROSERIES FUGITOID #1
AND, WHO IS THIS?
TH-THIS IS DONATELLO—HE IS FROM EARTH AND HAS VOLUNTEERED TO ASSIST US IN OUR EF-EFFORTS TO STOP KRANG.
GUYS, THIS PLACE—ALL THIS TECH—IT'S SO AMAZING!
NOT SO AMAZING AS IT WAS BEFORE THE ATTACK. THE END MISSILE WAS BADLY SCORCHED. FORTUNATELY, I BELIEVE IT WAS NOT ENTIRELY BROKEN.
END MISSILE?


ELECTRONICS NULLIFYING DEVICE—A NON-LETHAL WEAPON I DESIGNED PRIOR TO MY ESCAPE TO EARTH.
IT UTILIZES BURSTS OF H-HIGH-POWERED MICROWAVES TO DISABLE THE ENEMY'S ELECTRONICS, BASICALLY KNOCKING OUT ALL THEIR W-WEAPONRY WITH NO COLLATERAL D-DAMAGE.


BY THE W-WAY, H-HOW WERE YOU FINALLY ABLE TO F-FIND ME, FELIX?
WE DEVELOPED A METHOD TO TRACK YOUR DISTINCT RADIATION SIGNATURE. ONCE WE WERE ABLE TO TRIANGULATE YOUR LOCATION, THE KING SENT DASK TO RETRIEVE YOU.

AND NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, WE REALLY NEED TO GET TO WORK—KRANG ISN'T LEAVING US MUCH TIME.
FIRST, HOWEVER, I'D LIKE TO QUICKLY REPAIR THAT *MALFUNCTIONING VOICE BOX* OF YOURS, HONEYCUTT.

SWEET! CAN I HELP?

OKAY, THESE WILL HELP KEEP US ALL IN CONTACT DURING THE RAID.
THESE ARE GREAT, BUT WE NEED TO MAINTAIN SILENCE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE—NOTHING BLOWS COVER FASTER THAN UNNECESSARY CHIT-CHAT.
YEAH—"SILENCE" IS OUR MIDDLE NAMES.
UH, IF WE HAD MIDDLE NAMES, THAT IS. OR LAST NAMES.

SO, WE'RE ALL CLEAR WITH THE PLAN?
CHECK. WHILE ZAK AND RAPH'S TEAM CONDUCTS A FULL-SCALE DIVERSIONARY ASSAULT AGAINST THE PALACE, THE FOUR OF US WILL INFILTRATE FROM AN UNPROTECTED FLANK. ONCE INSIDE, WE'LL EXTRACT THE KING AND QUEEN.

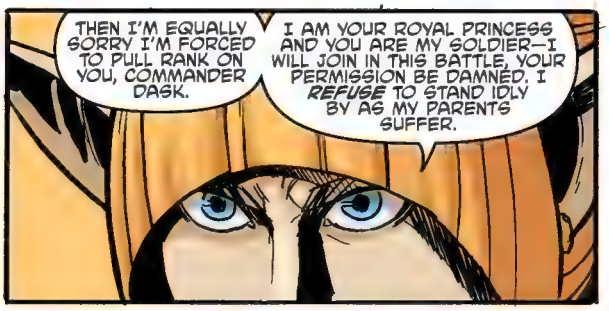
EXCELLENT. SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE DONE THIS BEFORE. BEEN IN SOME PRETTY GOOD BATTLES, HAVE YOU?
MAYBE NOT AT THIS SCALE—AND I DON'T KNOW IF BATTLES ARE EVER "GOOD"—BUT, YEAH, WE'VE DEFINITELY DONE SOME FIGHTING OF OUR OWN.
WELL, I'LL HAPPILY TAKE YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH ME INTO THIS ONE.

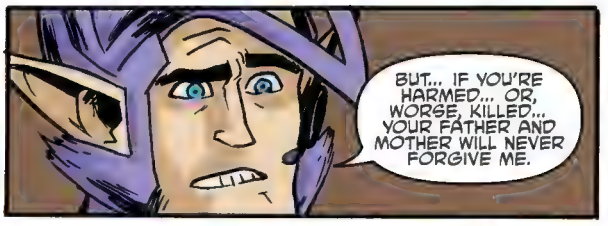
SPEAKING OF WHICH, ARE YOU TWO SURE YOU DON'T WANT US TO ARM YOU BETTER? CAN'T SEE YOU GETTING TOO FAR WITH WHAT YOU'RE CARRYING.
KALA'S RIGHT—BRINGING KNIVES AND STICKS TO A GUNFIGHT DOESN'T SEEM TACTICALLY SUFFICIENT.
WE'LL BE IN AND OUT BEFORE ANY SHOTS NEED TO BE FIRED. WE'RE NINJA, REMEMBER?
HEY, WHERE'S PRINCESS TRIB?

I AM HERE...

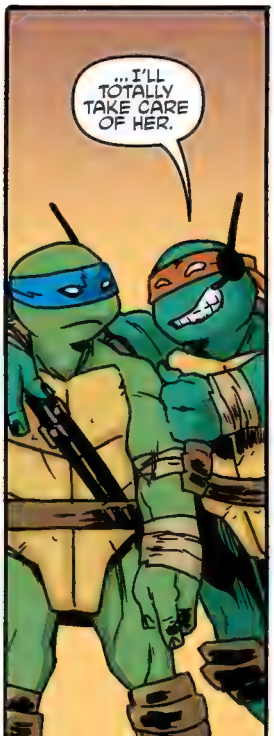
...AND I MOST DEFINITELY *WILL* CARRY A GUN INTO THE FIGHT.

YOUR... YOUR HIGHNESS, YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE THINKING ABOUT TAKING PART IN THE MISSION.
NOT THINKING, COMMANDER... DOING. I AM PREPARED TO DO MY PART TO RESCUE MY PARENTS.
BUT, PRINCESS... YOUR PARENTS—THEY'D NEVER ALLOW ME TO PUT YOU IN HARM'S WAY LIKE THIS. I... I'M SORRY, BUT I *CAN'T* PERMIT THIS.


THEN I'M EQUALLY SORRY I'M FORCED TO PULL RANK ON YOU, COMMANDER DASK.
I AM YOUR ROYAL PRINCESS AND YOU ARE MY SOLDIER—I WILL JOIN IN THIS BATTLE, YOUR PERMISSION BE DAMNED. I *REFUSE* TO STAND IDLY BY AS MY PARENTS SUFFER.


BUT... IF YOU'RE HARMED... OR, WORSE, KILLED... YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME.

THEN I SUGGEST YOU MAKE CERTAIN I SURVIVE, COMMANDER.
DAMN.
DON'T WORRY, COMMANDER DUDE...

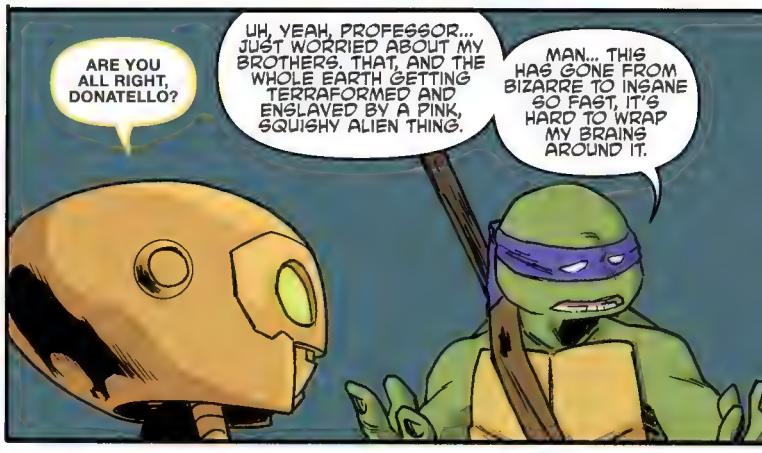

...I'LL TOTALLY TAKE CARE OF HER.

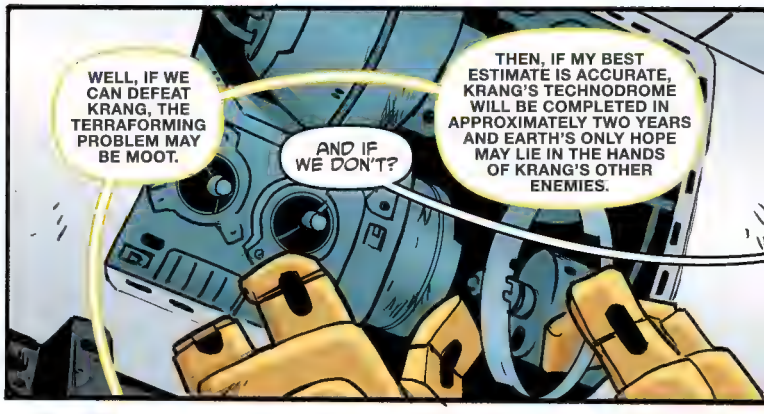
DAMN.

SO, RAPHAEL, YOU REGRETTING COMING ON THE BIG ATTACK INSTEAD OF SNEAKING AROUND WITH YOUR BROTHERS?
NAH. TAKIN' THE FIGHT HEAD-ON WORKS JUST FINE BY ME.
WELL, THAT'S GOOD, 'CAUSE THIS FIGHT'S GOING TO BE ABOUT AS HEAD-ON AS THEY GET.
SPEAKING OF FIGHTS, I HOPE WE'RE SQUARE ABOUT THE KNIFE I PULLED ON YOU BACK ON YOUR PLANET.
YEAH, IT'S COOL, ZAK. LIKE YOU SAID—NOTHIN' PERSONAL, JUST BUSINESS.
HEY, RAPH, I'M GONNA BE THE PRINCESS' *BODYGUARD!* RIGHTEOUS, HUH?!
SAY WHAT, MIKE?
DON'T ENCOURAGE HIM, RAPH. PLEASE.
HEY, DON'T GO TRYING TO BE A HERO, OKAY?
NAH, NO WORRIES, LEO. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. 'SIDES, *MIKEY'S* THE SUPER HERO 'ROUND HERE, RIGHT?
HA! YEAH, GUESS SO.
I'LL SEE YOU WHEN THE BUTT-KICKIN'S DONE, BIG BRO.
YOU BETTER.
DONNIE, THIS IS LEO—DO YOU READ?
LOUD AND CLEAR, LEO. GO AHEAD.
LOOK, WE'RE GETTING READY TO ROLL OUT. IF YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT STAYING BEHIND...
NO, LEO...

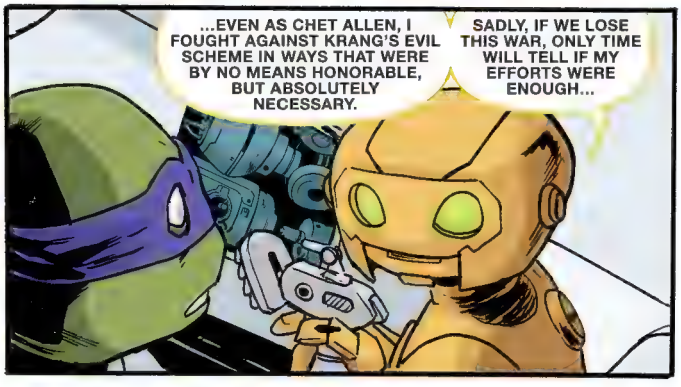
...I'M RIGHT WHERE I NEED TO BE. YOU GUYS GO GET THE KING AND QUEEN AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT SAVING EARTH.

I MUST THANK YOU BOTH AGAIN — HAVING A FUNCTIONAL VOICE BOX IS BEYOND RELIEF. I FEEL LIKE A NEW ROBOT.
SURE THING, PROFESSOR.


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DONATELLO?
UH, YEAH, PROFESSOR... JUST WORRIED ABOUT MY BROTHERS, THAT, AND THE WHOLE EARTH GETTING TERRAFORMED AND ENSLAVED BY A PINK, SQUISHY ALIEN THING.
MAN... THIS HAS GONE FROM BIZARRE TO INSANE SO FAST, IT'S HARD TO WRAP MY BRAINS AROUND IT.


WELL, IF WE CAN DEFEAT KRANG, THE TERRAFORMING PROBLEM MAY BE MOOT.
AND IF WE DON'T?
THEN, IF MY BEST ESTIMATE IS ACCURATE, KRANG'S TECHNODROME WILL BE COMPLETED IN APPROXIMATELY TWO YEARS AND EARTH'S ONLY HOPE MAY LIE IN THE HANDS OF KRANG'S OTHER ENEMIES.

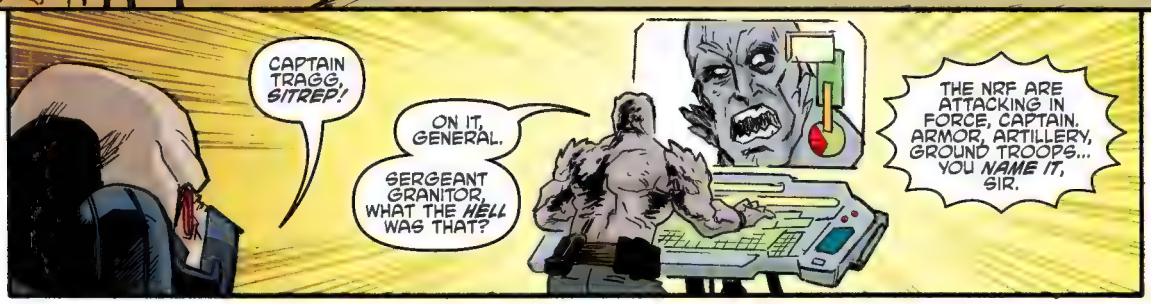
OTHER ENEMIES?
YES...


...EVEN AS CHET ALLEN, I FOUGHT AGAINST KRANG'S EVIL SCHEME IN WAYS THAT WERE BY NO MEANS HONORABLE, BUT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.
SADLY, IF WE LOSE THIS WAR, ONLY TIME WILL TELL IF MY EFFORTS WERE ENOUGH...

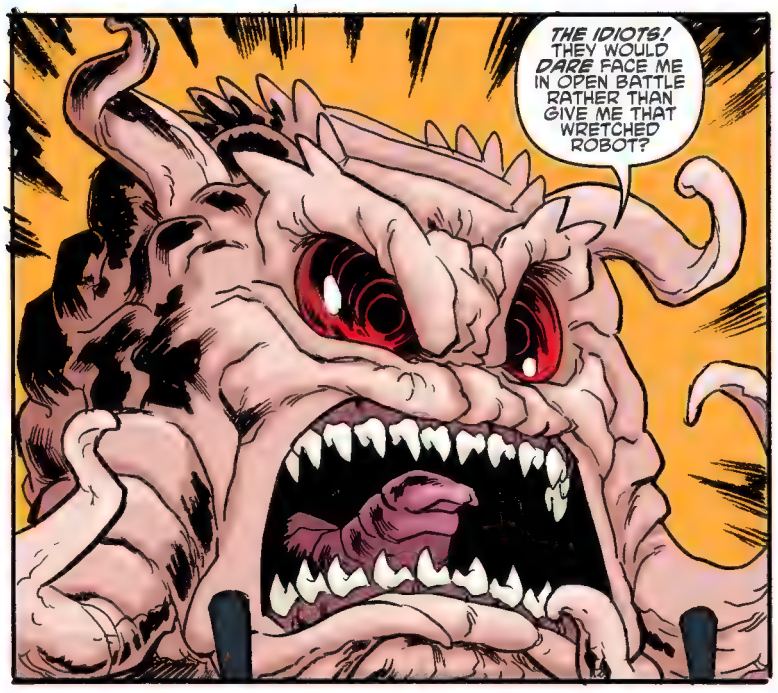
"...TO SAVE YOUR EARTH."
TH-THAT'S IT. THAT'S WHERE THEY KEEP THE GREEN STUFF, IN—
BE SILENT AND OPEN IT.
SLKK
"ANY WAY YOU SLICE IT, THIS IS MADNESS..."

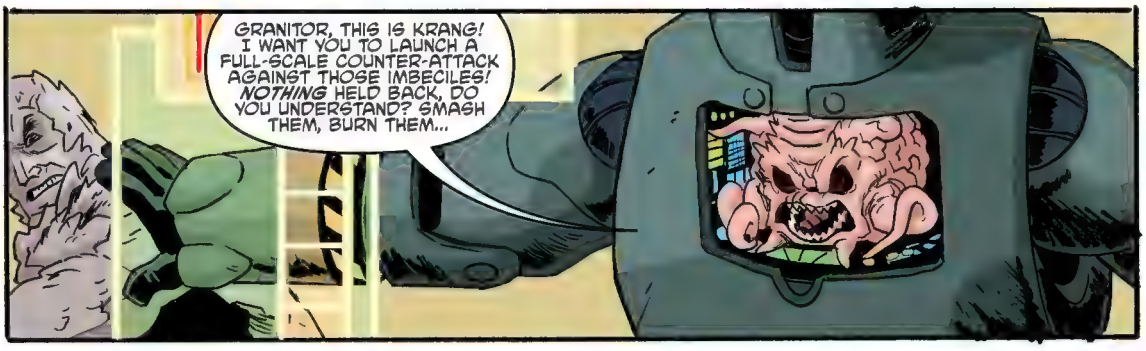
"...OUR CHANCES OF SURVIVING THIS ATTACK ARE ABOUT *A MILLION TO ONE.*"
NOT THAT THAT'S EVER *STOPPED* US BEFORE. WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER, RIGHT?
FIRE!
BA-DOOM
FWWWP

WHAT IN BLAZES?!


CAPTAIN TRAGG, SITREP!
ON IT, GENERAL.
SERGEANT GRANITOR, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
THE NRF ARE ATTACKING IN FORCE, CAPTAIN. ARMOR, ARTILLERY, GROUND TROOPS... YOU NAME IT, SIR.

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA THROW EVERYTHING THEY GOT AT US TO TRY AND GET BACK THE KING AND QUEEN.


THE IDIOTS! THEY WOULD DARE FACE ME IN OPEN BATTLE RATHER THAN GIVE ME THAT WRETCHED ROBOT?


GRANITOR, THIS IS KRANG! I WANT YOU TO LAUNCH A FULL-SCALE COUNTER-ATTACK AGAINST THOSE IMBECILES! NOTHING HELD BACK, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? SMASH THEM, BURN THEM...

...KILL THEM ALL!
UNDERSTOOD, GENERAL.
YOU HEARD HIM, MEN...
BWOOM
...RETURN FIRE!
KOOM
HOLY—!
NOTHING HOLY ABOUT THAT, PAL. AND WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD IF WE STAY HERE.
ALL RIGHT, NEUTRINOS, FOR THE KING AND QUEEN...
...ATTACK!
CHARGE!

"OKAY, THAT'S OUR CUE..."

...TIME TO GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.

AND, YOUR HIGHNESS, YOU WILL *NOT* TAKE ANY UNDUE RISKS. PLEASE.

I'LL DO MY BEST, COMMANDER.

JUST STAY CLOSE TO ME, PRINCESS. I'VE DONE THIS LIKE A *ZILLION* TIMES.

THANK YOU, MICHELANGELO. I SHALL TRY.

MMMF!

THIS IS VERY REAL NOW.

YEP...

"...THE POINT OF NO RETURN."

OKAY, THIS IS IT, FRIEND...

"...DO OR DIE."

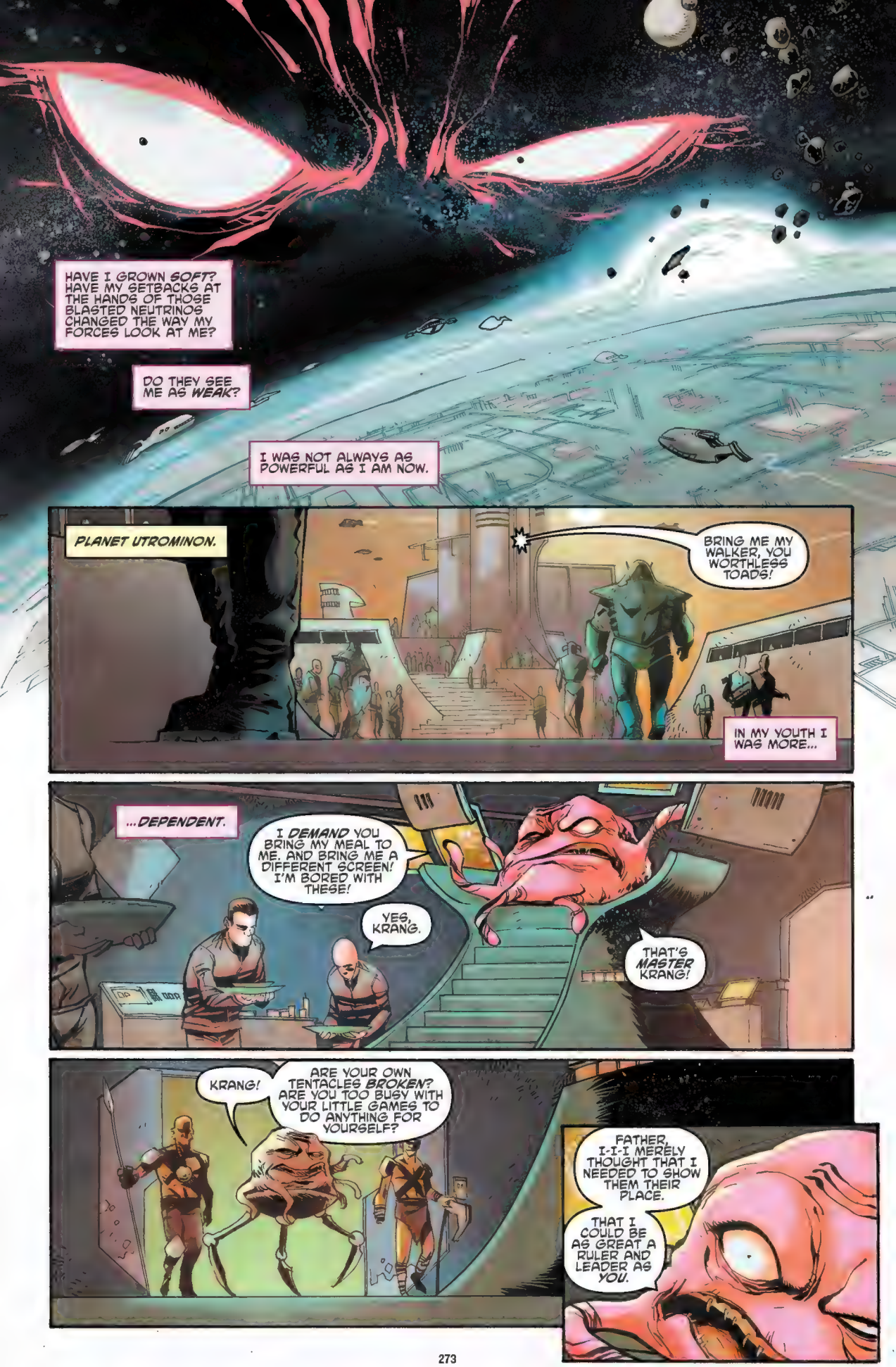
art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by TYLER WALPOLE

KRANG

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?!
A FEMALE NINJA INVADED AND KILLED THE GUARDS. OOZE WAS STOLEN AND... AN UTROM IS DEAD.
THE GUILTY PARTY ESCAPED?
YES, SIR. KRANG DOESN'T KNOW YET.
I...
...I WILL DELIVER THE MESSAGE.

GENERAL?
I GAVE ORDERS THAT I WAS *NOT* TO BE *DISTURBED!*
YES, SIR. BUT... ONE OF THE UTROMS HAS *DIED* IN STASIS.
THE SECURITY FOOTAGE SUGGESTS THAT IT WAS... A FEMALE NINJA OF SOME KIND.
WHAT?!
WE WERE LETTING YOU *RECUPERATE* FROM YOUR FIGHT WITH THE—
STAND BACK!
YOU DO NOT ASSIST ME UNLESS *ORDERED!*
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP!
THE SOLDIER IS UPSET, BUT I DON'T SEE TERROR IN HIS EYES. HE HAS FORGOTTEN HIS *PLACE*.


HAVE I GROWN *SOFT*? HAVE MY SETBACKS AT THE HANDS OF THOSE BLASTED NEUTRINOS CHANGED THE WAY MY FORCES LOOK AT ME?
DO THEY SEE ME AS *WEAK*?
I WAS NOT ALWAYS AS POWERFUL AS I AM NOW.
PLANET UTROMINON.
BRING ME MY WALKER, YOU WORTHLESS TOADS!
IN MY YOUTH I WAS MORE...
...DEPENDENT.
I *DEMAND* YOU BRING MY MEAL TO ME. AND BRING ME A DIFFERENT SCREEN! I'M BORED WITH THESE!
YES, KRANG.
THAT'S *MASTER* KRANG!
KRANG!
ARE YOUR OWN TENTACLES *BROKEN*? ARE YOU TOO BUSY WITH YOUR LITTLE GAMES TO DO ANYTHING FOR YOURSELF?
FATHER, I-I-I MERELY THOUGHT THAT I NEEDED TO SHOW THEM THEIR PLACE.
THAT I COULD BE AS GREAT A RULER AND LEADER AS *YOU*.

A RULER PERHAPS, BUT NEVER A LEADER, KRANG.
BUT FATHER, I—
EMPEROR QUANIN!
THE COUNCIL IS READY TO DISCUSS THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST TRAXUS, SIR.
GOOD. FOLLOW ME.
FATHER... CAN I JOIN YOU?
WHY ON UTROMINON WOULD I WANT YOU THERE?

MY FATHER'S ANCIENT ENEMY, TRAXUS, HAD BEEN IMPRISONED IN THE PENITENTIARY ON MORBUS, A PLANET WITH A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT, WHERE THE UTROM HIGH COUNCIL'S MOST DANGEROUS POLITICAL PRISONERS WERE HELD.
NOW HE HAD OVERTHROWN THE PRISON GUARDS AND ASSEMBLED AN ARMY OF MEN WHO HATED MY FATHER AS MUCH AS HE DID... AND THEY WERE PLOTTING THE DEMISE OF THE UTROM EMPIRE.
MY FATHER AND THE COUNCIL PLANNED AN ATTACK TO SQUASH THE REBELLION.
IT WILL BE A SUICIDE MISSION!
ONLY IF WE DO WHAT THEY EXPECT– A DIRECT ATTACK ON THE PENITENTIARY. BUT LANDING IN THE SWAMP TO THE NORTH... THAT WILL ALLOW US TO MOVE IN UNDETECTED AND ATTACK AT THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TIME.
THE SWAMP IS A HELLHOLE... THEY WON'T EXPECT US TO LAND *THERE.*
TRAXUS WILL *PAY.*
IT WAS A MISSION CHARGED TO THE BEST WARRIORS UTROMINON HAD TO OFFER.

IF I WAS EVER GOING TO PROVE MY WORTH TO MY FATHER...
...NOW WAS THE TIME.
ZZZOOOWOSSH
HOPE YOU BOYS ARE READY!
MORBUS IS ONE OF THE MOST HOSTILE BATTLEGROUNDS YOU'LL EVER KNOW.
AND IT'LL BE EVEN MORE DEADLY UNDER TRAXUS' COMMAND.
BUT NO MANGY BUNCH OF PRISONERS CAN TAKE ON UTROMINON'S BEST!

I KNEW THE RISK OF STOWING AWAY—BUT THE SENSE OF DANGER WAS EXHILARATING AFTER A LIFETIME OF SAFETY AND COMFORT.
I WOULD KNOW *BATTLE*. I WOULD *DOMINATE*.
WHOOSSSHH
I WOULD RETURN HOME AS A *HERO*.
FOR ONCE, MY FATHER WOULD BE *PROUD* OF ME.
MEN, AFTER OUR POSITION IS *SECURE*, YOU'LL HEAD FOR HIGH GROUND. I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IS BETWEEN US AND THE PENITENTIARY.
TRAXUS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM.

KAMM
COMMANDER!
DON'T MOVE! THEY'VE MINED THE AREA!
W-WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
VRRMMMM
AH, ANOTHER OF QUANIN'S CLASSIC "SNEAK" ATTACKS.
VRRMMMM
THOSE JUST NEVER GET OLD, DO THEY?
ATTACK!
KST
KST
KST
TRAXUS KNEW MY FATHER'S TACTICS TOO WELL.
SO HE HAD PREPARED THE AREA... AND WAITED TO SHOOT US LIKE CHAINED BEASTS.
I HAD NEVER EVEN IMAGINED SUCH DESTRUCTION.

BOOM
THIS WAS THE FINEST QUANIN COULD SEND?
UGGH...
MY OLD ENEMY HAS LOST HIS FIRE.
SPLAT
DESTROYING HIM IS GOING TO BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT.
LEAVE THEM TO BURN. WE'LL RETURN WHEN THE STENCH HAS BEEN BLOWN AWAY BY THE WIND.

WHETHER IT WAS BY LUCK OR FATE THAT I MADE IT OUT OF THE ATTACK ALIVE, I DIDN'T *CARE*. THERE WERE MORE PRESSING ISSUES AT HAND...
...THE SWAMPS OF MORBUS WERE INFAMOUSLY DANGEROUS. PLANTS, ANIMALS AND TERRAIN—ALL *DEADLY*.
THE ACID RAIN ALONE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO KILL.
IF I DIDN'T MOVE QUICKLY, I WOULD DIE...
...AND I WOULD DIE UNDISCOVERED. ALONE.
NEVER TO LEAD MY PEOPLE.

MY FATHER WAS RIGHT.
HSSHSSS
ARGH!
I HAD MADE MYSELF WORTHLESS.
DESTINED TO DIE LIKE PREY.
GET BACK, VILE CREATURE!
THK
HSS
BUT THEN SOMETHING MIRACULOUS HAPPENED.
I LIVED.
AND AS THE HOURS STRETCHED INTO DAYS I REALIZED...

...I WAS *STRONGER* THAN I KNEW.

I WAS THE ONLY UTROM TO LIVE THROUGH TRAXUS' ATTACK, AND I WAS STILL ALIVE ON THIS DEADLY PLANET. I WAS A *SURVIVOR.*

I WOULD *NOT* QUIT.

EVERYONE, INCLUDING MY FATHER, DOUBTED MY WORTH.

I WOULD *PROVE* WHAT I WAS CAPABLE OF.

NO LONGER WERE MY DAYS WASTED WITH TOYS AND PAMPERING.

THE *HELPLESS KRANG* WAS GONE...

...AND THE *NEW KRANG* COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

BUT SIMPLY SURVIVING WASN'T ENOUGH. I NEEDED TO FINISH THE MISSION.

TRAXUS HAD TO DIE.

AND MY TIME ON MORBUS HAD TAUGHT ME THAT MY STRONGEST WEAPON WAS MY *MIND.*

NOW, I WOULD BECOME THE PREDATOR.
RRRAGGGH!
FFFSSS
THE RULER.
TTHHK

HHSSS
HSSSS
FROM NOW ON...
...ANY CHALLENGER WOULD *DIE* AT MY HANDS...
...*RETREAT* IN AN INSTANT, OR BECOME...
...*MINE TO RULE.*

NOW I WAS READY FOR BATTLE.
THIS CURSED PLANET WOULD BE *CONQUERED*.
MY FATHER HAD TRIED TO WIN WITH *STEALTH*. I CHOSE A MORE... *DIRECT* APPROACH.
TRAXUS!
I AM *KRANG*, SON OF *QUANIN*.
AND I ORDER YOU TO SURRENDER, TRAXUS. *SURRENDER NOW!*

SO THE SPOILED PRINCE HAS COME TO SHOW OFF HIS NEW *PET?*
YOU HAVE DEFIED MY FATHER FOR THE LAST TIME, TRAXUS. YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR *DISOBEDIENCE.*
SIR, LET TRAGG AND I–
NO, GRANITOR. I CAN TAKE ON THIS PATHETIC LITTLE UTROM MYSELF.
THEN I'LL SEND HIS LIFELESS BODY BACK TO HIS FATHER SO QUANIN CAN ADD TO HIS LONG LIST OF *FAILURES.*
HSSS
RRRAAAHHH!
AAAHHH!

DIE!
DIE!
UK.
WHA-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CHUK

YOU HAVE BESTED OUR GREATEST WARRIOR.
YOU ARE NOW OUR MASTER. IT IS THE WAY OF OUR PEOPLE. WE AWAIT YOUR FIRST COMMAND.

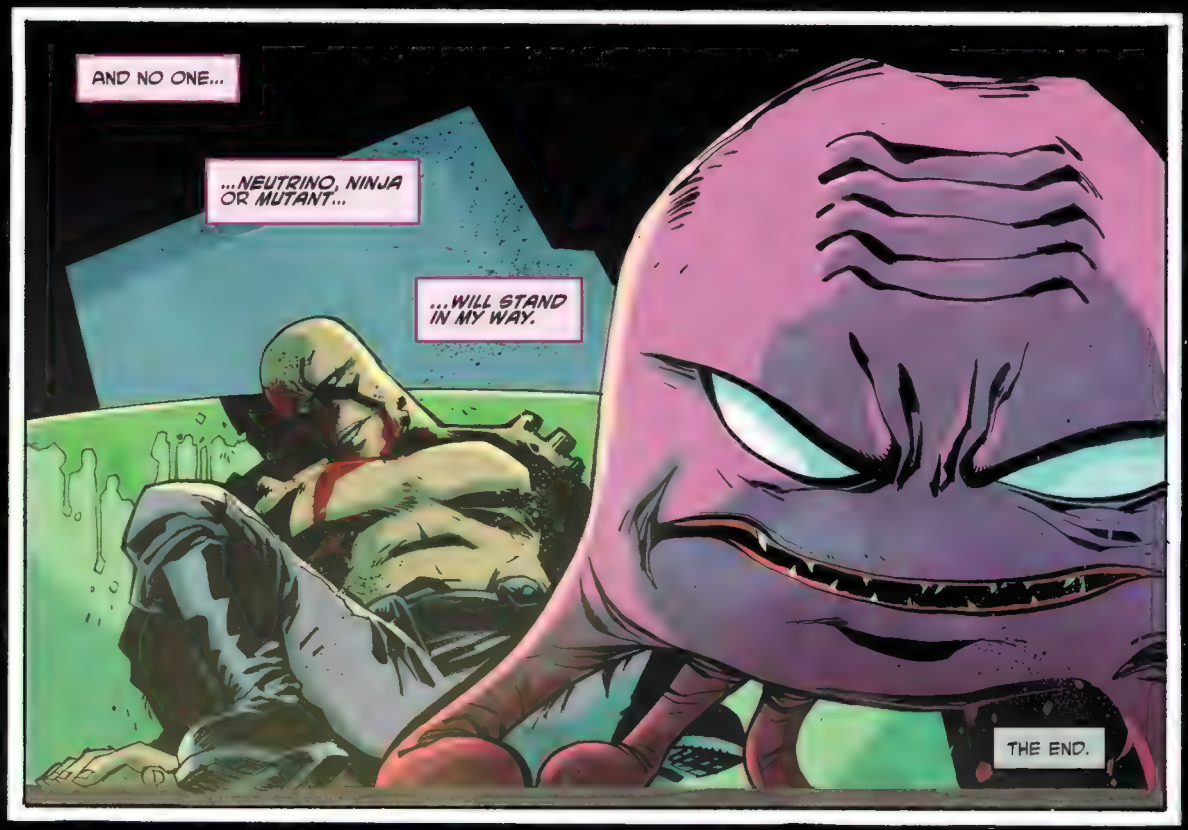
SAVE TRAXUS' BODY.
I HAVE A PLAN FOR IT.
FROM THERE, TAKING OVER TRAXUS'S ARMY WAS EASY.

WITH TRAGG AND GRANITOR'S HELP, MANY OF TRAXUS'S MEN SAW THAT I WAS THE *FUTURE.*
THAT I WAS THEIR *TRUE LEADER*, AND THEY PLEDGED THEIR LIVES TO ME.
INSTEAD OF RETURNING THE PRISONERS TO THE CELLS, I OFFERED THEM A CHANCE TO WORK FOR ME.
SOME TOOK THE OFFER...
...SOME *DIDN'T.*
BY THE TIME MY FATHER ARRIVED...
...ALL OF MORBUS WAS *MINE.*
I HAVE A HARD TIME BELIEVING THAT KRANG COULD EVER—

GREETINGS, EMPEROR QUANIN.
MY ARMY IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU... MY SON.
THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME MY FATHER HAD CALLED ME HIS SON IN AGES. FINALLY, HE LOOKED UPON ME AS I DESERVED...

...WITH RESPECT.
PLEASE FORGIVE ME, GENERAL KRANG.
I'LL UNDERSTAND ANY PUNISHMENT YOU GIVE ME, SIR.
DON'T BURDEN YOURSELF WITH THOSE KINDS OF THOUGHTS, SOLDIER.
COME, COME...
...GO AHEAD AND HELP ME.
I GIVE YOU PERMISSION. DON'T MAKE ME ORDER YOU.
YES, GENERAL.

AACK!
NO UNDERLING WILL EVER CONSIDER ME TO BE ONLY AS STRONG AS MY ARMOR.
AND I WILL NOT LET MY FATHER OR MY PEOPLE DOWN. NEW UTROMINON WILL RISE AND RULE THIS AND EVERY DIMENSION!


AND NO ONE...
...NEUTRINO, NINJA OR MUTANT...
...WILL STAND IN MY WAY.
THE END.

art by MIKE HENDERSON
colors by IAN HERRING

BAXTER STOCKMAN

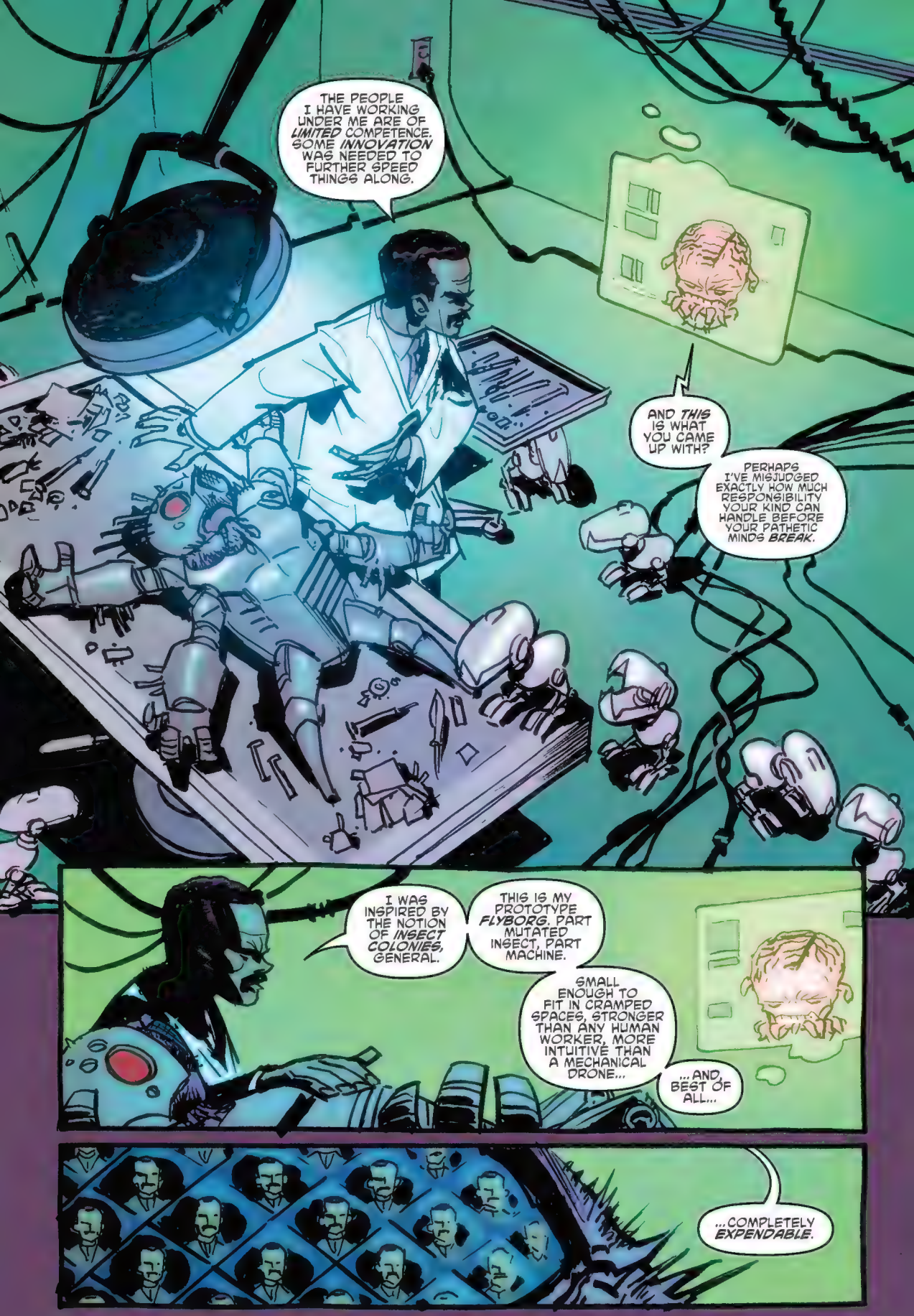
art by TYLER WALPOLE

BURNOW ISLAND.
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR *TOO LONG*, PLAYING LACKEY TO THE EXTRADIMENSIONAL WARLORD *KRANG*.
HE TASKED ME WITH OVERSEEING THE COMPLETION OF THE *TECHNODROME*, A WORK OF *TERRIFYING PROPORTIONS* AND *LIMITLESS POSSIBILITY*.
I'VE BEEN DOING MY BEST TO LEARN MORE THAN KRANG IS WILLING TO SHARE, BUT I'VE BARELY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE.
STILL, I UNDERSTAND ENOUGH.
KRANG INTENDS TO USE THE TECHNODROME TO *TERRAFORM* THE EARTH, REMAKING IT TO BETTER SUIT HIS PEOPLE'S *NEEDS*...
...BUT SUCH AN *EXTENSIVE* CHANGE WOULD NOT SUIT MY *OWN*.

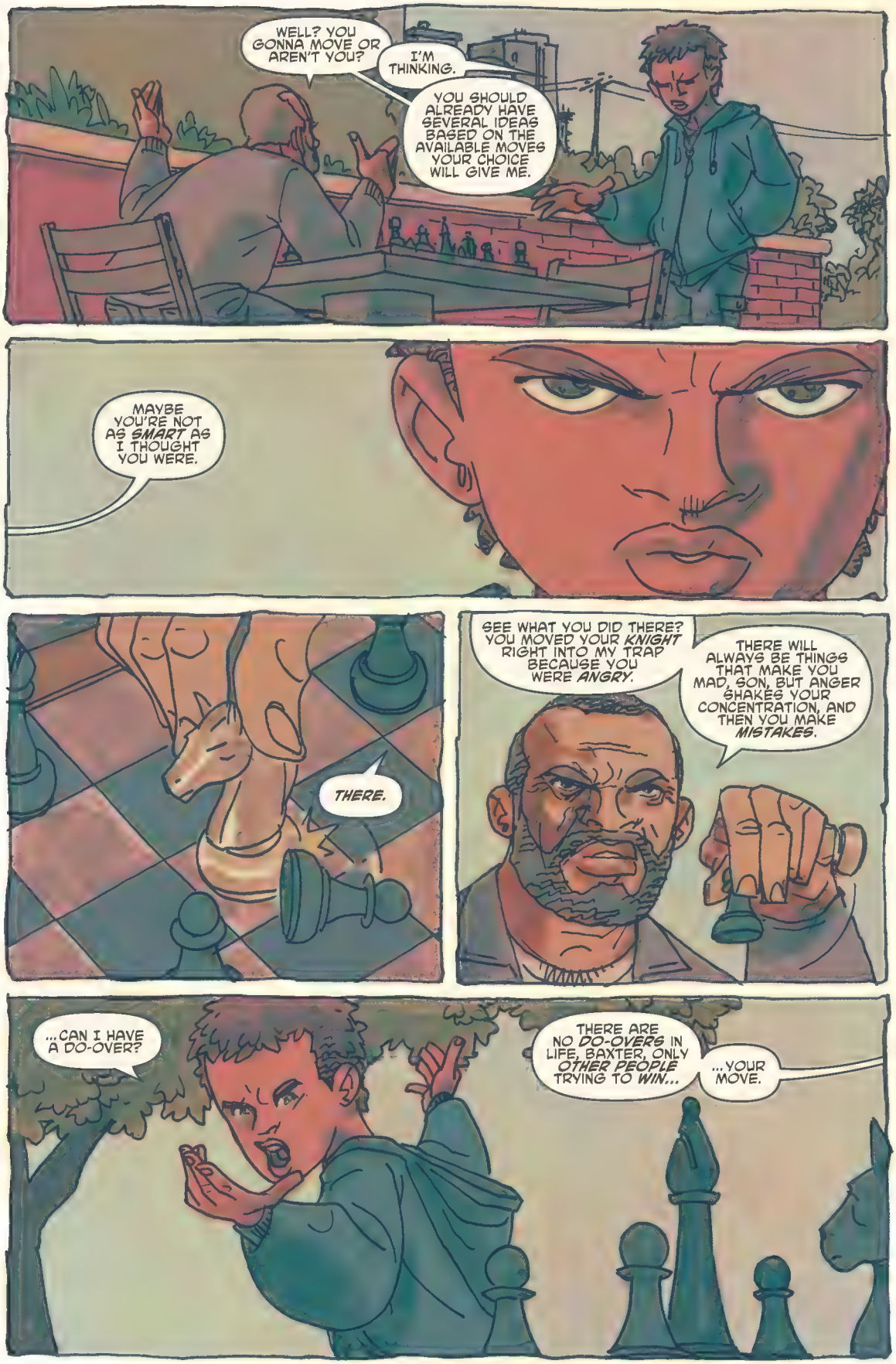
I CAN LIVE WITH A DICTATOR.
DICTATORS CAN BE INFLUENCED... OR REPLACED.
BUT KRANG'S RADICAL TRANSFORMATION OF THE ECOSYSTEM WOULD BE IRREVERSIBLE, AND WOULD RENDER THE EARTH UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION.
I OBVIOUSLY CAN'T ALLOW THIS, BUT I CAN'T OPENLY DEFY KRANG.
THIS LEAVES ME WITH A PROBLEM.
BUT ALL PROBLEMS HAVE A SOLUTION. MY FATHER TAUGHT ME THAT...

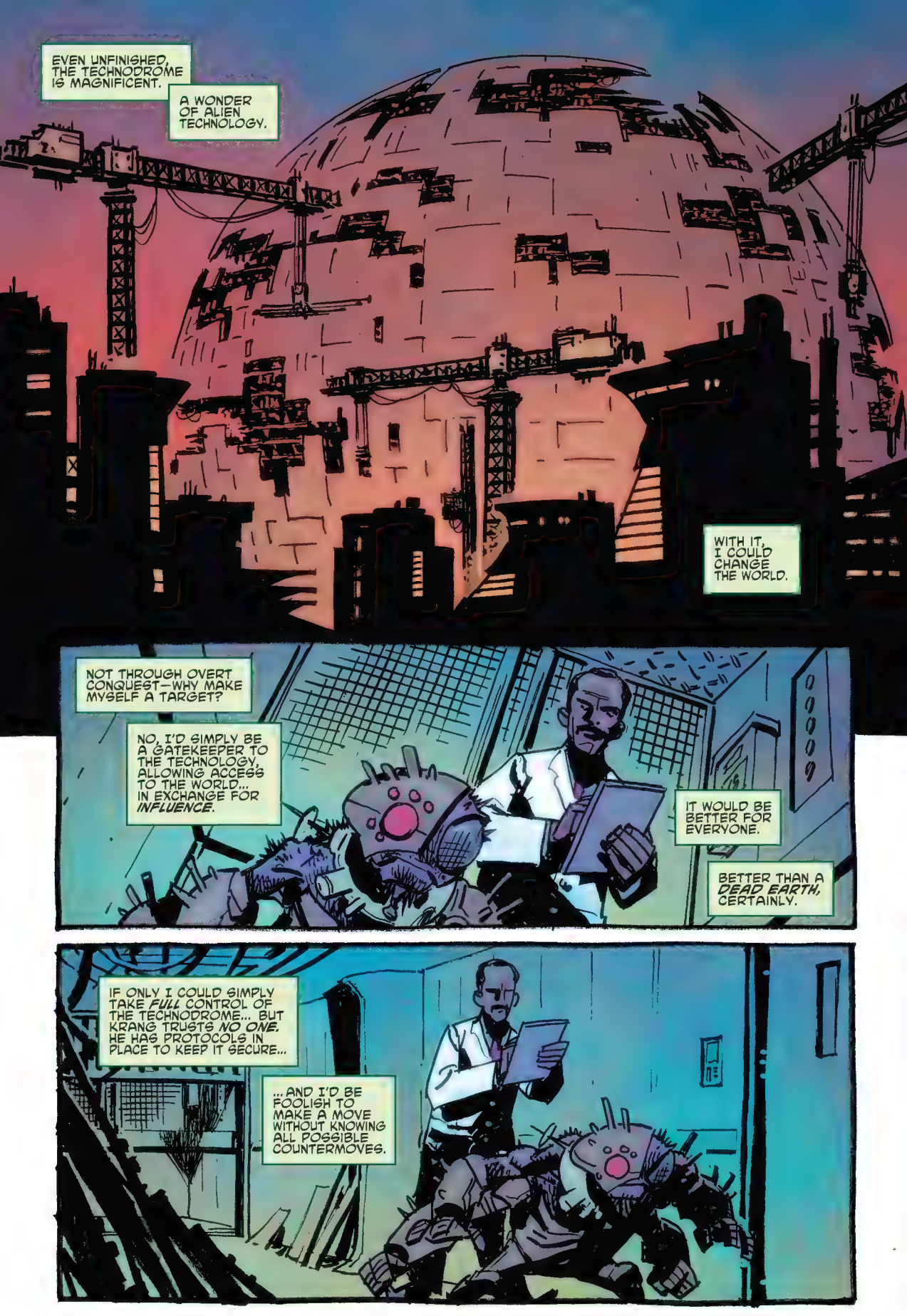
...YOU JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO THINK, SON.
WHEN YOU THINK, YOU CAN TURN ANYTHING INTO A WIN.
AND WINNING IS WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT!
DAD, A DUMB GAME CAN'T TEACH ME TO THINK.
I CAN ALREADY DO THAT.
THIS GAME FORCES YOU TO ANTICIPATE OBSTACLES, AND HOW YOU'LL GET PAST THEM.
IF YOU ALREADY KNOW HOW TO THINK SO WELL, THEN WHY DO I KEEP BEATING YOU?
I ALMOST WON THE LAST ONE. YOU JUST GOT LUCKY!
NO.
THRUD
LUCK IS A BUNCH OF SUPERSTITIOUS CLAPTRAP.
WE BELIEVE ONLY IN THE POWER OF OUR MINDS AND WHAT WE CAN ACCOMPLISH WITH THEM.
NOW SET THE BOARD UP AGAIN.

STOCKMAN!
I EXPECT YOU TO ANSWER IMMEDIATELY WHEN I CALL. I WANT A STATUS REPORT.
MY :AHEM: APOLOGIES, GENERAL, I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A RATHER COMPLEX CALCULATION.
AS FOR THE TECHNODROME, IT REMAINS ON SCHEDULE, JUST AS IT WAS THE LAST TIME YOU ASKED.
I WOULD PREFER AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. I'M TIRED OF WAITING.
DO YOU WANT IT DONE SOONER OR DO YOU WANT IT DONE RIGHT?
YOU SEEM TO BE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT I'M OFFERING A CHOICE.
PERHAPS IF YOU WEREN'T FOCUSING SO MUCH ON YOUR LITTLE SIDE PROJECTS...
THIS? THIS IS FOR THE TECHNODROME, GENERAL.
I FAIL TO SEE A CONNECTION.


THE PEOPLE I HAVE WORKING UNDER ME ARE OF *LIMITED* COMPETENCE. SOME *INNOVATION* WAS NEEDED TO FURTHER SPEED THINGS ALONG.
AND *THIS* IS WHAT YOU CAME UP WITH?
PERHAPS I'VE MISJUDGED EXACTLY HOW MUCH RESPONSIBILITY YOUR KIND CAN HANDLE BEFORE YOUR PATHETIC MINDS *BREAK*.
I WAS INSPIRED BY THE NOTION OF *INSECT COLONIES*, GENERAL.
THIS IS MY PROTOTYPE *FLYBORG*. PART MUTATED INSECT, PART MACHINE.
SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT IN CRAMPED SPACES, STRONGER THAN ANY HUMAN WORKER, MORE INTUITIVE THAN A MECHANICAL DRONE...
...AND, BEST OF ALL...
...COMPLETELY *EXPENDABLE*.

I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS ONE ON A TRIAL RUN.
IF IT PERFORMS TO EXPECTATIONS, I'LL MAKE ENOUGH OF THESE TO PUT THE TECHNODROME *AHEAD* OF SCHEDULE.
HM. YOU MIGHT'VE ACTUALLY STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING *WORTHWHILE* HERE.
KEEP ME INFORMED—
—AND WHEN I SAY THAT, STOCKMAN, I EXPECT YOU TO *DO SO* THIS TIME.
YOU ARROGANT LITTLE—
NO. *BREATHE.*
DON'T GET *ANGRY.*


WELL? YOU GONNA MOVE OR AREN'T YOU?
I'M THINKING.
YOU SHOULD ALREADY HAVE SEVERAL IDEAS BASED ON THE AVAILABLE MOVES YOUR CHOICE WILL GIVE ME.
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT AS *SMART* AS I THOUGHT YOU WERE.
THERE.
SEE WHAT YOU DID THERE? YOU MOVED YOUR *KNIGHT* RIGHT INTO MY TRAP BECAUSE YOU WERE *ANGRY*.
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU MAD, SON, BUT ANGER SHAKES YOUR CONCENTRATION, AND THEN YOU MAKE *MISTAKES*.
...CAN I HAVE A DO-OVER?
THERE ARE NO *DO-OVERS* IN LIFE, BAXTER, ONLY *OTHER PEOPLE* TRYING TO *WIN*...
...YOUR MOVE.


EVEN UNFINISHED, THE TECHNODROME IS MAGNIFICENT.
A WONDER OF ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.
WITH IT, I COULD CHANGE THE WORLD.
NOT THROUGH OVERT CONQUEST—WHY MAKE MYSELF A TARGET?
NO, I'D SIMPLY BE A GATEKEEPER TO THE TECHNOLOGY, ALLOWING ACCESS TO THE WORLD... IN EXCHANGE FOR *INFLUENCE*.
IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR EVERYONE.
BETTER THAN A *DEAD EARTH*, CERTAINLY.
IF ONLY I COULD SIMPLY TAKE *FULL* CONTROL OF THE TECHNODROME... BUT KRANG TRUSTS *NO ONE*. HE HAS PROTOCOLS IN PLACE TO KEEP IT SECURE...
...AND I'D BE FOOLISH TO MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT KNOWING ALL POSSIBLE COUNTERMOVES.

THE COMPUTER SYSTEMS ARE MONITORED, AND SECURITY IS *TOO TIGHT* FOR ME TO WANDER *FREELY*... IF I INVESTIGATE *ANYTHING* DIRECTLY, I GET *CAUGHT*—AND I *LOSE*.
IF KRANG REALIZES WHAT I KNOW, HE RESTRICTS MY ACCESS—AND I LOSE.
IF I DO *NOTHING* AND HE SUCCESSFULLY *TERRAFORMS THE EARTH*, I BECOME, AT BEST, A *PET*...
...*AND I LOSE.*
DR. STOCKMAN!
WHAT IS *THIS* THING, AND WHY IS IT IN HERE?
NOT THING.
...WHAT? DID IT JUST *SAY* SOMETHING?
NOT.
THING.
NOT EXZZZZPENDABLE THING.

INTERESTING. WASN'T EXPECTING THAT LEVEL OF COGNITIVE FUNCTION. STILL...
TEK
GRAAAAAAAG!
ZZZZZZZZZZZRT
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZRT
HF.
HF.
HF.
ZZZZZZ
CHKKKK
GRRRRAAAAAH!
WELL. I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT, EITHER.

SHUT YOUR MUTANT DOWN, DOCTOR, OR WE *WILL* FIRE.
AND WHAT IF THERE'S A RICOCHET—
SHUT IT DOWN, DOCTOR!
I... CAN'T.
THEN IT BETTER GET DOWN ON THE GROUND ON ITS OWN. YOU HEAR ME, BUG?
I SAID DOWN! *NOW!*
NO. WILL NOT ZZZZUBMIT.
THWAK
WHAT?!? —UNH!
I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE WARNED THEM...
...THE FLYBORG IS *MUCH* STRONGER THAN IT LOOKS.

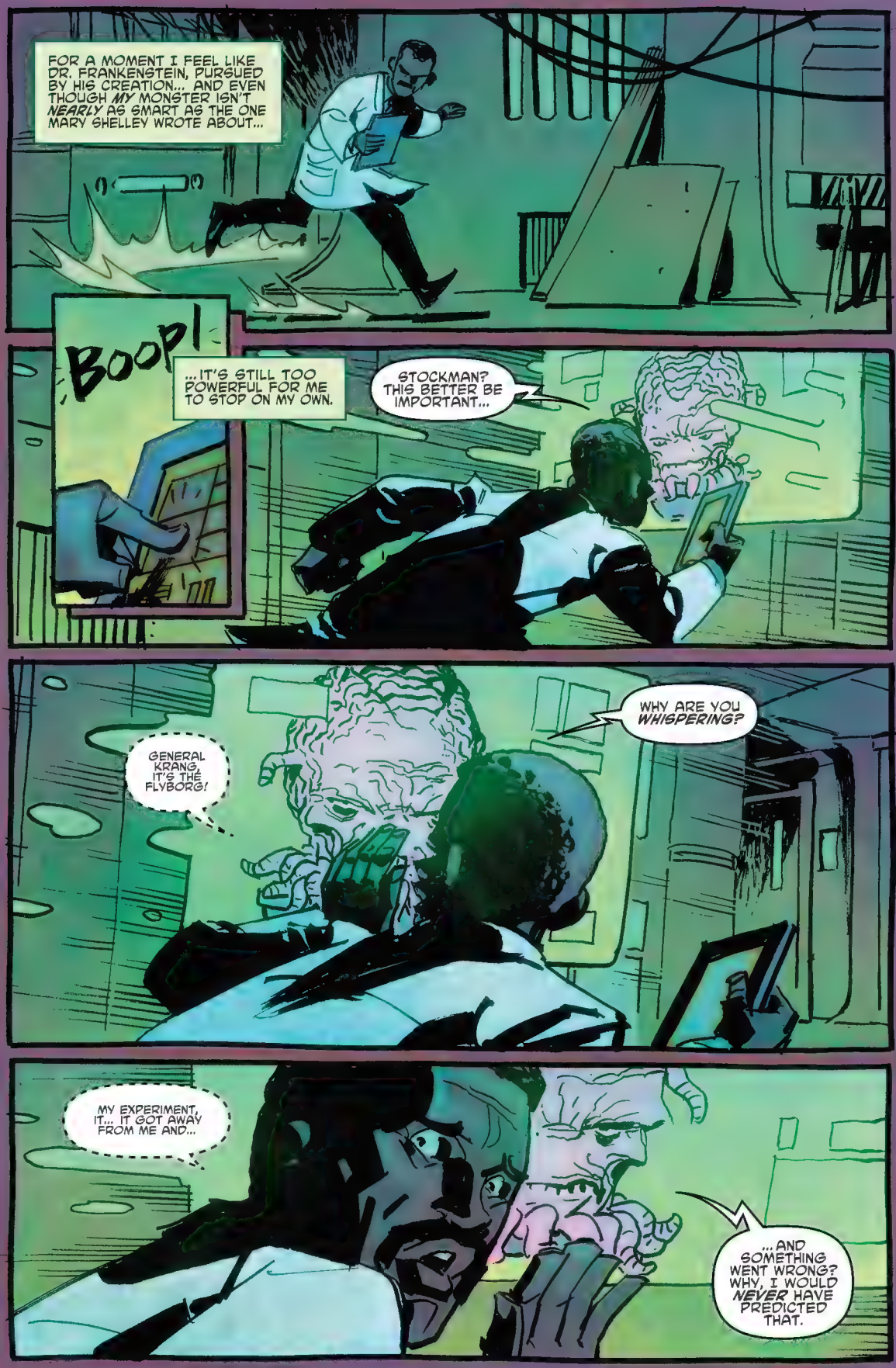
THE CREATURE WAS BUILT FOR *MAXIMUM STRENGTH* IN A *COMPACT SIZE.*

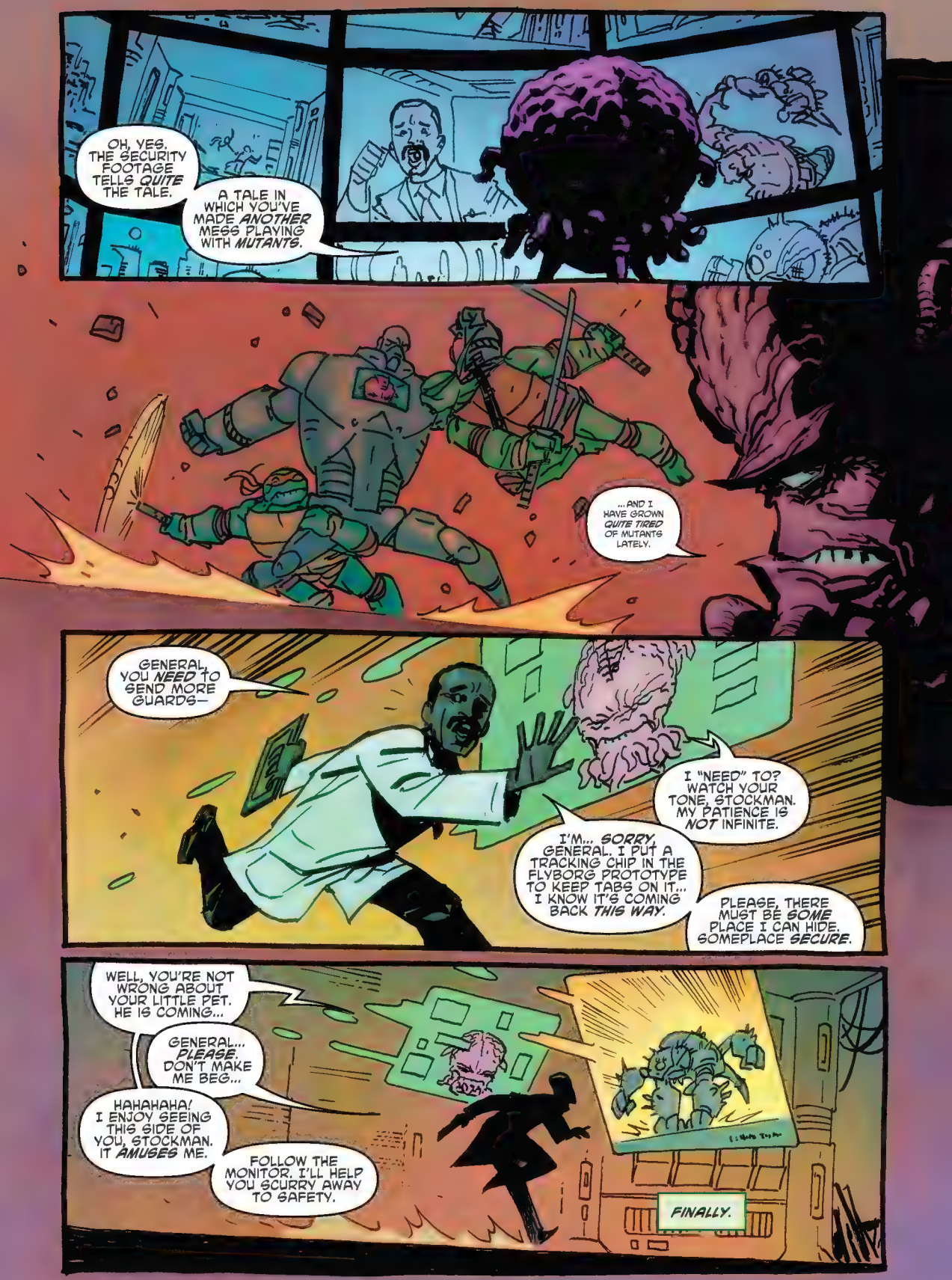
I IMAGINE IT HITS LIKE A *RUNAWAY TRUCK...*

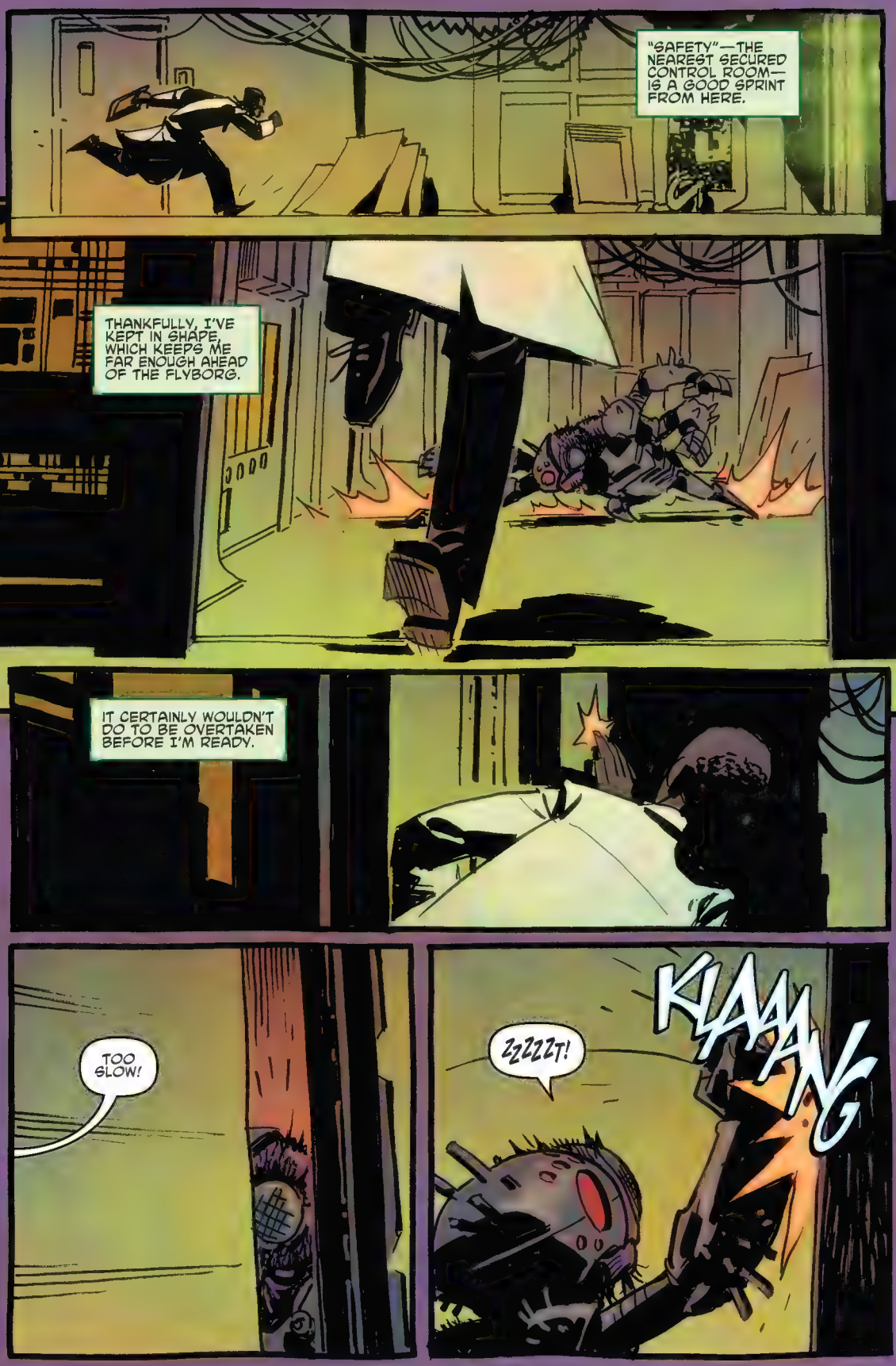
...AND BETWEEN ITS SMALL SCALE, NATURAL EXOSKELETON, AND CYBERNETIC ENHANCEMENTS, IT CAN SHRUG OFF ALL BUT THE MOST *CRUSHING* OF BLOWS, WHILE EVADING FIREPOWER.

IN SHORT, A *HUMAN* OPPONENT—EVEN ONE ENCASED IN STONE AND ARMED—IS *HARDLY* A CHALLENGE FOR IT IN A FAIR FIGHT.

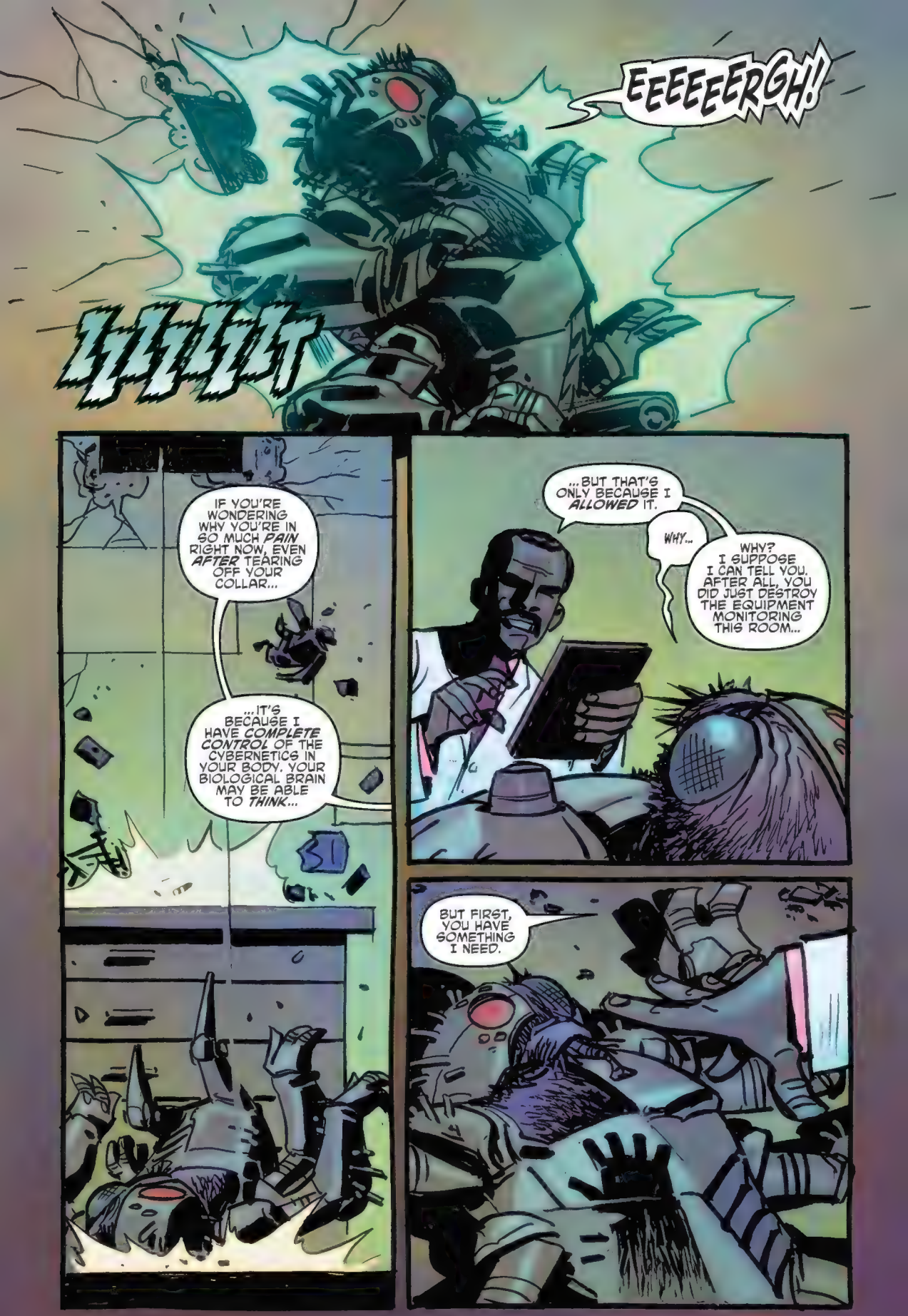
I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHERE I SHOULD BE FEELING PITY.

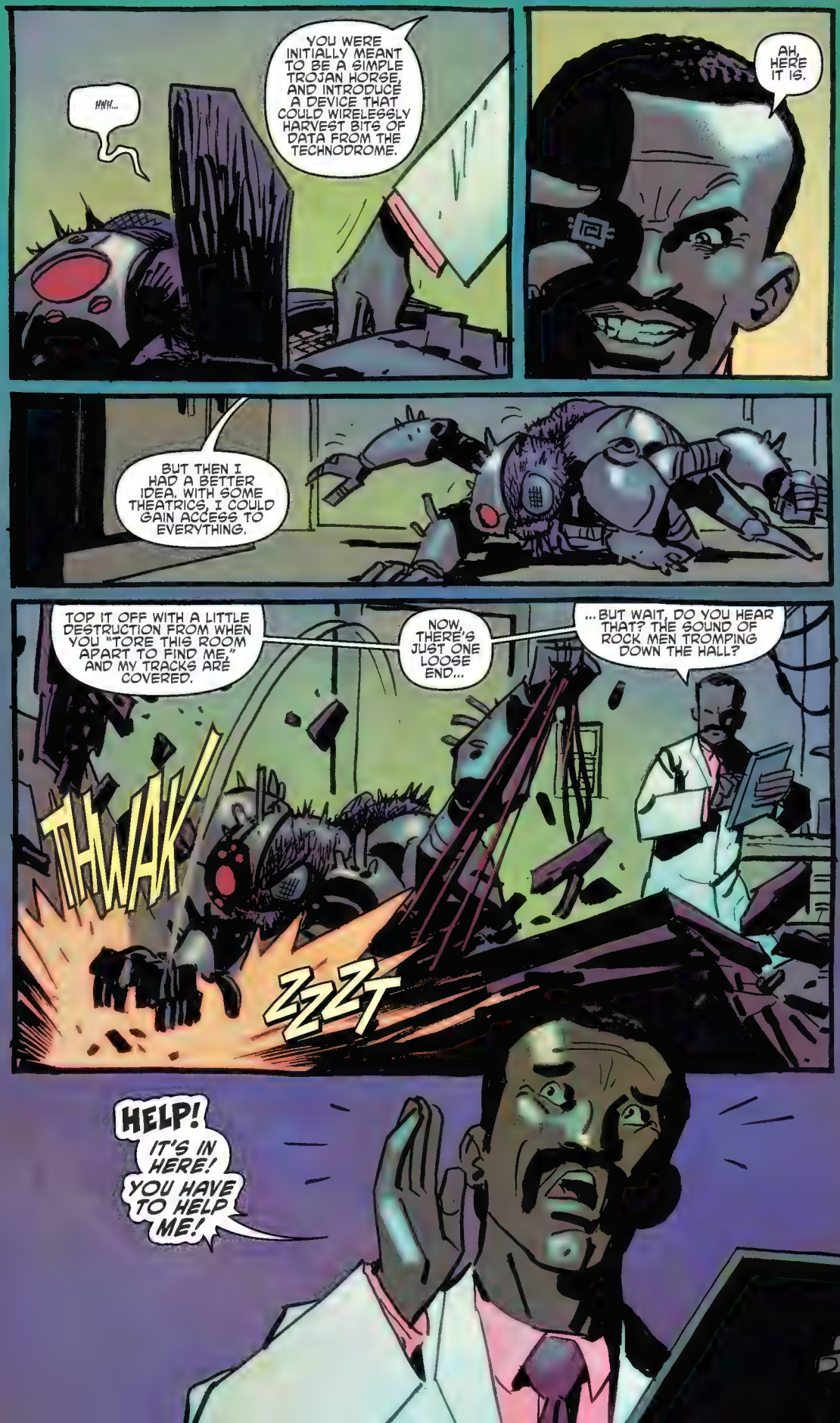

FOR A MOMENT I FEEL LIKE DR. FRANKENSTEIN, PURSUED BY HIS CREATION... AND EVEN THOUGH *MY* MONSTER ISN'T *NEARLY* AS SMART AS THE ONE MARY SHELLEY WROTE ABOUT...
BOOP!
...IT'S STILL TOO POWERFUL FOR ME TO STOP ON MY OWN.
STOCKMAN? THIS BETTER BE IMPORTANT...
GENERAL KRANG, IT'S THE FLYBORG!
WHY ARE YOU *WHISPERING?*
MY EXPERIMENT, IT... IT GOT AWAY FROM ME AND...
...AND SOMETHING WENT WRONG? WHY, I WOULD *NEVER* HAVE PREDICTED THAT.


OH, YES. THE SECURITY FOOTAGE TELLS *QUITE* THE TALE.
A TALE IN WHICH YOU'VE MADE *ANOTHER* MESS PLAYING WITH *MUTANTS*.
...AND I HAVE GROWN *QUITE TIRED* OF MUTANTS LATELY.
GENERAL, YOU *NEED* TO SEND MORE GUARDS—
I "NEED" TO? WATCH YOUR TONE, STOCKMAN. MY PATIENCE IS *NOT* INFINITE.
I'M... *SORRY*, GENERAL. I PUT A TRACKING CHIP IN THE FLYBORG PROTOTYPE TO KEEP TABS ON IT... I KNOW IT'S COMING BACK *THIS WAY*.
PLEASE, THERE MUST BE *SOME* PLACE I CAN HIDE. SOMEPLACE *SECURE*.
WELL, YOU'RE NOT WRONG ABOUT YOUR LITTLE PET. HE IS COMING...
GENERAL... *PLEASE*. DON'T MAKE ME BEG...
HAHAHAHA! I ENJOY SEEING THIS SIDE OF YOU, STOCKMAN. IT *AMUSES* ME.
FOLLOW THE MONITOR. I'LL HELP YOU SCURRY AWAY TO SAFETY.
FINALLY.


"SAFETY"—THE NEAREST SECURED CONTROL ROOM—IS A GOOD SPRINT FROM HERE.
THANKFULLY, I'VE KEPT IN SHAPE, WHICH KEEPS ME FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF THE FLYBORG.
IT CERTAINLY WOULDN'T DO TO BE OVERTAKEN BEFORE I'M READY.
TOO SLOW!
ZZZZZT!
KLAANG

KAPOOM
SCRAAAW!
CRUNCH
YES, YES. THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT.
TEK


EEEEEERGH!
IIIIIIT
IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU'RE IN SO MUCH *PAIN* RIGHT NOW, EVEN *AFTER* TEARING OFF YOUR COLLAR...
...IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE *COMPLETE CONTROL* OF THE CYBERNETICS IN YOUR BODY. YOUR BIOLOGICAL BRAIN MAY BE ABLE TO *THINK*...
...BUT THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I *ALLOWED* IT.
WHY...
WHY? I SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU. AFTER ALL, YOU DID JUST DESTROY THE EQUIPMENT MONITORING THIS ROOM...
BUT FIRST, YOU HAVE SOMETHING I NEED.


HNH...
YOU WERE INITIALLY MEANT TO BE A SIMPLE TROJAN HORSE, AND INTRODUCE A DEVICE THAT COULD WIRELESSLY HARVEST BITS OF DATA FROM THE TECHNODROME.
AH, HERE IT IS.
BUT THEN I HAD A BETTER IDEA. WITH SOME THEATRICS, I COULD GAIN ACCESS TO EVERYTHING.
TOP IT OFF WITH A LITTLE DESTRUCTION FROM WHEN YOU "TORE THIS ROOM APART TO FIND ME," AND MY TRACKS ARE COVERED.
NOW, THERE'S JUST ONE LOOSE END...
...BUT WAIT, DO YOU HEAR THAT? THE SOUND OF ROCK MEN TROMPING DOWN THE HALL?
THWAK
ZZZT
HELP! IT'S IN HERE! YOU HAVE TO HELP ME!

THERE IT IS!
END IT!
NO... WAIT!
FLYBORG 1.00.1
ATTACK PROTOCOL
IT'S ATTACKING— FIRE AT WILL, BUT MIND THE CIVILIAN.
NO... NOT LIKE THIZZZ... WAIT... PLEAZZZZE... WAZZEN'T ME... YOU MUZZZZT...
...HELP ME...

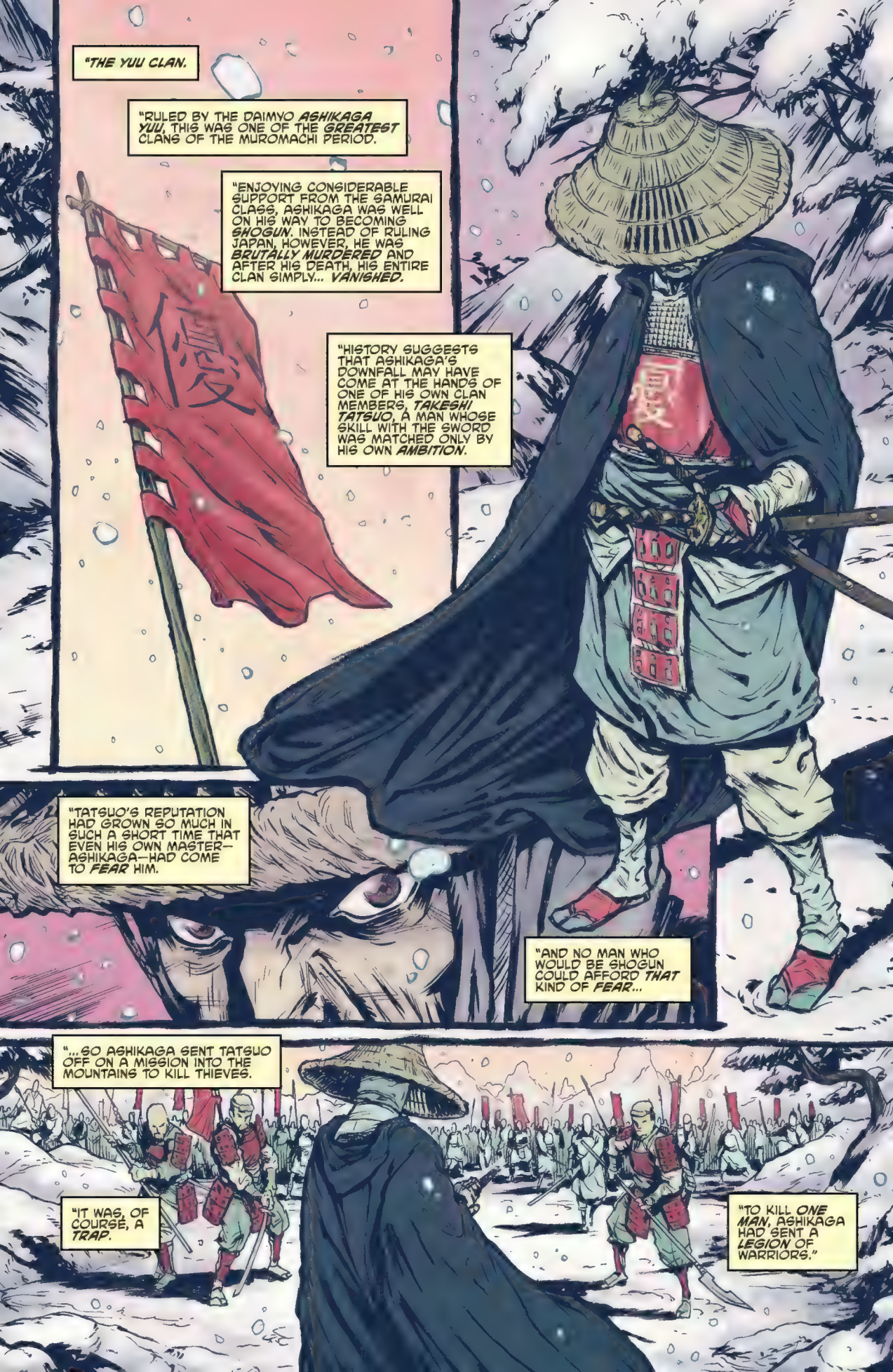
LATER.
THE FULL DETAILS OF KRANG'S PLANS ARE *UNSETTLING*...
...NOT THAT HE INTENDS TO LET ME *LIVE* TO SEE THEM COME TO FRUITION.
HAPPILY, THE FILES *ALSO* CONTAIN INFORMATION I CAN USE TO WREST CONTROL OF THE TECHNODROME FROM HIM.
I CAN'T DO IT ALONE...
...BUT THERE IS *NO SHORTAGE* OF *PAWNS* IN THIS WORLD.
THE *FUGITOID*, FOR INSTANCE.
HIS MIND WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MUCH OF THE TECHNODROME, AND KRANG ACTUALLY *FEARS* HIS TALENT FOR *INVENTION*. THAT ALONE MAKES HIM THE *PERFECT INSTRUMENT* FOR MY PLANS. YES...
...I'D CALL THAT *CHECK*.

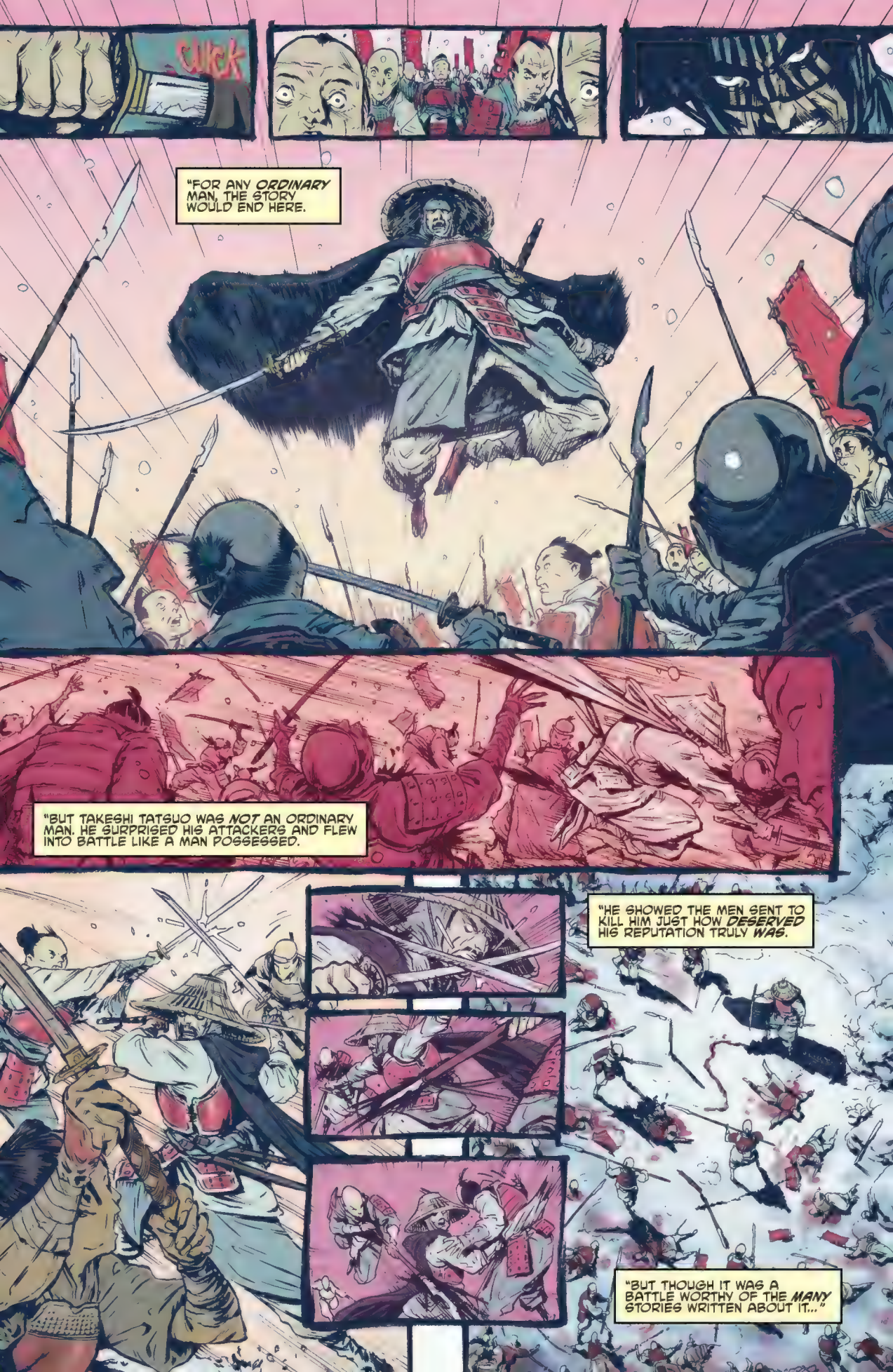
WAIT, DID YOU SAY "CHECK"? A LITTLE EARLY, SON, WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED PLAYING THE GAME.
OH, WE'VE BEEN PLAYING THE GAME FOR YEARS, DAD. HERE.
WHAT'S THIS...?
...
IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?!
NOT REALLY. YOUR OFFICE IS BEING CLEANED OUT AS WE SPEAK. BUT DON'T WORRY--I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF STOCKGEN NOW THAT I'M IN CHARGE.
WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS? I TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING YOU KNOW--
YES, YOU DID.
I ADMIT; I CAME OUT HERE TODAY BECAUSE I WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU SAW THE TAKEOVER COMING, MAYBE HAD ONE MORE TRICK UP YOUR SLEEVE.
I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED THAT YOU DON'T.
BUT HEY, I *WON*.
AND THAT'S WHAT LIFE'S ALL ABOUT, RIGHT, DAD?
END.

art by ANDY KUHN
colors by DANIEL "PEZ" LOPEZ

art by MATEUS SANTOLOUCO

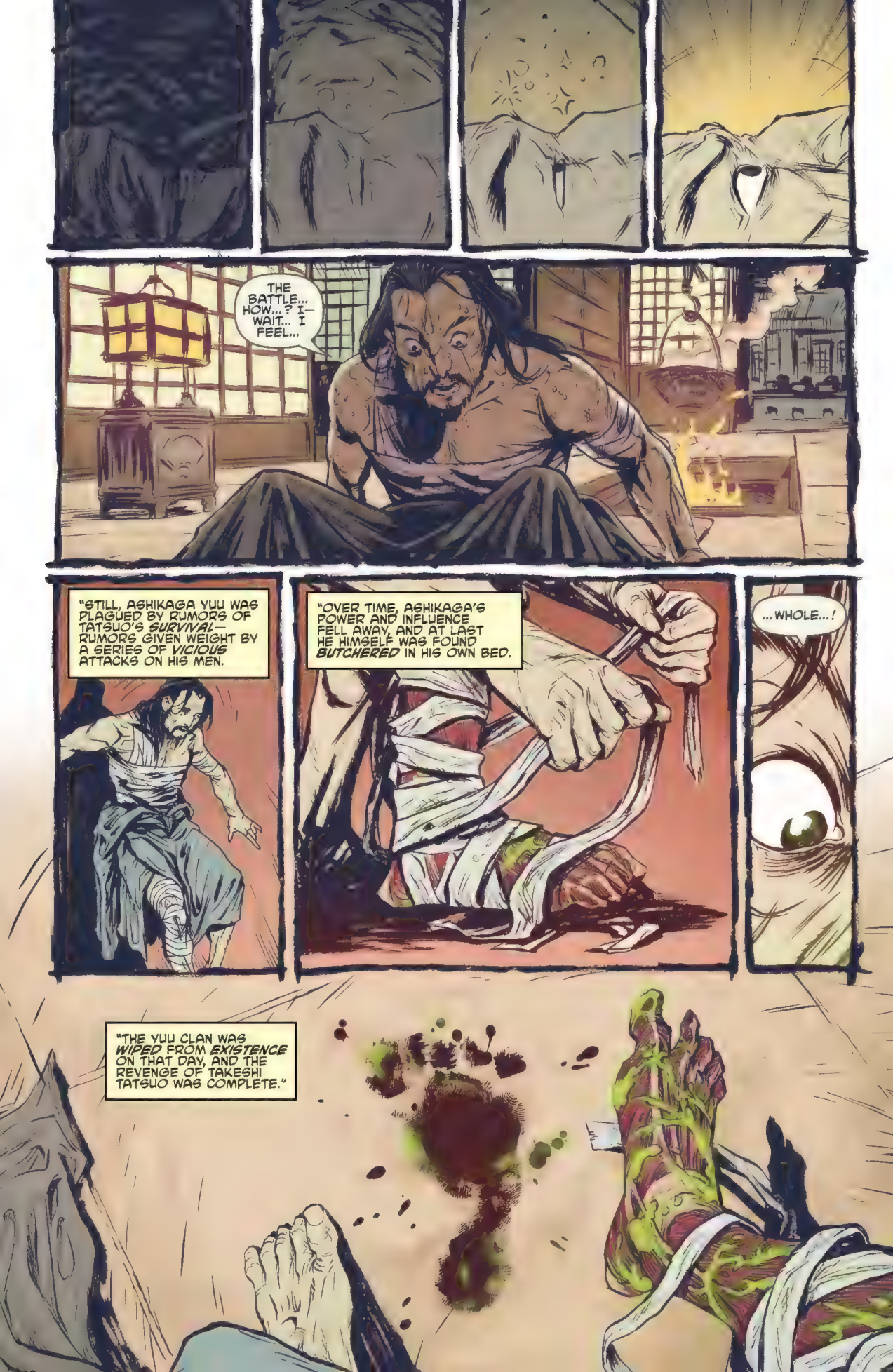
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE FOOTCLAN #1

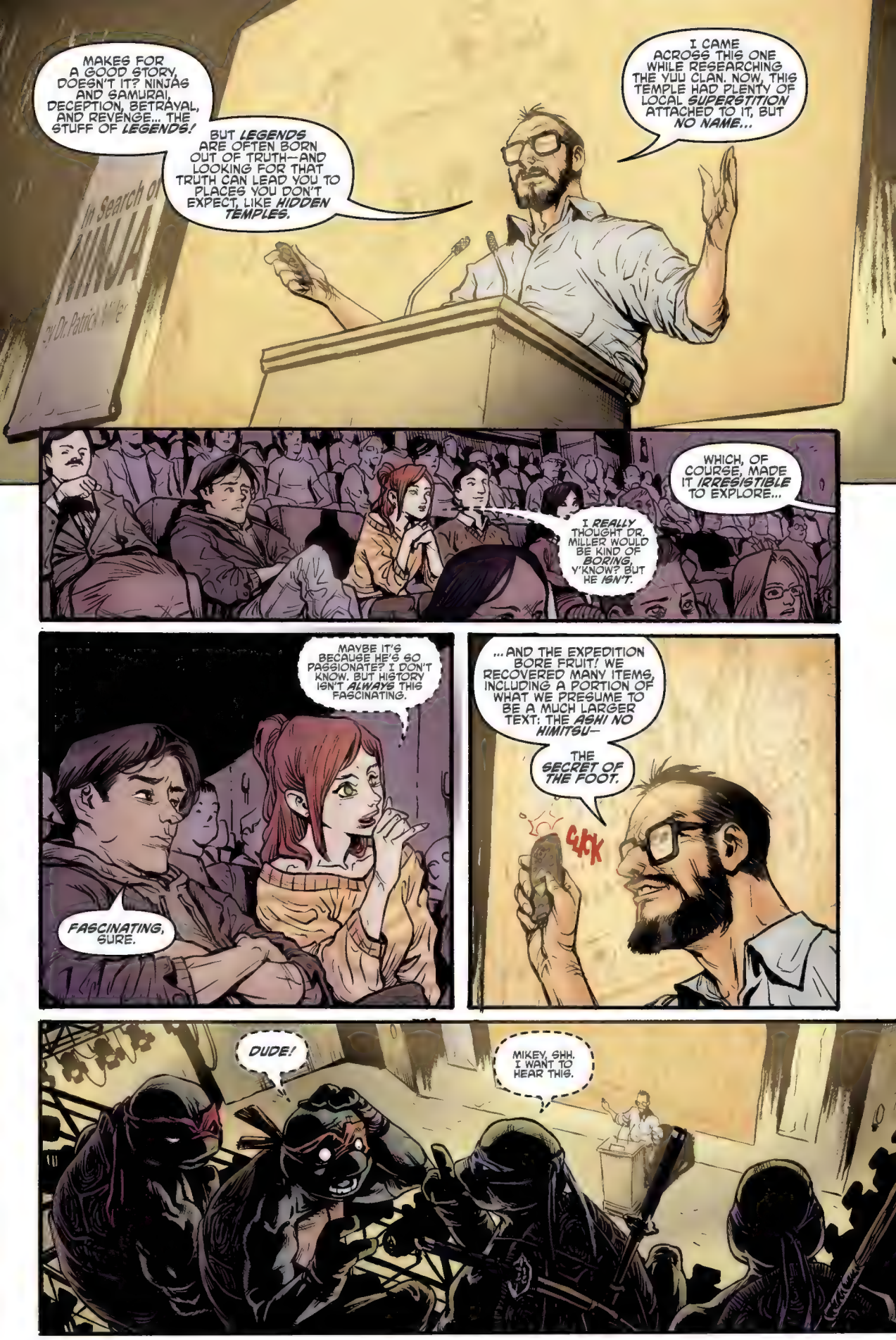

"THE YUU CLAN.
"RULED BY THE DAIMYO ASHIKAGA YUU, THIS WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST CLANS OF THE MUROMACHI PERIOD.
"ENJOYING CONSIDERABLE SUPPORT FROM THE SAMURAI CLASS, ASHIKAGA WAS WELL ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING SHOGUN. INSTEAD OF RULING JAPAN, HOWEVER, HE WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED AND AFTER HIS DEATH, HIS ENTIRE CLAN SIMPLY... VANISHED.
"HISTORY SUGGESTS THAT ASHIKAGA'S DOWNFALL MAY HAVE COME AT THE HANDS OF ONE OF HIS OWN CLAN MEMBERS, TAKESHI TATSUO, A MAN WHOSE SKILL WITH THE SWORD WAS MATCHED ONLY BY HIS OWN AMBITION.
"TATSUO'S REPUTATION HAD GROWN SO MUCH IN SUCH A SHORT TIME THAT EVEN HIS OWN MASTER—ASHIKAGA—HAD COME TO FEAR HIM.
"AND NO MAN WHO WOULD BE SHOGUN COULD AFFORD THAT KIND OF FEAR...
"...SO ASHIKAGA SENT TATSUO OFF ON A MISSION INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO KILL THIEVES.
"IT WAS, OF COURSE, A TRAP.
"TO KILL ONE MAN, ASHIKAGA HAD SENT A LEGION OF WARRIORS."


CLICK
"FOR ANY ORDINARY MAN, THE STORY WOULD END HERE.
"BUT TAKESHI TATSUO WAS NOT AN ORDINARY MAN. HE SURPRISED HIS ATTACKERS AND FLEW INTO BATTLE LIKE A MAN POSSESSED.
"HE SHOWED THE MEN SENT TO KILL HIM JUST HOW DESERVED HIS REPUTATION TRULY WAS.
"BUT THOUGH IT WAS A BATTLE WORTHY OF THE MANY STORIES WRITTEN ABOUT IT..."

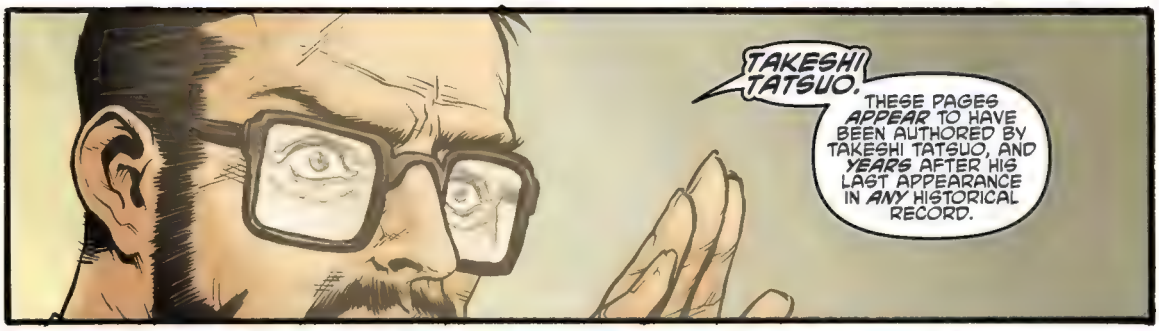
"...IT STILL CAME DOWN TO *ONE* MAN AGAINST MANY.
"AND THE *FEWER* OF TATSUO'S OPPONENTS THAT *REMAINED*...
"...THE *EASIER* IT BECAME FOR *THEIR SWORDS* TO FIND *HIM*."

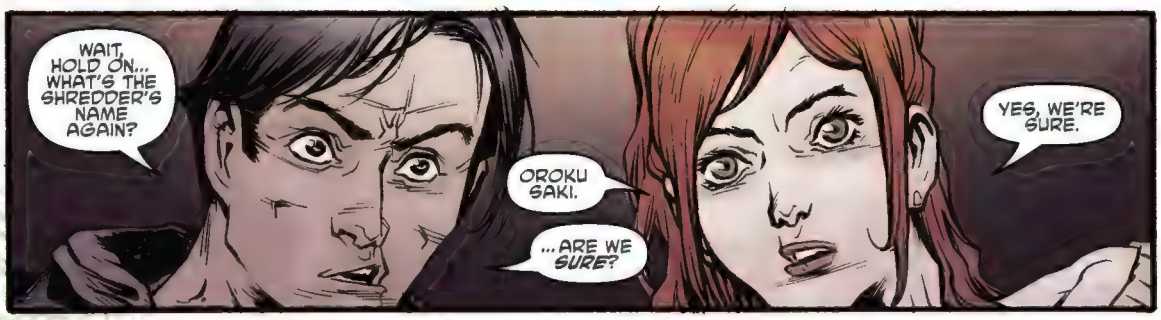
"THE REMAINS OF THE MEN SENT AGAINST TAKESHI TATSUO WERE FOUND AFTER THE SNOWS MELTED.
"IT WAS ASSUMED TAKESHI DIDN'T SURVIVE, EITHER."
"BECAUSE WHAT MAN COULD?"
BAP
FWOOSH


THE BATTLE... HOW...? I— WAIT... I FEEL...
"STILL, ASHIKAGA YUU WAS PLAGUED BY RUMORS OF TATSUO'S *SURVIVAL*— RUMORS GIVEN WEIGHT BY A SERIES OF *VICIOUS* ATTACKS ON HIS MEN.
"OVER TIME, ASHIKAGA'S POWER AND INFLUENCE FELL AWAY, AND AT LAST HE HIMSELF WAS FOUND *BUTCHERED* IN HIS OWN BED.
...WHOLE...!
"THE YUU CLAN WAS *WIPED* FROM *EXISTENCE* ON THAT DAY, AND THE REVENGE OF TAKESHI TATSUO WAS COMPLETE."


MAKES FOR A GOOD STORY, DOESN'T IT? NINJAS AND SAMURAI, DECEPTION, BETRAYAL, AND REVENGE... THE STUFF OF *LEGENDS!*
BUT *LEGENDS* ARE OFTEN BORN OUT OF TRUTH—AND LOOKING FOR THAT TRUTH CAN LEAD YOU TO PLACES YOU DON'T EXPECT, LIKE *HIDDEN TEMPLES.*
I CAME ACROSS THIS ONE WHILE RESEARCHING THE YUU CLAN. NOW, THIS TEMPLE HAD PLENTY OF LOCAL *SUPERSTITION* ATTACHED TO IT, BUT *NO NAME...*
WHICH, OF COURSE, MADE IT *IRRESISTIBLE* TO EXPLORE...
I *REALLY* THOUGHT DR. MILLER WOULD BE KIND OF *BORING*, Y'KNOW? BUT HE *ISN'T.*
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S SO PASSIONATE? I DON'T KNOW. BUT HISTORY ISN'T *ALWAYS* THIS FASCINATING.
FASCINATING, SURE.
...AND THE EXPEDITION BORE FRUIT! WE RECOVERED MANY ITEMS, INCLUDING A PORTION OF WHAT WE PRESUME TO BE A MUCH LARGER TEXT: THE *ASHI NO HIMITSU—*
THE *SECRET OF THE FOOT.*
CLICK
DUDE!
MIKEY, SHH. I WANT TO HEAR THIS.

NINJA
THE PAGES YOU'RE LOOKING AT IDENTIFY THE ASHI NO HIMITSU AS THE COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF A NINJA ORDER, THE FOOT CLAN.
WE'VE FOUND DETAILS ON HOW THEY INFLUENCED THE POLITICS OF THEIR DAY, MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS MODERN MAN HAS NEVER EVEN HEARD OF, EVEN STORIES OF SUPPOSED BLACK MAGIC... AND WHAT WE FOUND IS FAR FROM THE COMPLETE VOLUME.
BUT PERHAPS YOU'RE ASKING WHAT THIS MANUSCRIPT HAS TO DO WITH THE YUU CLAN? WHAT'S THE CONNECTION, THE COMMON THREAD?

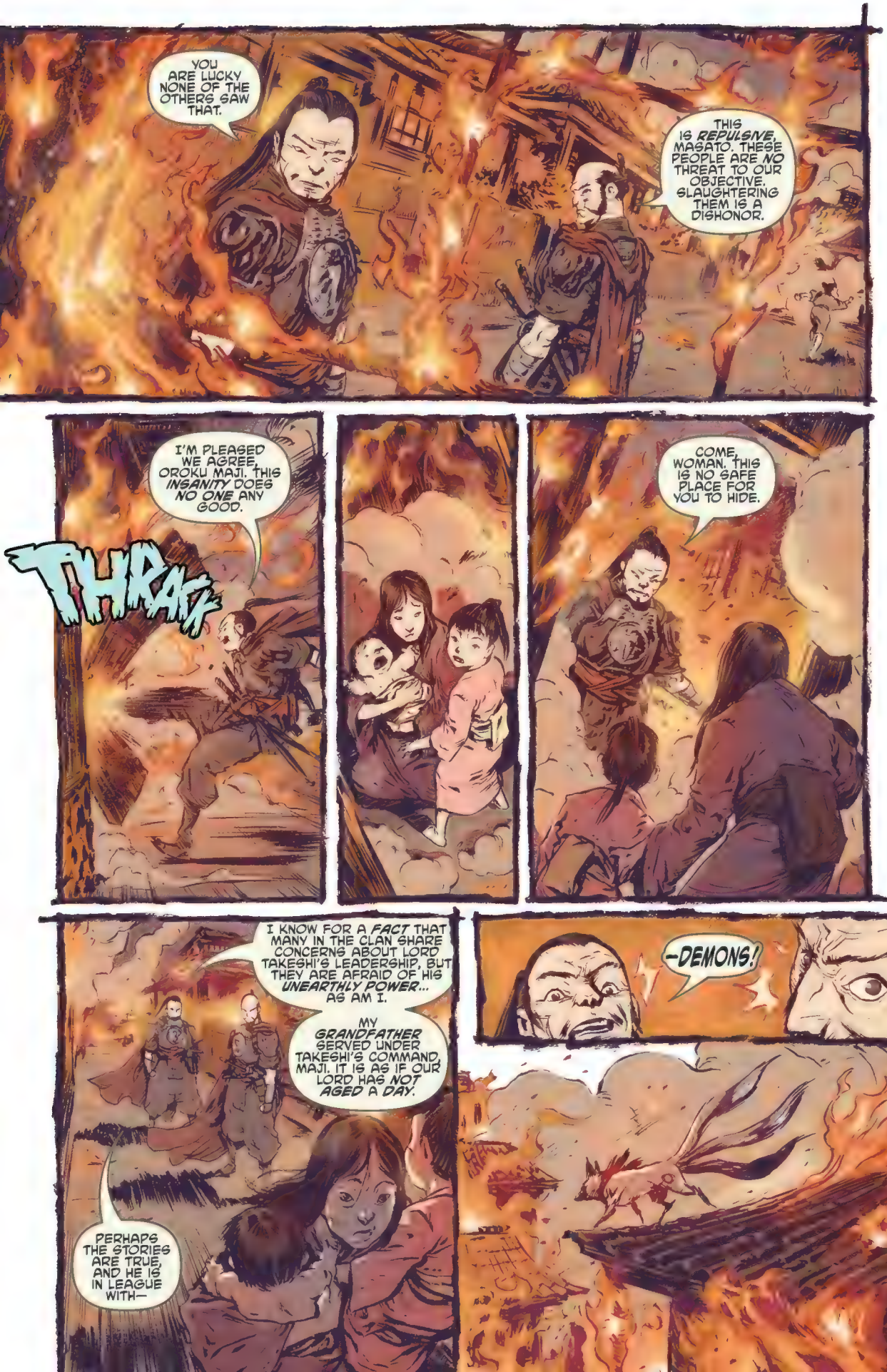

TAKESHI TATSUO.
THESE PAGES APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN AUTHORED BY TAKESHI TATSUO, AND YEARS AFTER HIS LAST APPEARANCE IN ANY HISTORICAL RECORD.

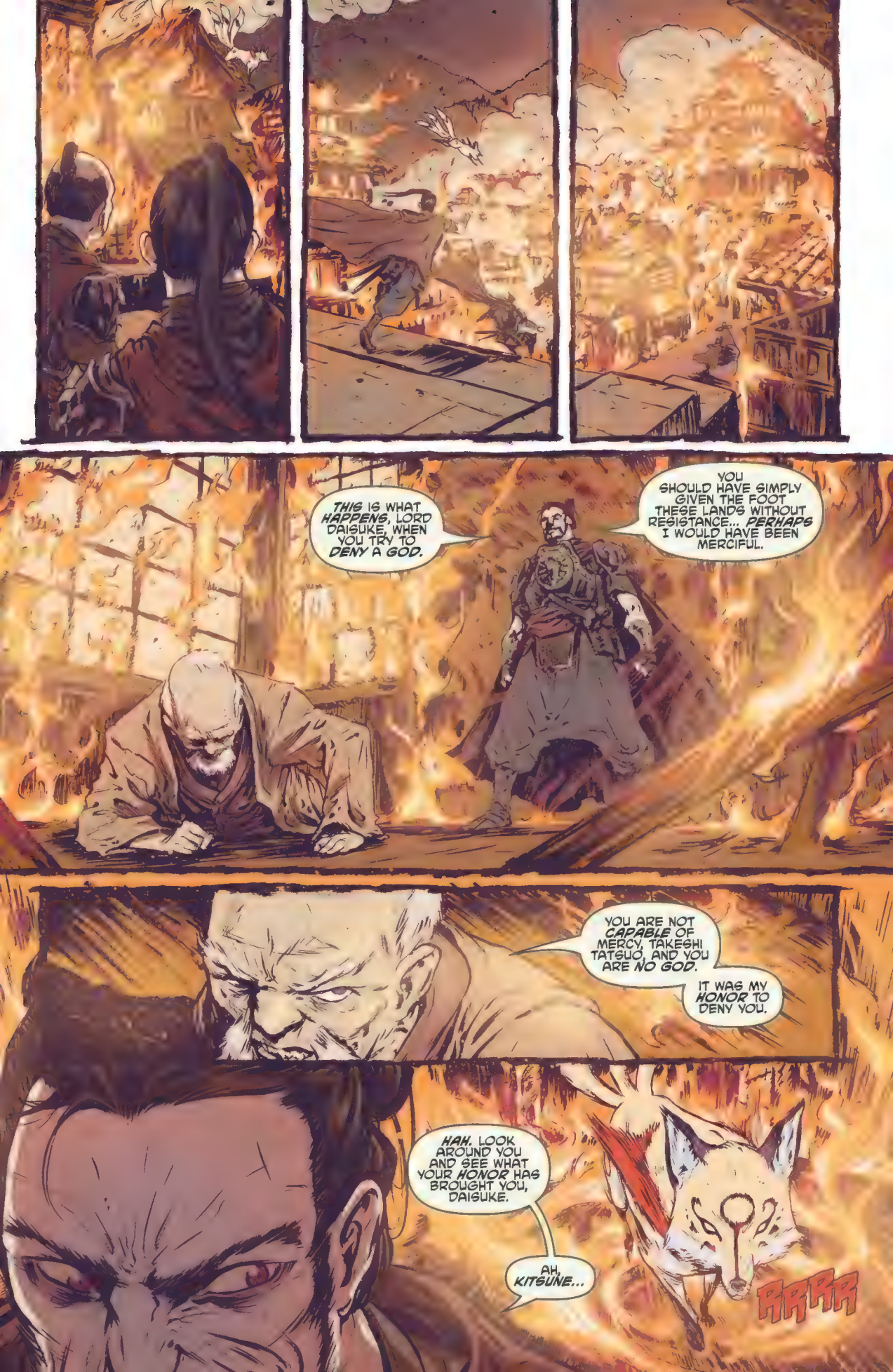

WAIT, HOLD ON... WHAT'S THE SHREDDER'S NAME AGAIN?
OROKU SAKI.
...ARE WE SURE?
YES, WE'RE SURE.

IT'S NOT OUTSIDE THE REALM OF POSSIBILITY THAT TATSUO FORMED THE FOOT CLAN FROM THE REMNANTS OF THE YUU CLAN AFTER ASHIKAGA'S DEATH... BUT WHAT DO WE KNOW OF THE FOOT CLAN? WHAT WAS THE EXTENT OF THEIR INFLUENCE BEFORE THEY, TOO, DIED OUT?
SHHH!
BEFORE THEY DIED OUT, HE SAYS. YEESH.

THE ASHI NO HIMITSU SUGGESTS THAT THE TRUE SECRET OF THE FOOT'S POWER CAME FROM AN ALLIANCE WITH KITSUNE, AN ALLEGED WITCH.
TAKESHI TATSUO GAINED SOMETHING FROM THAT ALLIANCE THAT DROVE HIM TO SERVE HER PATRON, THE TERRIBLE AND POWERFUL TETSU ONI, THE IRON DEMON...

"THE ACTIONS TAKEN IN THE NAME OF THIS ONI WERE THE EPITOME OF RUTHLESSNESS, AND IT APPEARS THAT TATSUO REVELED IN THEM."
THUD!
OH!
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PAY AS MUCH ATTENTION TO WHERE YOU RUN AS TO WHAT YOU RUN FROM, BOY. NOW GO.
NOW! BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND!


YOU ARE LUCKY NONE OF THE OTHERS SAW THAT.
THIS IS REPULSIVE, MASATO. THESE PEOPLE ARE NO THREAT TO OUR OBJECTIVE. SLAUGHTERING THEM IS A DISHONOR.
I'M PLEASED WE AGREE, OROKU MAJI. THIS INSANITY DOES NO ONE ANY GOOD.
THRAK
COME, WOMAN. THIS IS NO SAFE PLACE FOR YOU TO HIDE.
I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT MANY IN THE CLAN SHARE CONCERNS ABOUT LORD TAKESHI'S LEADERSHIP, BUT THEY ARE AFRAID OF HIS UNEARTHLY POWER... AS AM I.
MY GRANDFATHER SERVED UNDER TAKESHI'S COMMAND, MAJI. IT IS AS IF OUR LORD HAS NOT AGED A DAY.
PERHAPS THE STORIES ARE TRUE, AND HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH—
—DEMONS!

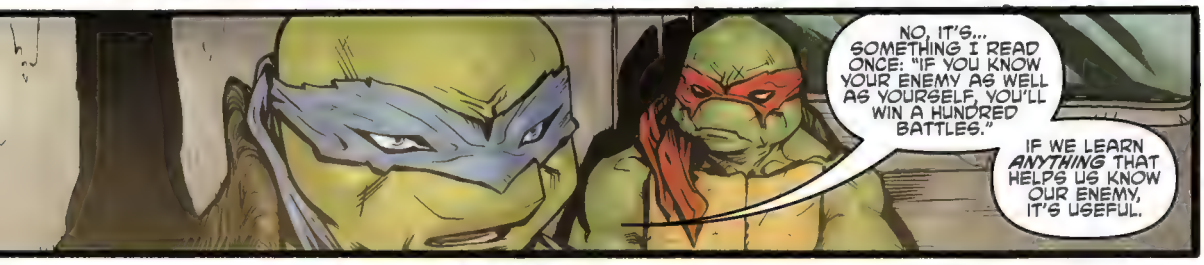

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS, LORD DAISUKE, WHEN YOU TRY TO DENY A GOD.
YOU SHOULD HAVE SIMPLY GIVEN THE FOOT THESE LANDS WITHOUT RESISTANCE... PERHAPS I WOULD HAVE BEEN MERCIFUL.
YOU ARE NOT CAPABLE OF MERCY, TAKESHI TATSUO, AND YOU ARE NO GOD.
IT WAS MY HONOR TO DENY YOU.
HAH. LOOK AROUND YOU AND SEE WHAT YOUR HONOR HAS BROUGHT YOU, DAISUKE.
AH, KITSUNE...
RRRR

...OUR BUSINESS HERE IS DONE. YOU MAY TELL YOUR IRON DEMON THAT THE LANDS HE SO WANTED HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED.
I AM... PLEASED TO HEAR THAT, LORD TAKESHI.
MAJI, THE RUMORS... THEY'RE TRUE!

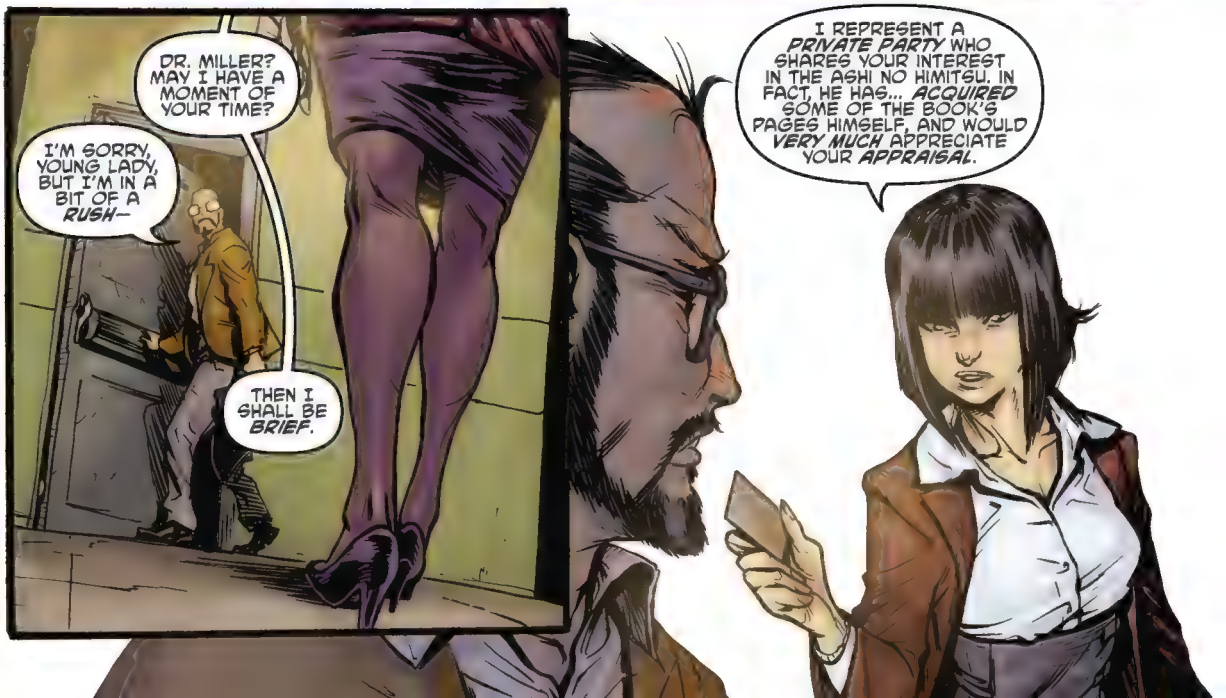
I'M JUST SAYING WE SHOULD *TALK* TO HIM, THAT'S ALL. HE PROBABLY HAS A *LOT MORE* INFORMATION ABOUT THE FOOT CLAN... HE *COULD* HAVE SOMETHING HELPFUL TO THE GUYS.
I DUNNO. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO SAY? "HI, WE WANT TO LOOK AT ALL YOUR VALUABLE OLD NINJA STUFF BECAUSE THERE'S THIS DUDE WHO CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD..."

...ANYWAY, WHY WOULD'JA EVEN THINK HE'S GOT ANYTHING ELSE THAT COULD HELP?
HE WILL.

GAH! I *HATE* IT WHEN YOU GUYS DO THAT!
WELL, WE'RE *NINJAS*, DUDE. IT'S TOTALLY HABIT.
AND WHY ARE YOU SO SURE, LEO? DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T?


NO, IT'S... SOMETHING I READ ONCE: "IF YOU KNOW YOUR ENEMY AS WELL AS YOURSELF, YOU'LL WIN A HUNDRED BATTLES."
IF WE LEARN *ANYTHING* THAT HELPS US KNOW OUR ENEMY, IT'S USEFUL.

DR. MILLER? MAY I HAVE A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME?
I'M SORRY, YOUNG LADY, BUT I'M IN A BIT OF A *RUSH*—
THEN I SHALL BE *BRIEF*.


I REPRESENT A *PRIVATE PARTY* WHO SHARES YOUR INTEREST IN THE ASHI NO HIMITSU. IN FACT, HE HAS... *ACQUIRED* SOME OF THE BOOK'S PAGES HIMSELF, AND WOULD *VERY MUCH* APPRECIATE YOUR *APPRAISAL*.

...AND THEN, HE TALKED ABOUT A WITCH...
—KITSUNE?
YES, FATHER. HOW DID YOU KNOW?
MY MASTER MASATO HAD TOLD ME TALES OF KITSUNE AND THE DECADES OF DARKNESS THE FOOT CLAN ENDURED WHILE ALLIED WITH HER...
"...DARKNESS THAT LIFTED ONLY WHEN OROKU MAJI LED A REBELLION TO FREE THE CLAN FROM THE VERY MONSTER WHO FOUNDED IT."

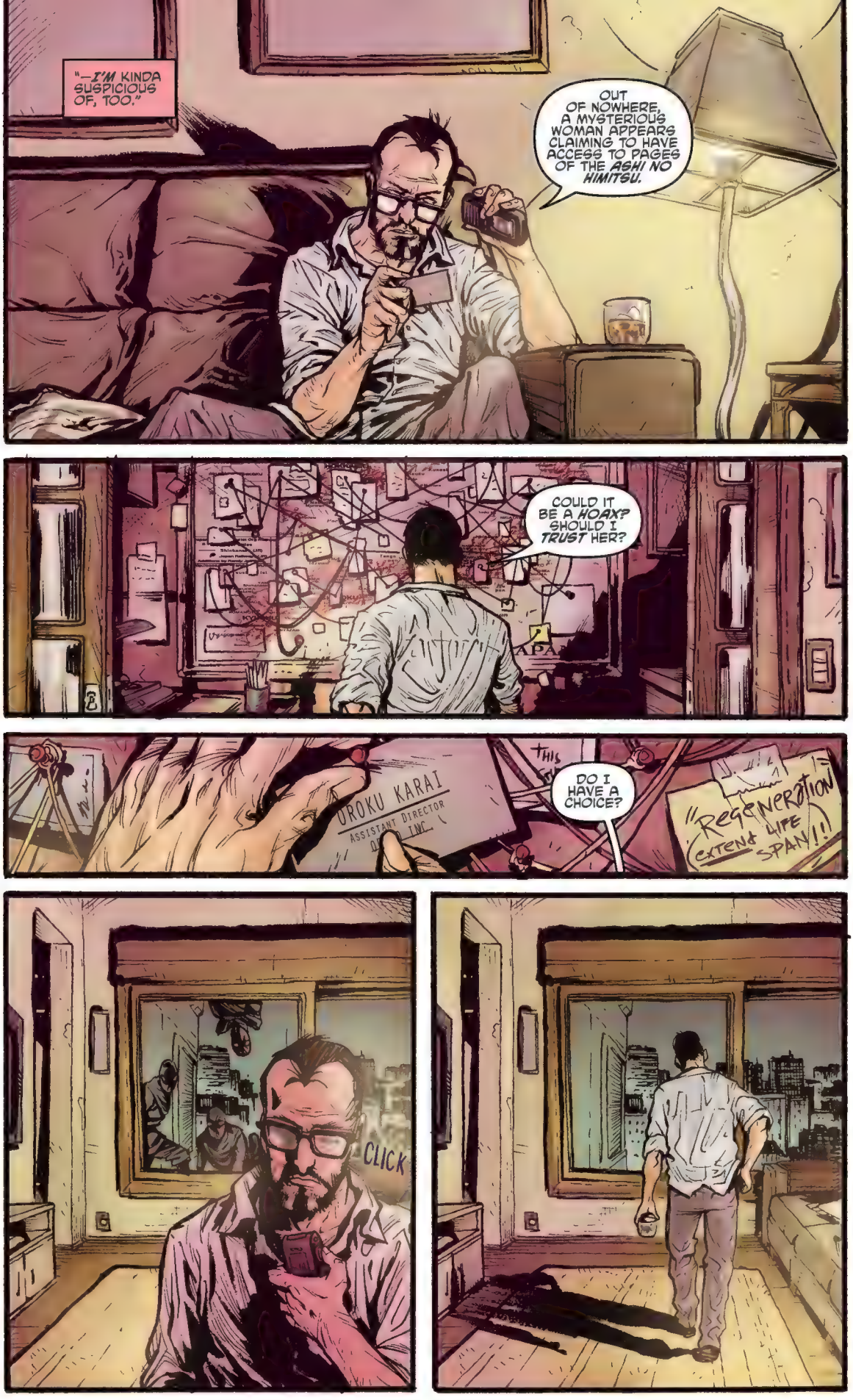
IT HAPPENS ONCE EACH MONTH, BROTHERS, AND ALWAYS DURING THE FULL MOON.
LORD TAKESHI LOCKS HIMSELF AWAY WHILE THE WITCH TRAVELS WEST WITH AN EMPTY SATCHEL. TWO DAYS LATER, SHE RETURNS WITH IT FULL, AND ONLY THEN DOES HE EMERGE.
I WONDER WHY?
IT IS THE WAY OF HER MAGIC. IT MUST BE. SHE IS BRINGING HIM POWER FROM THE DEMON SHE SERVES.
OUR FORCES ARE READY—WE SHOULD ATTACK NOW!
BUT THE WITCH HAS RETURNED, RYO. WHATEVER SHE BRINGS TO LORD TAKESHI, HE HAS ALREADY RECEIVED.
HOW LONG ARE WE TO WAIT, THEN?
WE MUST NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES—
—I WOULD KNOW WHAT SPELL THE WITCH CASTS BEFORE WE FACE HER POWER DIRECTLY.

"AND SO, THE NEXT MONTH..."
I AM *TIRED*, KITSUNE.
THAT IS BUT THE PROTEST OF AN *OLD MAN*. DRINK THIS ELIXIR, MY LORD, AND YOUR WEARINESS WILL BE BUT A *MEMORY*.
I AM *TIRED* OF SUBMITTING TO THE WILL OF *YOUR DEMON* IN ORDER TO PROLONG MY LIFE.
SERVITUDE IS *TOO GREAT* A PRICE TO PAY FOR *IMMORTALITY*.
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING *PERMANENT* THAT CAN BE DONE... I *REFUSE* TO GO ON LIKE THIS!
I AM *SEARCHING*, MY LORD. IT WILL ONLY TAKE *TIME*, WHICH IS ON OUR SIDE.
WE WILL FIND A BETTER WAY, MY LORD. I SWEAR IT.
"MAJI HAD WITNESSED THE SECRET TO TAKESHI'S POWER, AND FORMED A STRATEGY— A *SURPRISE ATTACK*..."

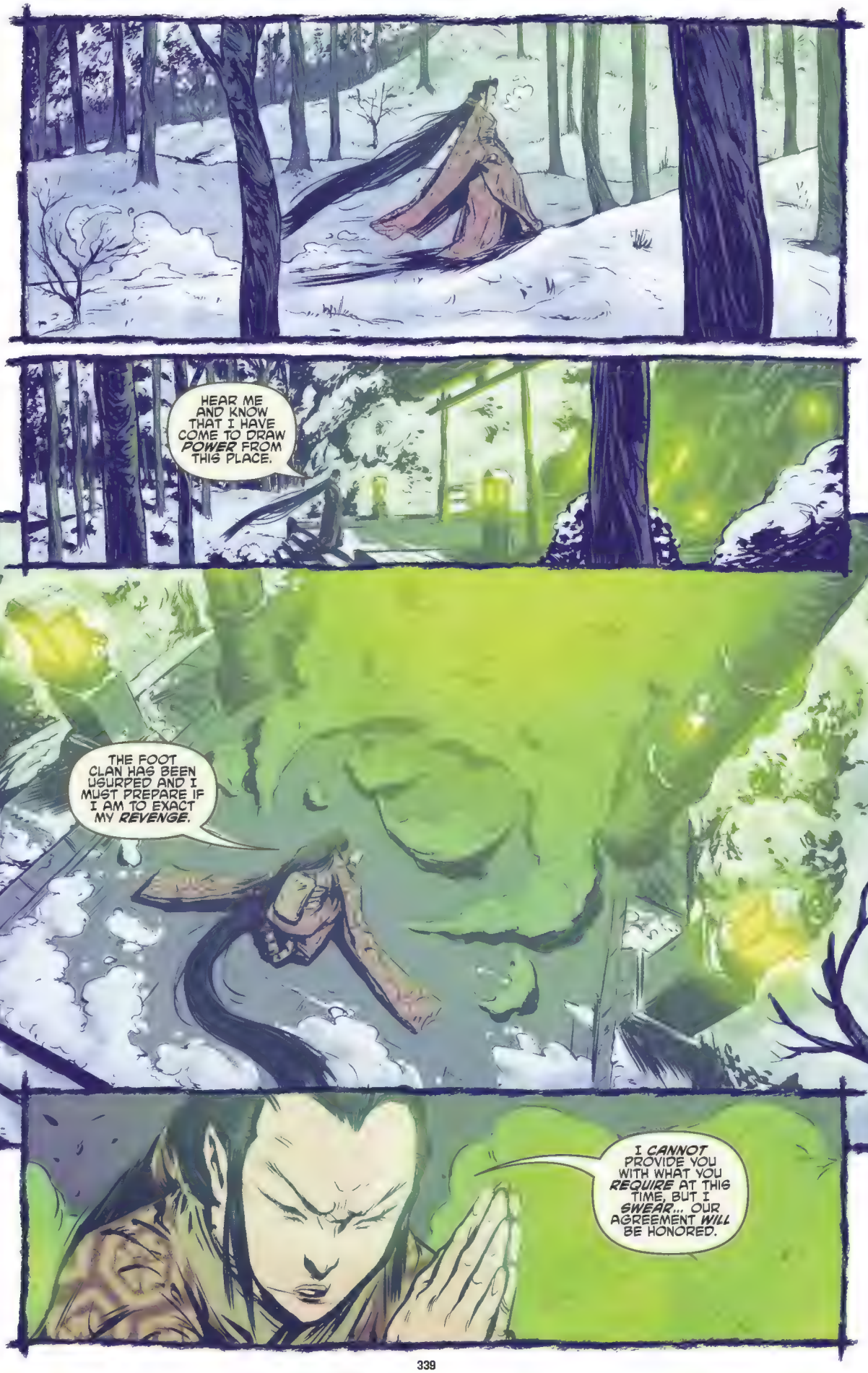
"...THE FOLLOWING MONTH, BEFORE TATSUO COULD COMPLETE HIS TRANSFORMATION."
KRTHK
TAKESHI TATSUO! DEATH COMES FOR YOU THIS NIGHT!
WHAT?!
THE POTION— NO!
YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS TREACHERY, OROKU MAJI!
CH-KRRKLE
YOU WILL ALL PAY.
RRRR
I WILL DEAL WITH TAKESHI, OLD FRIEND, IF YOU CAN KEEP HIS WITCH FROM TEARING OUT MY THROAT.
BUT DO NOT KILL HER. NOT YET.
TRAITOR! I WILL HAVE YOUR EYES FOR THIS!
IT IS YOU WHO HAVE BETRAYED YOUR CLAN, TATSUO, BARGAINING WITH DEMONS...
STAY BACK, WITCH... I WILL NOT WARN YOU AGAIN. THIS BATTLE IS NOT FOR YOU.

YOU KNOW NOTHING, BOY! ALL I DO, I DO FOR THE GLORY OF THE FOOT CLAN!
KTANG
GLORY IS NOT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING, LORD TAKESHI. THOSE OF US WITH BUT ONE LIFETIME ALREADY KNOW THIS.
TOOK
HONOR IS WHAT TRULY MATTERS. IT IS ALL WE HAVE THAT IS OURS.
NO!
AND YOUR WAY HAS DISHONORED US ALL ENOUGH.
SMASH
EEEE!
YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, OROKU MAJI!
I RESTORED HONOR TO THE FOOT CLAN, WITCH, AND KILLED A MAN WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD LONG AGO.
HONOR? NO, YOU HAVE BROUGHT DISGRACE INTO OUR HOUSE... AND MARK MY WORDS, BOY, TAKESHI TATSUO WILL BE AVENGED...
XORSH
...YOUR OWN HOUSE WILL BE THE DEATH OF YOU!

FROM THERE, MASTERS MAJI AND MASATO SET THE FOOT CLAN ON A PATH OF HONOR. A PATH I WAS PROUD TO WALK WITH THEM.
IT STILL MYSTIFIES ME THAT MAJI'S OWN SON WOULD BE THE ONE TO TURN THE CLAN BACK TO THE DARK WAYS OF ITS FOUNDER...
HEY, MAYBE THE KID GOT ZAPPED BY SOME OF THAT BLACK MAGIC THE PROFESSOR DUDE WAS TALKING ABOUT.
OH, COME ON... THERE HAS GOT TO BE A BETTER EXPLANATION THAN MAGIC.
YEAH, 'CAUSE MAGIC CAN TURN SOME CHICK INTO A GIANT FOX, BUT IT COULD NEVER MAKE ANYBODY TURN EVIL OR NOTHIN'.
GUYS, A LITTLE FOCUS? I STILL THINK WE NEED TO TALK TO DR. MILLER AND SEE WHAT ELSE HE HAS ON THE FOOT CLAN.
I DUNNO... I JUST GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS GUY. IT'S A GUT THING.
OH, COME ON, CASEY. WE CAN JUST DROP BY HIS OFFICE TOMORROW, QUICK AND EASY!
INTUITION IS IMPORTANT, CASEY, BUT I MUST AGREE WITH APRIL; THIS WOULD BE WISE TO PURSUE.
I'D LIKE TO GO TOO. I WANT TO KNOW MORE.
YOU HAVE FUN WITH THAT, LEO. I HAVE A LITTLE PROJECT OF MY OWN TO KEEP ME BUSY.
YEAH, AND I'M KINDA WIPED WITH ALL THE HISTORY STUFF.
RAPH, DUDE, AM I CRAZY TO BE SUSPICIOUS?
NAH. GOTTA TRUST YOUR GUT, MAN.
THANKS, BRO.
NO WORRIES, CASE. FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ANY GUY THIS INTO THE FOOT—


"—I'M KINDA SUSPICIOUS OF, TOO."
OUT OF NOWHERE, A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN APPEARS CLAIMING TO HAVE ACCESS TO PAGES OF THE ASHI NO HIMITSU.
COULD IT BE A HOAX? SHOULD I TRUST HER?
UROKU KARAI
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
DO I HAVE A CHOICE?
"Regeneration (extend life span!!)
CLICK

I HAVE DELIVERED THE INVITATION, MASTER, BUT I DO *NOT* SEE WHY YOU ALLOW THIS MAN TO *LIVE*. HIS RESEARCH COULD *EXPOSE* US...!
YOU ARE QUESTIONING MY *JUDGMENT*...?
NO, MASTER.
HIS IS A *KEEN MIND*, KARAI. HE COULD NOT HAVE DISCOVERED SO MUCH ABOUT THE FOOT CLAN OTHERWISE.
WE WILL BRING HIM IN AND DIRECT HIS MIND TOWARD WORK OF *MY* CHOOSING.
I MAY ALLOW YOU TO KILL HIM *LATER*, BUT FOR NOW, HE IS *NOT* TO BE *TOUCHED*. NOW GO.
YES, MASTER.
MASTER— WHY IS *THIS* MAN SO VALUABLE THAT YOU SPARE HIM?
HE HAS A SKILL FOR FOLLOWING PATHS OBSCURED BY THE LONG MARCH OF TIME.
MASTER? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
POWER, ALOPEX. I AM LOOKING FOR A POWER THE FOOT CLAN SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE *LOST*. AND MAY HIS GODS HELP THIS MAN IF HE CANNOT FIND IT FOR ME.


HEAR ME AND KNOW THAT I HAVE COME TO DRAW *POWER* FROM THIS PLACE.
THE FOOT CLAN HAS BEEN USURPED AND I MUST PREPARE IF I AM TO EXACT MY *REVENGE*.
I *CANNOT* PROVIDE YOU WITH WHAT YOU *REQUIRE* AT THIS TIME, BUT I *SWEAR*... OUR AGREEMENT *WILL* BE HONORED.

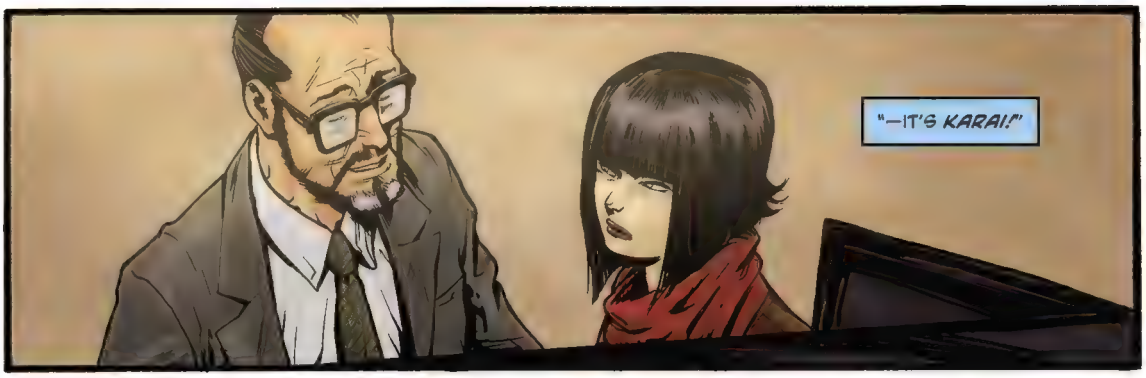
I'M LISTENING...

art by RAFAEL GRAMPÁ

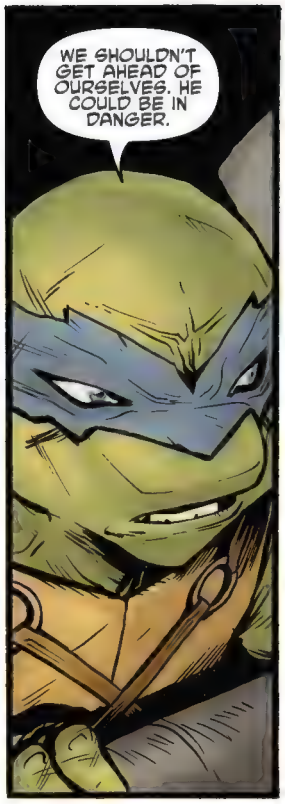
art by MATEUS SANTOLOUCO

SECRET HISTORY OF THE FOOTCLAN #2

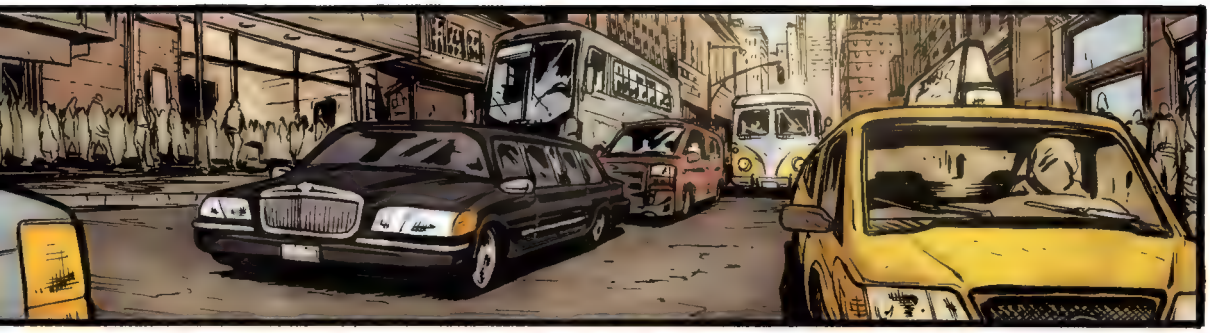
OKAY, WHAT *EXACTLY* ARE WE GOING TO ASK THE PROFESSOR?
YOU KNOW, CASEY, YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* TO COME.
I'M A TEAM PLAYER, APRIL, Y'KNOW?
GUYS, LOOK—ISN'T THAT DR. MILLER?
THAT'S HIM. HE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE.
THE WAY SHE MOVES... IT LOOKS LIKE—


"—IT'S KARAI!"

YEAH, AND HE'S LOOKING PRETTY FRIENDLY WITH HER TO ME.
I KNEW MY GUT WAS ON TO SOMETHING!


WE SHOULDN'T GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES. HE COULD BE IN DANGER.

SO WE FOLLOW THEM!
ROOM

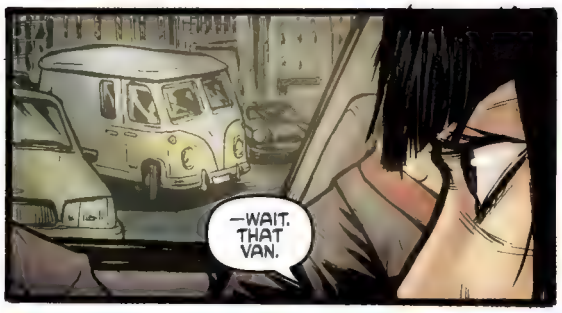


SO... ARE ALL THESE MEN HERE FOR ME?

I'M JUST A PROFESSOR, NOT A MASTER SPY.

...TOUGH ROOM...
DR. MILLER.

WE REQUIRE YOUR EXPERTISE, NOT YOUR HUMOR. LET US CONTINUE THIS RIDE IN SILENCE—


—WAIT. THAT VAN.

<WE ARE BEING FOLLOWED. EVADE THEM.>
HAI.

LOOKS LIKE THEY SPOTTED US!
I WON'T LOSE THEM.
SKREEEEEE
SKREEEEEE
WHAT'S GOING ON? ARE WE BEING CHASED?!
SILENCE!
PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
WHAT--?!? WHO *ARE* YOU PEOPLE?
HEY, STOP— WHOAH!
SN-KASH

INCOMING!
YEAH, CASE— WE AIN'T BLIND!
KEEPIN' THIS THING STEADY WOULD HELP, APRIL!
I'M DOING MY BEST!
KRAK
GUYS, WATCH OUT—
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
—THERE'S STILL ONE MORE!
TAKE CARE OF IT, RAPH—I CAN HANDLE THESE TWO!
YOU GOT IT.

UNH!
WRECH
WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS!
LOWLY BEAST!
AW, YOU'RE GONNA HURT MY FEELINGS TALKIN' LIKE THAT.
PERHAPS I SHOULD HURT SOMETHING ELSE.
THRACK

KNASH
OH!
THK
SKREEEE
WHOOP—
ARE YOU TWO OKAY? WE HAVE TO—
YOU GUYS GET AFTER 'EM—I'LL CHECK APRIL OUT!
YOU'LL... WHAT NOW?
FASTER!
I'M GOIN'!

KARAI!
TOO SLOW!
NO!
YOU GUYS ALL RIGHT?
COUPLE SCRATCHES, BUT WE'RE FINE. LUCKY FOR US THIS VAN'S PRACTICALLY A *TANK*.
DID THEY GET AWAY?
NOT FOR LONG. LEO AND I BORROWED THIS THING DONNIE'S BEEN WORKIN' ON. CHECK IT OUT.
WE PLANTED A TRACKER ON 'EM.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? WHAT DO YOU REALLY WANT FROM ME?
WE WANT EXACTLY WHAT I SAID WE DID, DOCTOR. MY MASTER WILL MAKE ALL THINGS CLEAR.
WELCOME, MILLER SENSEI.
I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE STRESS YOU'VE BEEN PUT THROUGH TODAY. HOWEVER, AS KARAI SAID, OUR OFFER IS GENUINE. WE WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO MAKE USE OF YOUR EXPERTISE.
KARAI.
WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO...

YOU'VE SIMPLY FOUND WHAT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, DOCTOR.
WE ARE THE FOOT CLAN.
IMPOSSIBLE.
WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR WORK, DOCTOR. YOU HAVE FOUND THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN LOST... EVEN TO US.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE JUST HOW MUCH MORE YOU CAN FIND WITH THE PROPER SUPPORT?
THE ASHI NO HIMITSU!

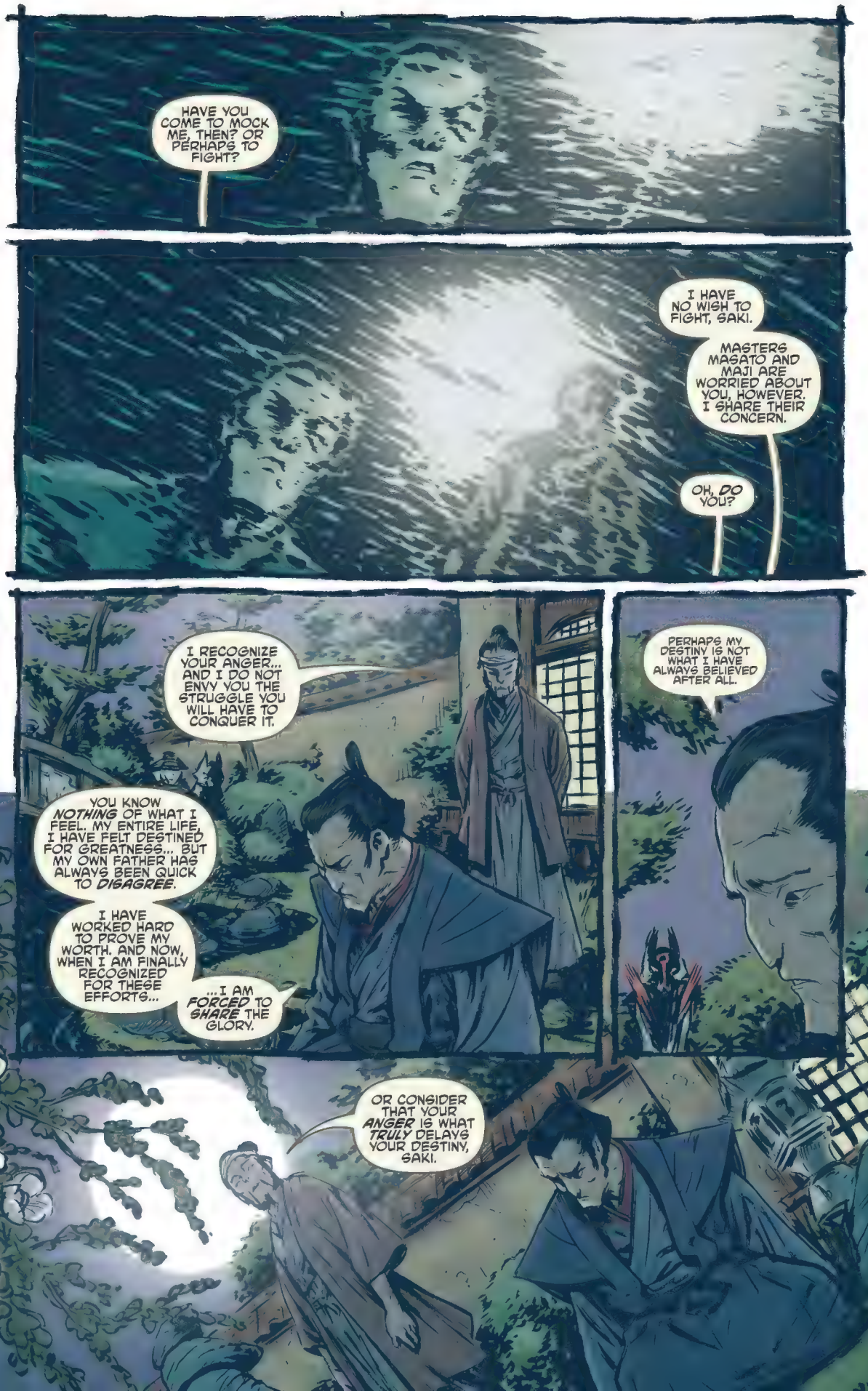
NOW, YOUNG SAKI...
...WHICH OF THESE BELONGS TO YOU?
UMMM...
...THIS...
...AND THIS...
...AAAAAND...
AND THIS! I MAKE THIS!

NO! NONE OF THESE THINGS BELONG TO YOU, SAKI!
I AM SORRY, MASTER MAJI, BUT WE CANNOT DENY WHAT WE HAVE SEEN. TATSUO TAKESHI HAS BEEN REBORN...
...IN THE FIRSTBORN OF HIS ASSASSIN. IN MY OWN SON. THE WITCH'S CURSE HAS BORNE FRUIT.
OROKU MAJI, YOU MUST LISTEN: EVEN THOUGH IT IS TATSUO TAKESHI'S SOUL INHABITING SAKI'S BODY, HE IS STILL YOUR CHILD... AND CHILDREN ARE LIKE BLANK WASHIS, READY TO ABSORB ALL THAT LIFE GIVES THEM.
"YOU HAVE THE CHANCE TO SAVE THE SPIRIT OF A BETRAYED AND BITTER WARRIOR WITH THE MOST POWERFUL AND VALUABLE OF DHARMAS—
"—LOVE. YOU CAN HELP TO ACHIEVE A BALANCE, OROKU MAJI, AND BREAK THE CYCLE OF TERRIBLE KARMA THAT BEGAN OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
"IT WILL BE DIFFICULT, BUT IT CAN BE DONE."

"TIME WILL TELL WHAT KIND OF MAN YOUR SON BECOMES..."
WE GATHER TO CELEBRATE! A FEAST HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY THE MERCHANT KANEKO IN GRATITUDE FOR AVENGING THE MURDER OF HIS SON AND RESTORING HIS FAMILY'S HONOR.
OCHI'S GUARDS WERE ALMOST A CHALLENGE. STILL, THE CONTRACT COULD HARDLY HAVE BEEN COMPLETED WITHOUT MY INVOLVEMENT...
I'M SURPRISED HE HASN'T YET TAKEN CREDIT FOR THE ENTIRE MISSION... I DO WISH YOU WOULD CORRECT HIM, YOSHI.
I WOULD, MY LOVE, BUT I FIND THAT I PREFER HIS BOASTING TO HIS ATTEMPTS AT CONVERSATION.
OH! I MUST SPEAK WITH MASTER MASATO. I WILL RETURN IN A MOMENT.
HURRY BACK.
WHY, TANG SHEN—WHAT IS THIS?
HAS YOSHI LEFT YOU ALL ALONE?
THWHAP

YOU—!
GRAB
YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, HAMATO YOSHI...
STOP!
THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR A FIGHT. IT IS A TIME TO CELEBRATE, AND FOR MORE THAN JUST ONE REASON. YOSHI, WALK YOUR LOVELY WIFE HOME, AND THEN JOIN US AT THE CASTLE. SAKI, COME WITH ME.
BUT—
WAS I BEING TOO VAGUE, OROKU SAKI?
I—NO, MASTER.

—BUT HE STARTED IT!
YOU MUST HAVE MORE PATIENCE IF YOU EVER EXPECT TO LEAD, MY SON, AND FAR MORE RESPECT.
BUT...
MASTERS. YOU REQUESTED MY PRESENCE?
AH, HAMATO YOSHI, YES. FIRST ALLOW ME TO OFFER MY CONGRATULATIONS; I HEAR YOU ARE TO BE A FATHER SOON.
...BUT THAT WAS NOT WHY I SUMMONED YOU. OCHI'S ASSASSINATION WAS AN IMPORTANT CONTRACT AND A DANGEROUS MISSION, BUT IT WAS ALSO A TRIAL.
THE COUNCIL HAS MET, AND AGREED—IT IS TIME TO INCREASE YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES WITHIN THE CLAN.
TOMORROW YOU WILL BOTH BECOME OUR NEWEST CHUNINS.
WHAT?! HIM?!
OROKU SAKI!
WAIT, MAJI. IF THEY ARE TO LEAD ONE DAY, THEY MUST LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER NOW.
YOSHI, GO. TALK WITH SAKI. AND DO NOT LET THIS BE THE TIME YOU FAIL TO CONTROL YOUR OWN TEMPER.


HAVE YOU COME TO MOCK ME, THEN? OR PERHAPS TO FIGHT?
I HAVE NO WISH TO FIGHT, SAKI.
MASTERS MASATO AND MAJI ARE WORRIED ABOUT YOU. HOWEVER, I SHARE THEIR CONCERN.
OH, DO YOU?
I RECOGNIZE YOUR ANGER... AND I DO NOT ENVY YOU THE STRUGGLE YOU WILL HAVE TO CONQUER IT.
YOU KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT I FEEL. MY ENTIRE LIFE, I HAVE FELT DESTINED FOR GREATNESS... BUT MY OWN FATHER HAS ALWAYS BEEN QUICK TO DISAGREE.
I HAVE WORKED HARD TO PROVE MY WORTH. AND NOW, WHEN I AM FINALLY RECOGNIZED FOR THESE EFFORTS...
...I AM FORCED TO SHARE THE GLORY.
PERHAPS MY DESTINY IS NOT WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED AFTER ALL.
OR CONSIDER THAT YOUR ANGER IS WHAT TRULY DELAYS YOUR DESTINY, SAKI.

"PERHAPS MEDITATION WILL HELP YOU FIND YOUR WAY, AS IT HAS HELPED ME FIND MINE."
WHO SPEAKS?
YAH!
THUNK
YOU WILL FIND YOUR LEGACY HIDDEN IN THE FLOOR.
IN THE... FLOOR...?

YOU GUYS *DO KNOW* YOU *COULD* HAVE DONE THIS BEFORE WE GOT HERE. YOU HAD *PLENTY* OF TIME.
SURE WE COULDA, Y'KNOW, EXCEPT *DONATELLO* "DUZMACHINES."
ARE YOU EVER GOING TO LET ME LIVE THAT SCREEN NAME DOWN?
I'M THINKIN' NO.
CUT HIM SOME SLACK, RAPH. HIS TRACKING-SHURIKEN WORKS *PERFECTLY*.
AWESOME! I WAS HELPING HIM BUILD MORE ALL DAY.
HE SAT NEXT TO ME AND READ A COMIC BOOK WHILE I SOLDERED.
OKAY, I HELPED KEEP HIM COMPANY. NOW WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH PROFESSOR GUY?
THE *FOOT* TOOK HIM... HE'S EITHER WORKING WITH THEM OR HE'S ONTO SOMETHING VALUABLE.
SO WHAT'S THE PLAY, COACH?
WE SHALL FOLLOW THIS SIGNAL TO ITS SOURCE—
"—AND THEN WE SHALL INFILTRATE."

MAYBE YOU SHOULDA STAYED IN THE VAN.
MAYBE *YOU* SHOULD HAVE, *TOO*.
I... ER... WELL, *SOMEBODY'S* GOTTA TRY TO GET THE PROF OUTTA HERE WHILE THE GUYS DEAL WITH ARROW GIRL, RIGHT?
AND THAT'S WHY I CAME. HE MIGHT NOT FIND THE *HOCKEY MASK* AS CHARMING AS I DO.
PING
AW, *NUTS*.
TRICK OR TREAT!
"TRICK OR TREAT?" REALLY? THAT'S THE *BEST* YOU COULD COME UP WITH?
SERIOUSLY, YA HAD A *WHOLE CLIMB* TO THINK OF SOMETHIN' BETTER!
I WAS *GONNA* FOLLOW UP WITH "SMELL MY FEET." GET IT? BECAUSE—
MIKEY. *FOCUS*.

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I COULD DISCOVER WITH SO MUCH OF THE MANUSCRIPT AT HAND...
I AM PLEASED TO HEAR THIS.
I JUST NEED TO CHECK THIS AGAINST MY—
WHAT IS THIS?!
I'M SORRY?
YOU INCOMPETENT FOOL! HOW DID YOU NOT SEE THIS?
SMAP
YOU HAVE GIVEN OUR POSITION AWAY!
MASTER!
ZZZZK
WHAT?!
THE ENEMY IS HERE, MASTER.
ENEMY? WHAT ENEMY?

THE ONLY ONE THAT MATTERS.
ALOPEX!
MASTER?
STAND WATCH OVER THIS MAN.
BUT-BUT-BUT THAT'S A—
A MUTANT, DR. MILLER, AND A LOYAL FOLLOWER. SHE'LL KEEP YOU SAFE.
WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO? I MEAN—THIS IS THE SECOND ATTACK TODAY...
OUR ENEMY, DOCTOR, FEARS THE KNOWLEDGE YOU CAN GIVE TO US, AND IS UNDER THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT THEY CAN SOMEHOW PREVENT IT.
I SHALL HAVE TO REMIND THEM OF THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS. THEIR DESTINY IS TO FAIL...

...WHEREAS MY DESTINY IS TO CONQUER.

ART by CHARLES PAUL WILSON III
COLORS by RYAN BROWNE

art by MATEUS SANTOLOUCO

SECRET HISTORY OF THE FOOTCLAN #3

HE FOUND IT?
YES.
I SHOULD HAVE HIDDEN IT BETTER, I SHOULD HAVE—
SO SAKI HAS TAKEN THE BOOK. HE WAS SEEN LEAVING THIS MORNING WITH PROVISIONS...
YES, WEST, TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS.
IF THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE WITCH'S CURSE... IT COULD MEAN *DISASTER* FOR THE CLAN.
I HAVE ALREADY CONSIDERED THIS, MASATO.
AND I HAVE TAKEN STEPS TO STOP HIM.

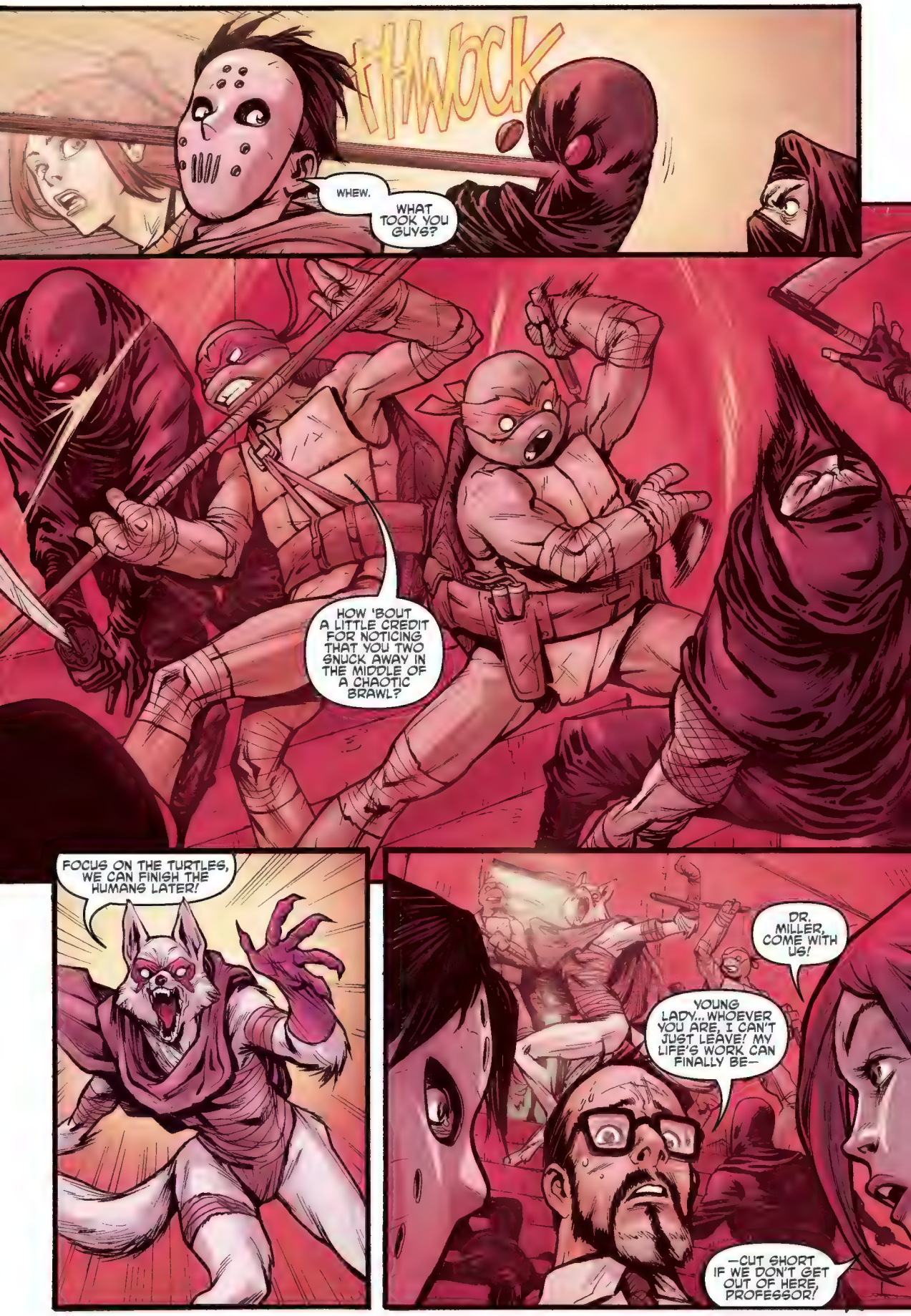
SNOR
WHILE IT IS TRUE THAT I HAVE BEEN DISTRACTED... SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THAT YOU COULD HIDE YOUR PRESENCE FROM *ME*?
I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED MY FATHER TO SEND *BETTER* MEN.

YOU ARE ONLY FOLLOWING YOUR MASTER'S ORDERS. I RESPECT THIS.
AND YOU ARE ALL MY CLAN BROTHERS...
KCHIM
KCHIM
...SO I WILL GIVE YOU THIS ONE CHANCE TO LEA—
YAARGH!
WE WERE TOLD NOT TO KILL HIM!
NO—
WE WERE TOLD TO *TRY* NOT TO KILL HIM.
RRRRR—

FATHER...
...YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME.
INDEED, OROKU SAKI...
...YOUR FATHER BETRAYED US ALL.

OKAY, EVERYONE— ATTACK!
WE ARE ATTACKING.
MAYBE WE NEED A CATCHY BATTLE CRY SO NO ONE IS CONFUSED?
Y'KNOW, SOMETHING COOL AND FUN TO SAY!
MIKEY, SHUT UP AND FIGHT!
MM... NO, I DON'T LIKE THAT ONE.
C'MON, APRIL— LET'S GO FIND THAT PROFESSOR...

ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULD BE DOING THIS WITHOUT THE GUYS?
DON'T WORRY. WITH THEM PUTTING ON A BIG SHOW OUT THERE, THERE'S PROBABLY ONLY A COUPLE NINJAS GUARDING HIM...
...AND MY LITTLE FRIEND HERE CAN HANDLE A COUPLE LOUSY NINJAS.
IF YOU SAY SO—LOOK. I'LL BET THEY WENT THAT WAY.
OKAY, PUNKS... LET THE PROFESSOR—
—GO.
AW, CRAP. I'M GONNA NEED A BIGGER BAT.
END THEM.
GUUUUYS!
HELP!


HWOCK
WHEW.
WHAT TOOK YOU GUYS?
HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE CREDIT FOR NOTICING THAT YOU TWO SNUCK AWAY IN THE MIDDLE OF A CHAOTIC BRAWL?
FOCUS ON THE TURTLES, WE CAN FINISH THE HUMANS LATER!
DR. MILLER, COME WITH US!
YOUNG LADY... WHOEVER YOU ARE, I CAN'T JUST LEAVE! MY LIFE'S WORK CAN FINALLY BE—
—CUT SHORT IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE, PROFESSOR!

YOU ARE UNDISCIPLINED, TURTLE. UNWORTHY. AND YOUR FORM IS PATHETIC.
WOP
HEY, LEO— I THINK SHE LIKES YA!
IN FACT, IF YOU TWO WANNA GO TAKE A WALK ON A BEACH, OR SOMETHIN', IT'S FINE, I'M FIGHTING EVERYBODY ELSE ANYWAY!
YOUR CHILDREN LACK FOCUS, RAT.
BUT THEY DO NOT LACK HONOR, OROKU SAKI. THEY WOULD NEVER BETRAY THEIR FATHER, OR THEIR CLAN.
THUD
MY FATHER BETRAYED ME!
UNH!
AND HE PAID FOR HIS TREACHERY... I SAW TO THAT.
THUD

AAAH!
ANOTHER NIGHTMARE, OROKU SAKI?
YES, I... IT WAS MY FATHER. HE... MURDERED ME. IT WAS SO CLEAR, AS THOUGH IT REALLY HAPPENED.
OH, BUT IN A WAY, IT DID.
YOUR SPIRIT IS AWAKENING. IT IS REMEMBERING THE PAST.
YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES, WOMAN.
I SPEAK THE TRUTH. AND YOU ARE AS IMPATIENT IN THIS LIFE AS YOU WERE IN YOUR LAST.
... WHAT?
BREATHE IN THE SMOKE, OROKU SAKI, AND MEDITATE. OPEN YOUR MIND—
—AND ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR...

"OUR STORY—YOURS AND MINE—BEGINS WITH A POWERFUL DEMON *WHO* FOUND HIS WAY INTO THIS REALM.

"THE DEMON PROMISED ME THE *SECRET* TO *LIFE ITSELF* IF I WOULD BUT SERVE HIM.

"TO SECURE WHAT THE DEMON REQUIRED, HOWEVER, I WOULD NEED HELP...

"...AND I FOUND IT IN A *WARRIOR*, BETRAYED BY HIS LORD AND SENT TO A DEATH HE WOULD NOT ACCEPT.

"TOGETHER, WE BUILT AN ARMY THAT FED MY DEMON'S APPETITE FOR CONQUEST.

"WE RULED THE FOOT CLAN FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS, UNTIL...

FATHER!

YES. THE WARRIOR WAS STRUCK DOWN BY YOUR FATHER—OROKU MAJI. BUT HIS SPIRIT REFUSED TO ACCEPT DEATH. IT THIRSTS FOR VENGEANCE...

...AND IT LIVES ON IN ME.

YES, SAKI. IT IS *YOUR DESTINY* TO AVENGE YOUR PAST LIFE AND *RETAKE* THE FOOT CLAN.

AND WHAT OF YOUR DEMON? DOES HE STILL EXIST?

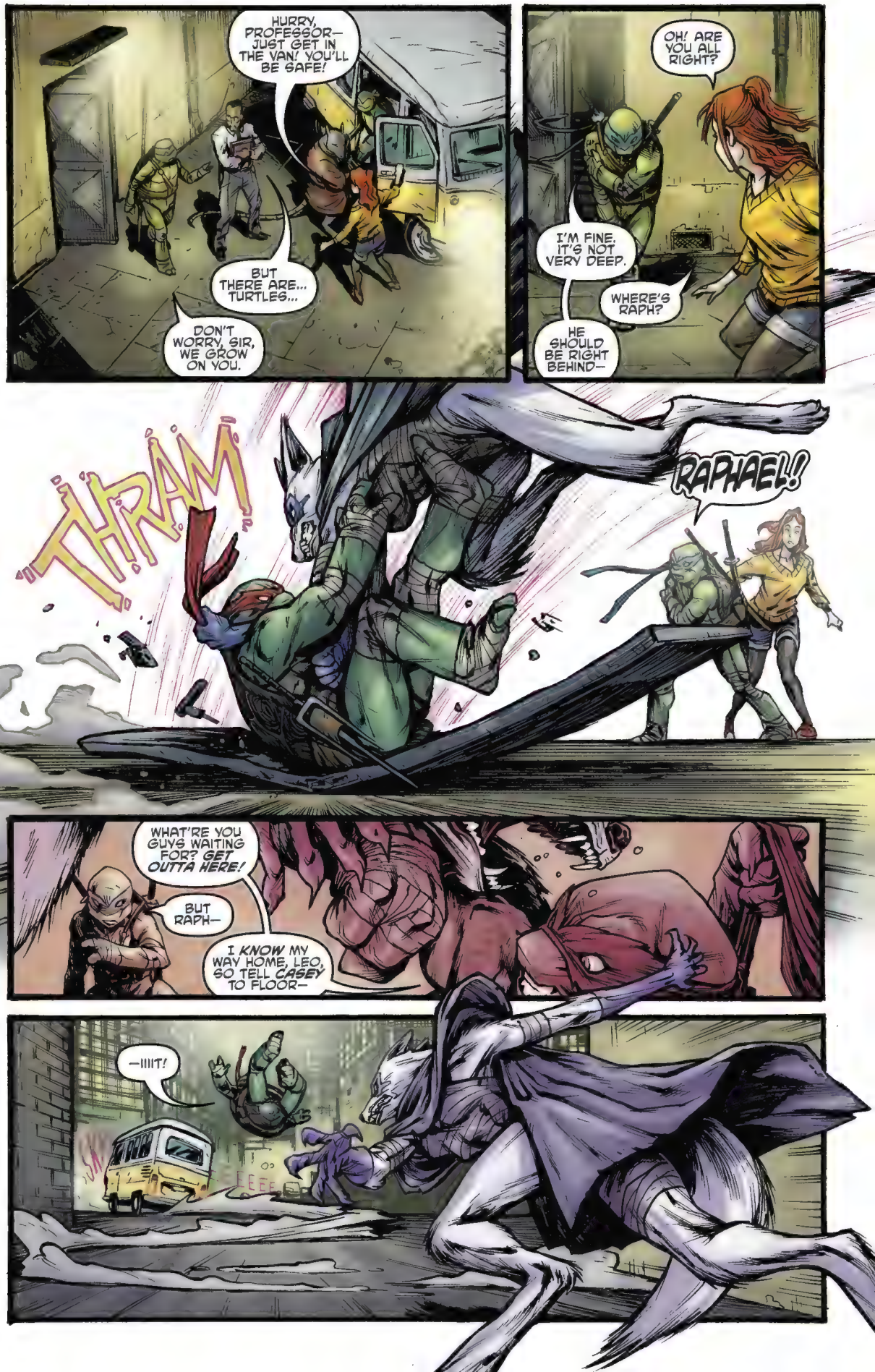
HE DOES.

WHAT WOULD HE ASK IN RETURN FOR HELP IN RECLAIMING MY CLAN?

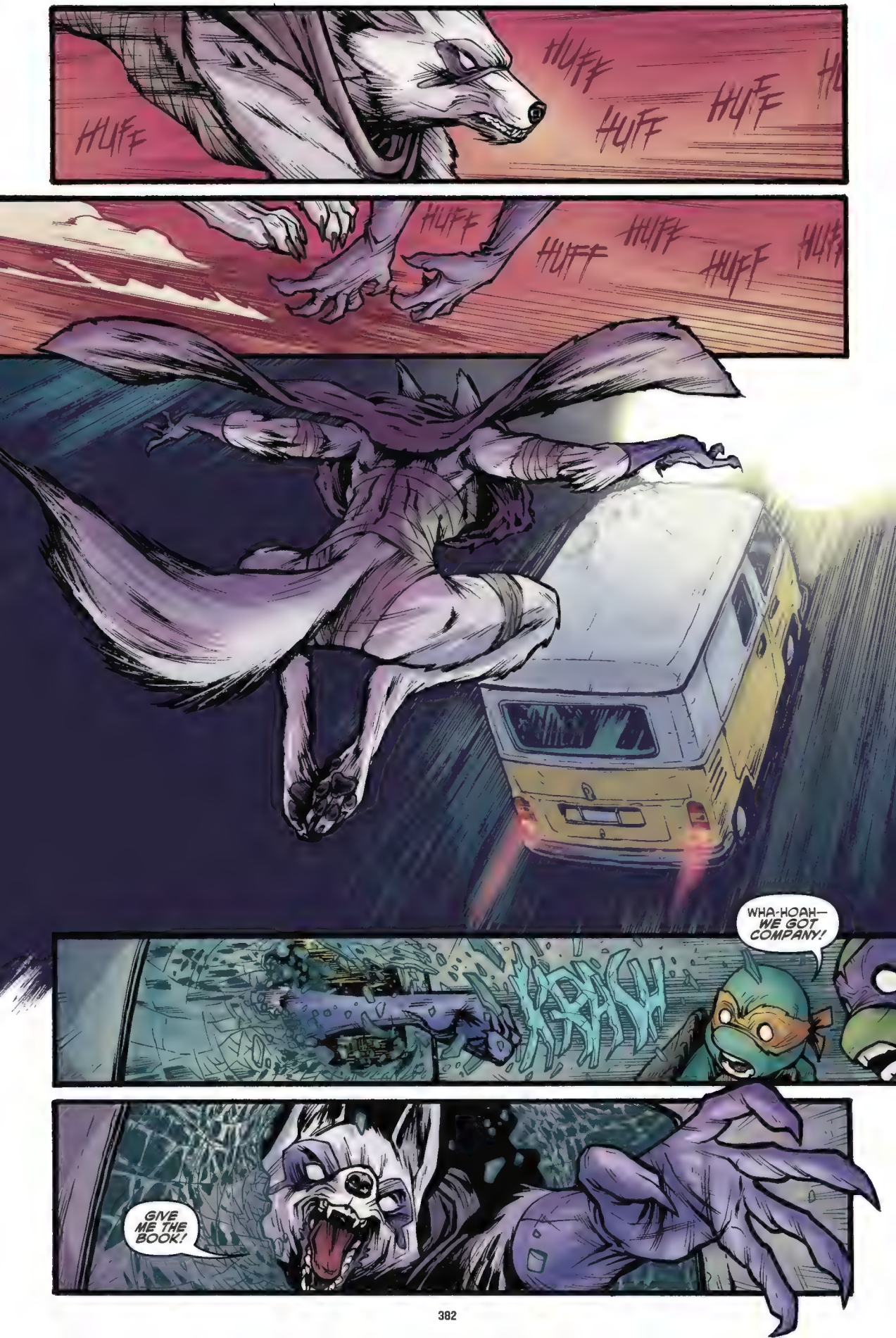
YOU THINK TOO SMALL, OROKU SAKI. THE REAL QUESTION IS... WHAT PRICE ARE *YOU* WILLING TO PAY FOR *IMMORTALITY*?

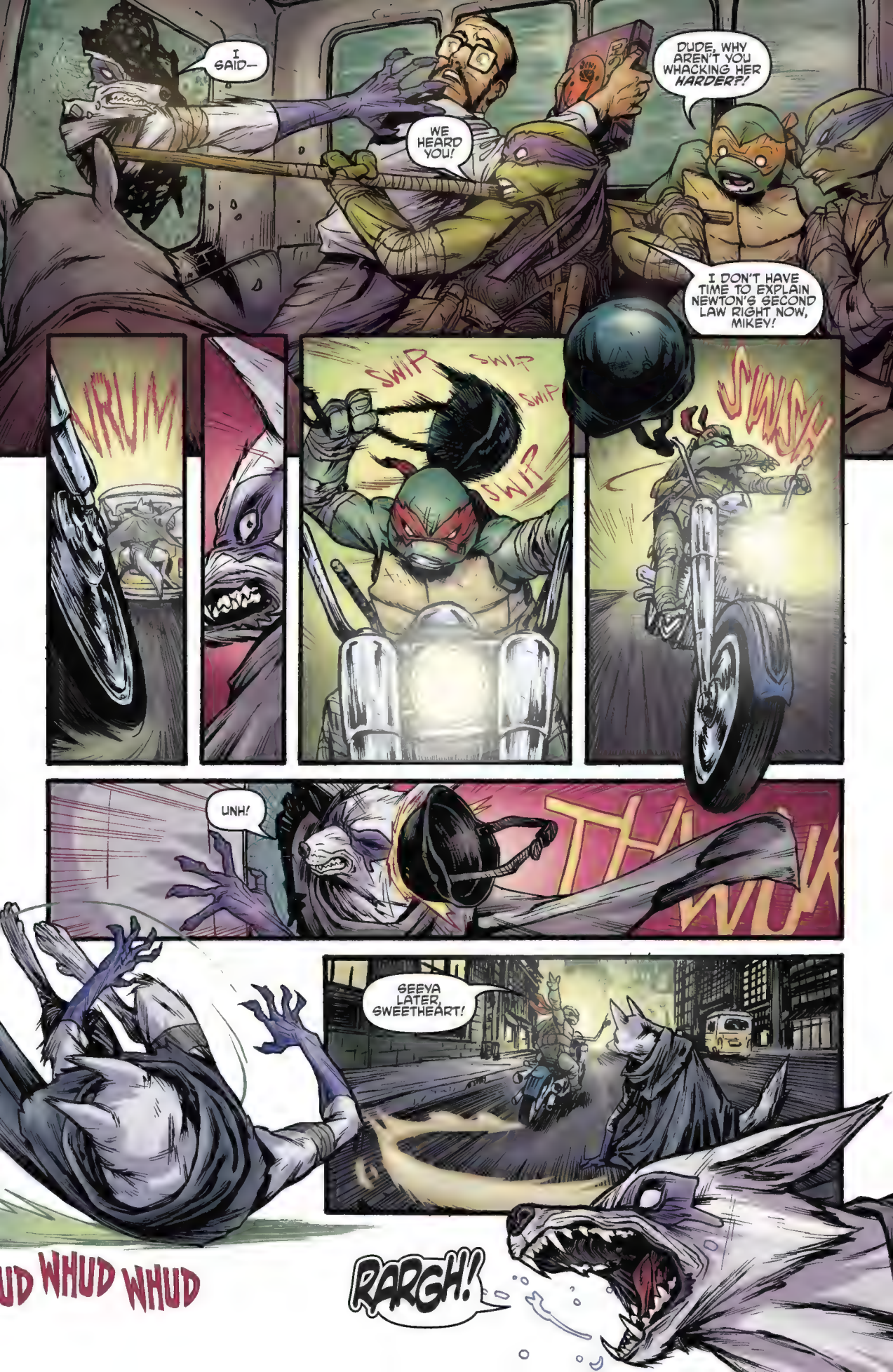
UH... DONNIE? WE KNOCKED OUT MOST OF THE BAD GUYS AND FOUND THE DUDE WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR... CAN WE GO NOW?
SWEET!
YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU MAKE A GOOD POINT.
I'LL KEEP FOXY LOXY BUSY, MIKE—YOU GO GET THE OTHERS!
ON IT, BRO!
WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR, DUDES—WE'D BETTER MAKE TRACKS!
ON OUR WAY, LITTLE BROTHER!
KNASH!
NO! STOP THEM!

WHERE'S CASEY?
HE'S GETTING THE VAN!
DONNIE, GO WITH THE OTHERS AND DEAL WITH ANY FOOT HIDING ON THE WAY OUT.
WOOSH
RAPH AND I WILL COVER YOU!
CHECK— SEE YOU OUTSIDE!
HAH! YOU CAN'T EVEN BLOCK THE SIMPLEST STRIKE!
ZWIP
AGH!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, BUT I'M STARTING TO TAKE IT PERSONALLY.
THWACK
SO BACK OFF!


HURRY, PROFESSOR— JUST GET IN THE VAN! YOU'LL BE SAFE!
BUT THERE ARE... TURTLES...
DON'T WORRY, SIR, WE GROW ON YOU.
OH! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M FINE. IT'S NOT VERY DEEP.
WHERE'S RAPH?
HE SHOULD BE RIGHT BEHIND—
THRAM
RAPHAEL!
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS WAITING FOR? GET OUTTA HERE!
BUT RAPH—
I KNOW MY WAY HOME, LEO, SO TELL CASEY TO FLOOR—
—IIIIT!

NO! LEAVE THAT ONE ALONE. IT'S THE PROFESSOR THE MASTER WANTS—AND THE BOOK.
SO GO FETCH.
SKRRRRCH
GEEZ!
UNF!
HEY BUDDY, ARE YOU OKAY? I DIDN'T—
WHAT THE—
YOU'RE A MONSTER!
NOT QUITE, BUDDY...
...BUT I'M TAKIN' YOUR BIKE ANYWAY.
AHHH!


HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
WHA-HOAH— WE GOT COMPANY!
FRIW
GIVE ME THE BOOK!


I SAID—
WE HEARD YOU!
DUDE, WHY AREN'T YOU WHACKING HER HARDER?!
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN NEWTON'S SECOND LAW RIGHT NOW, MIKEY!
VRUM
SWIP
SWIP
SWIP
SWIP
UNH!
SEEYA LATER, SWEETHEART!
UD WHUD WHUD
RARGH!

DUDE, THAT IS SO SWEET! WHERE'D YOU GET IT?
PICKED IT UP BY THE FOOT BUILDING.
I HOPE YOU PLAN ON RETURNING IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.
WELL... IM THINKING ABOUT IT...
FOXES... TURTLES... THE FOOT CLAN... THIS IS...
IT'S OKAY, DR. MILLER. IT'S ALL OKAY NOW.
GUYS, WE NEED TO GET HIM TO A SAFE PLACE.
SO WHERE DO WE TAKE HIM? THE SHOP? THE CHURCH? OR...
NO, LEONARDO. IT IS NOT WISE TO BRING STRANGERS INTO OUR HOME AT THIS TIME.
NO WORRIES, EVERYONE. I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO GO.
DEEP BREATHS, DOC, WE'LL BE THERE IN NO TIME.
WE MEAN YOU NO DISRESPECT, MILLER SENSEI. WE ARE MERELY EXERCISING CAUTION.
OF... OF COURSE... I...
MY GOD.

WAIT—LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...
...THE MAN IN THE ARMOR IS THE *SAME MAN* YOU KNOW FROM FEUDAL JAPAN? YOU'RE *SERIOUS*?
WHEN I CAME ACROSS RUMORS ABOUT THE FOOT CLAN HAVING THE SECRET TO "IMMORTALITY," I ASSUMED THEY WERE SIMPLY EXAGGERATING PROPERTIES OF A LOST MEDICINE...
DOES THE ASHY BOOK SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HOW SHREDDER COULD'VE COME BACK? LIKE, AS THE *EXACT* SAME DUDE?
I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO LOOK AT THESE PAGES BEFORE... EVERYTHING HAPPENED.
BUT I DID SEE A PASSAGE MENTIONING RESURRECTION...
AH, HERE.

"THE DRAGON WARRIOR IS ETERNAL, HIS THIRST FOR VENGEANCE CAN NEVER BE SLAKED... AND NO DEATH CAN TRULY HOLD HIM."
IT GOES ON TO TALK ABOUT THE DRAGON WARRIOR'S ABILITY TO BE REBORN *WHOLE*... WHICH CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE "COMING BACK" AS THE EXACT SAME DUDE TO ME.
SO ESSENTIALLY, SIR, WHAT YOU'RE TELLING US IS... IF THE SHREDDER *IS* THE DRAGON WARRIOR—
—HE'S BASICALLY *UNKILLABLE.*

FATHER.
EH?!
I BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT.
MASATO! SAKI, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I HAVE COME TO TAKE MY REVENGE, OROKU MAJI.
DID YOU THINK I WOULD NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH?

YOU... YOU FOUND KITSUNE?
SHE FOUND ME—AFTER YOUR MEN FAILED TO KILL ME.
SAKI, WHATEVER THE WITCH TOLD YOU, WHATEVER YOU THINK MAY HAVE HAPPENED... EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER DONE WAS FOR YOU...
STOP LYING TO ME!
KITSUNE SHOWED ME WHO I WAS, HOW I WAS MURDERED BY ONE OF MY OWN. THE SPIRIT OF TAKESHI TATSUO HAS AWAKENED, "FATHER."
AND KITSUNE DIDN'T JUST SHOW ME MY PAST. SHE SHOWED ME THE FUTURE. A CITY MADE OF LIGHT, MINE TO RULE.
A PITY YOU SHALL NEVER SEE IT.
MY SON...
STOP CALLING ME SON, OROKU MAJI...
...AND PAY THE PRICE OF BETRAYING YOUR LORD.

art by SOPHIE CAMPBELL

art by MATEUS SANTOLOUCO

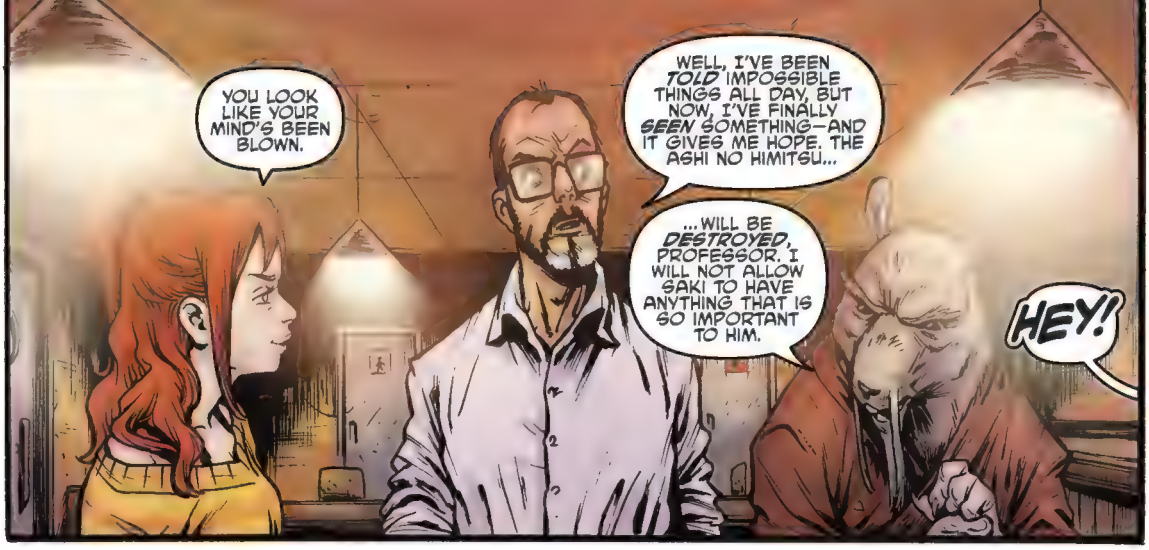
SECRET HISTORY OF THE FOOTCLAN #4

"MY FATHER IS *DEAD*.
"*CUT DOWN* BY AN *ASSASSIN* IN THE NIGHT.
"HE *WILL* BE AVENGED."
THE *HONOR* OF THE FOOT CLAN WILL BE *RESTORED*.
MY CONDOLENCES, OROKU SAKI.

I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR SYMPATHY, HAMATO YOSHI, JUST YOUR OBEDIENCE.
OBEDIENCE?
I AM TO REPLACE MY FATHER AS JONIN.
BUT SURELY MASTER MASATO WOULD BE—
MASATO IS...
"... GONE."
PROBABLY ON SOME RIDICULOUS ERRAND. WE CANNOT WAIT FOR HIM TO LEAD US, AND I AM THE NEXT BEST CANDIDATE. ALL OF THE CHUNIN HAVE AGREED...
...EXCEPT FOR YOU, OF COURSE. YOU HAVE BEEN OFF SEEING TO YOUR FAMILY.
SHALL I EXPECT YOUR CHALLENGE?
NO. I... WILL SUPPORT YOU IN THIS.
ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE, THEN. I SHALL RESTORE HONOR TO THE FOOT CLAN, HAMATO YOSHI, AND ENSURE NO ONE WILL EVER AGAIN DARE CHALLENGE US.

THE MORE YOU TELL ME, THE MORE PREPOSTEROUS IT ALL SOUNDS...
CLOSED FOR A PRIVATE PARTY
...IN FACT, I'VE YET TO SEE ANY PROOF OF THE THINGS I'VE BEEN TOLD TONIGHT.
WHAT ABOUT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE SITTING IN A ROOM WITH REINCARNATED NINJAS?
PLEASE... THESE CREATURES COULD SIMPLY BE TALENTED MIMICS THAT HAVE WATCHED TOO MANY KUNG FU MOVIES.
ARE YOU SERIOUS—
...THIS SAYS THAT NINJITSU'S, LIKE, AS MUCH A PART OF THE SPIRIT AS THE BODY. WHICH IS COOL.
UM... WHY IS EVERYONE STARING AT ME LIKE I DID SOMETHING WRONG?
MIKE, THAT BOOK IS WRITTEN IN JAPANESE.
IT IS?
DUDE!

HE COULDN'T HAVE LEARNED *THAT* BY WATCHING KUNG FU MOVIES.
NO. HE COULD NOT HAVE.
AND HIS TRANSLATION WAS *ACCURATE*. THIS IS INCREDIBLE.
MORE LIKE *IMPOSSIBLE*.
THIS MAKES LESS SENSE THAN ANYTHING I HAVE EVER SEEN.
DUDE, IT'S REINCARNATION— IT *TOTALLY* MAKES SENSE! WAY I SEE IT, IT'S JUST LIKE PLAYING VIDEO GAMES.
I CAN BE A SUPERHERO PLUMBER OR A ROBOT PILOT IN A *GAME*, BUT I'M STILL *MYSELF* BEHIND THE CONTROLS... WITH THIS IT'S LIKE MY *SOUL* IS PLAYING THIS GAME, AND IT JUST SWITCHED UP BETWEEN A LITTLE KID IN JAPAN AND A TURTLE IN NEW YORK.
THAT ANALOGY CAME DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BEING LOGICAL, MIKEY.
WAIT! I JUST REALIZED! I CAN READ MORE MANGA NOW!
=SIGH=


YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR MIND'S BEEN BLOWN.
WELL, I'VE BEEN *TOLD* IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ALL DAY, BUT NOW, I'VE FINALLY *SEEN* SOMETHING—AND IT GIVES ME HOPE. THE ASHI NO HIMITSU...
...WILL BE *DESTROYED*, PROFESSOR. I WILL NOT ALLOW SAKI TO HAVE ANYTHING THAT IS SO IMPORTANT TO HIM.
HEY!

...YOU GUYS *MIGHT WANNA* TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE.

YOU DO KNOW I HAD TO PRACTICALLY BEG BROOKLYN TO CLEAR THIS PLACE OUT TONIGHT. IF IT GETS TRASHED, HE'S GONNA *KILL* ME.
RELAX, CASE. UNLESS WE TAKE OUT A WALL OR SOMETHIN', THERE'S NO WAY HE'D NOTICE.

ARE YOU *CERTAIN* THIS IS WHERE THEY ARE?
ONE OF THE STREET PUNKS ON OUR PAYROLL SAYS SO. IF HE'S LYING, MASTER, I'LL BRING YOU HIS *HEAD*.

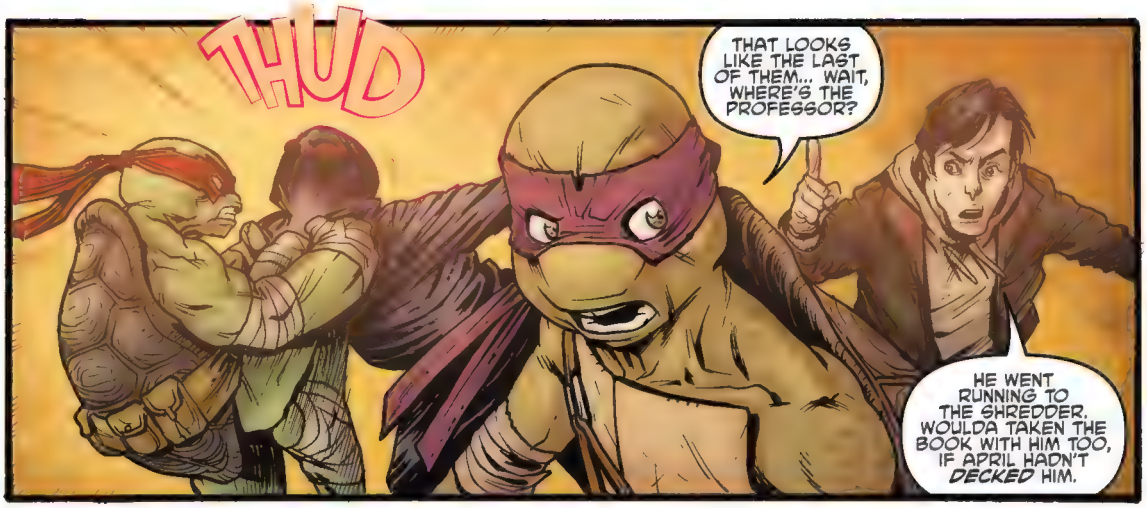
HAMATO YOSHI!
I HAVE COME FOR WHAT IS MINE!

WHO IS HAMATO YOSHI?
I WAS, ONCE.
NEW GAME, SAME PLAYER!
HM. SAKI WOULD NOT HAVE ANNOUNCED HIS PRESENCE, UNLESS—
I GROW TIRED OF WAITING, SHIBATA TAKAMORI! COME OUT AND FACE JUSTICE!
TAKE THE OTHERS AROUND BACK AND KILL SHIBATA'S FAMILY.
HAI.
HE WILL NOT EXPECT AN ATTACK WHILE I SHOUT MY DEMANDS FROM THE FRONT. THIS SIMPLE DISTRACTION WILL DRAW HIM TO MY BLADE.
BUT WHAT IS YOUR STRATEGY IN KILLING SHIBATA'S FAMILY?
IT IS NO LESS THAN THEY DESERVE, YOSHI.
"A MAN'S SINS FESTER IN HIS FAMILY'S BLOOD."

MY SONS, DEFEND YOURSELVES— THEY WILL COME FROM THE BACK!
LOOK AT THAT, RIGHT ON CUE!
YA CAN'T SNEAK UP ON US THAT EASY, YA MOOKS!
THWACK
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
THIS IS NOT KNOWING... IT IS REMEMBERING.

PROFESSOR? WHAT ARE YOU—
I'M GOING TO RETURN THIS BOOK TO ITS *RIGHTFUL* OWNER, AND THEN I'M GOING TO UNCOVER WHATEVER SECRETS IT MAY HOLD...
I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, PROFESSOR. THE FOOT ARE *NOT* GOOD PEOPLE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE KINDS OF...
FRANKLY, MISS O'NEIL, I DON'T *CARE*.
THIS IS NOT ONLY ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT HISTORICAL DISCOVERIES OF ALL TIME, IT MAY HOLD THE SECRET TO IMMORTALITY.
AND I WON'T LET THAT BE LOST.
NOW, I'M *TAKING* THIS BOOK AND THERE'S *NOTHING* YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME.
THWOCK

YOU— YOU HIT ME!
AND I WILL AGAIN, IF I HAVE TO. YOU'VE GOT TO COME TO YOUR SENSES, PROFESSOR!
I HAVE COME TO MY SENSES—YOU PEOPLE ARE THE ONES WHO WANT TO DESTROY A PRICELESS TROVE OF KNOWLEDGE!
BUT CLEARLY I HAVE NO TALENT FOR VIOLENCE IF EVEN A GIRL CAN FELL ME SO EASILY, SO...
PROFESSOR, DON'T—
WAIT! I SURRENDER! I—I WISH TO OFFER MY SERVICES!
WE ACCEPT YOUR OFFER. WHERE IS MY BOOK?
THEY STILL HAVE IT INSIDE. THEY WANT TO DESTROY IT, BUT I—
GLUK
GET IN THE CAR... AND PRAY THAT THEY DO NOT.


THUD
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE LAST OF THEM... WAIT, WHERE'S THE PROFESSOR?
HE WENT RUNNING TO THE SHREDDER. WOULDA TAKEN THE BOOK WITH HIM TOO, IF APRIL HADN'T DECKED HIM.

YOU MUST LEAVE NOW, AND KEEP THAT BOOK AWAY FROM THE FOOT AT ALL COSTS. I WILL REJOIN YOU AT HOME AS SOON AS I CAN.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, FATHER?
I WILL STEAL SAKI'S FOCUS. NOW GO.

OROKU SAKI! THE EVIL YOU HAVE CAUSED, I CAN NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR—I SHOULD HAVE PUT A STOP TO IT LONG AGO!
YOU COULD NO MORE HAVE STOPPED ME THEN THAN YOU CAN NOW.

PERHAPS, SAKI, THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVE NEVER TRULY *TRIED*.
HAH!
YOU CANNOT BEAT ME. EVEN WITH YOUR—
—YOUR *CHILDREN!*
AFTER THEM! GO!
YOU'RE COVERING THEIR *ESCAPE!*
I BELIEVE THE PHRASE MY SONS USE IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS IS...
..."GOTCHA."

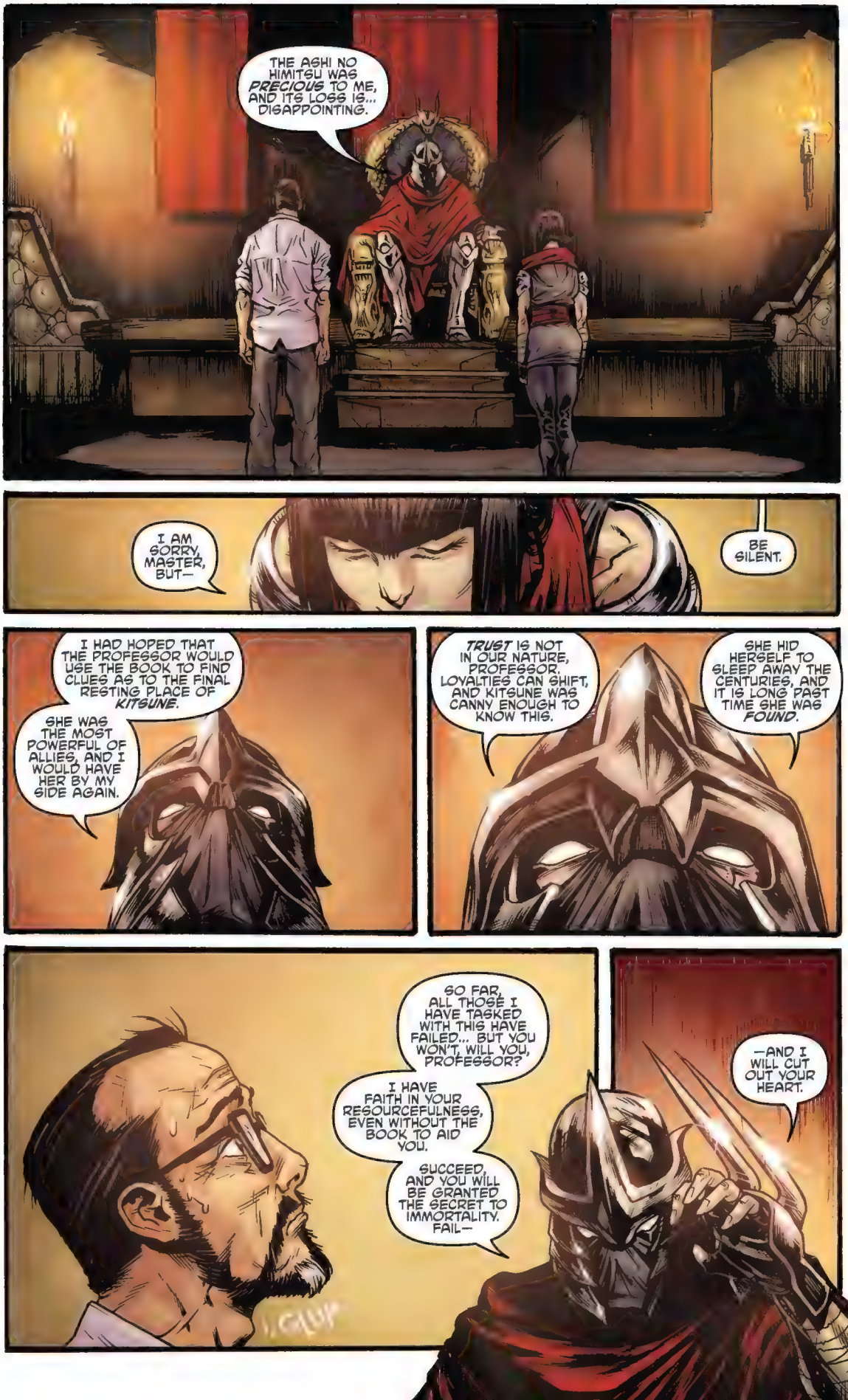
C'MON, LOAD UP! LET'S GO!
SKREEEEEE
I DON'T LIKE THIS... WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE SPLINTER.
I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER, BUT HE WAS VERY SPECI—
THUNK
—FIC!
RETURN THE BOOK, TURTLES. NOW.
WHO KNEW READING WAS SO POPULAR?

DON, YOU AND MIKE STAY WITH THE BOOK! CASEY, GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT LEO—
SPLINTER SAID TO KEEP THAT BOOK AWAY FROM THE FOOT CLAN—
—SO GO!
AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO FEELS COMPLETELY INEFFECTUAL RIGHT NOW?
HANG ON, MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO HELP...
911 EMERGENCY.
HELLO? I JUST PASSED THE SKARA BRAE BAR ON ESSEX AND SAW SOME MEN IN MASKS *ATTACKING* THIS OLD GUY—PLEASE, SEND SOMEONE!
YOU THINK CALLING THE COPS ON A NINJA BRAWL IS GOING TO HELP? SERIOUSLY?
SHREDDER'S NOT GOING TO LET THE POLICE FIND HIM... IF HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT, THE OTHERS SHOULD HAVE AN EASIER TIME GETTING AWAY, TOO.
WELL, I GUESS CRAZIER THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT.

I WILL NO LONGER ALLOW YOU TO DICTATE THE TERMS OF OUR CONFLICT, OROKU SAKI. MY FAMILY WILL *END* YOUR CYCLE OF DESTRUCTION THIS TIME. WE—
EH?
WEEEOOOOOW
UNH!
WE WILL FINISH THIS ANOTHER TIME.
WEEEOOOOWE
WWEEEEOOOOWWEEEOO
WE
<GO!>
<BUT MASTER, WHAT OF KARAI?>
<SHE WILL FIND HER OWN WAY BACK. NOW *DRIVE*.>

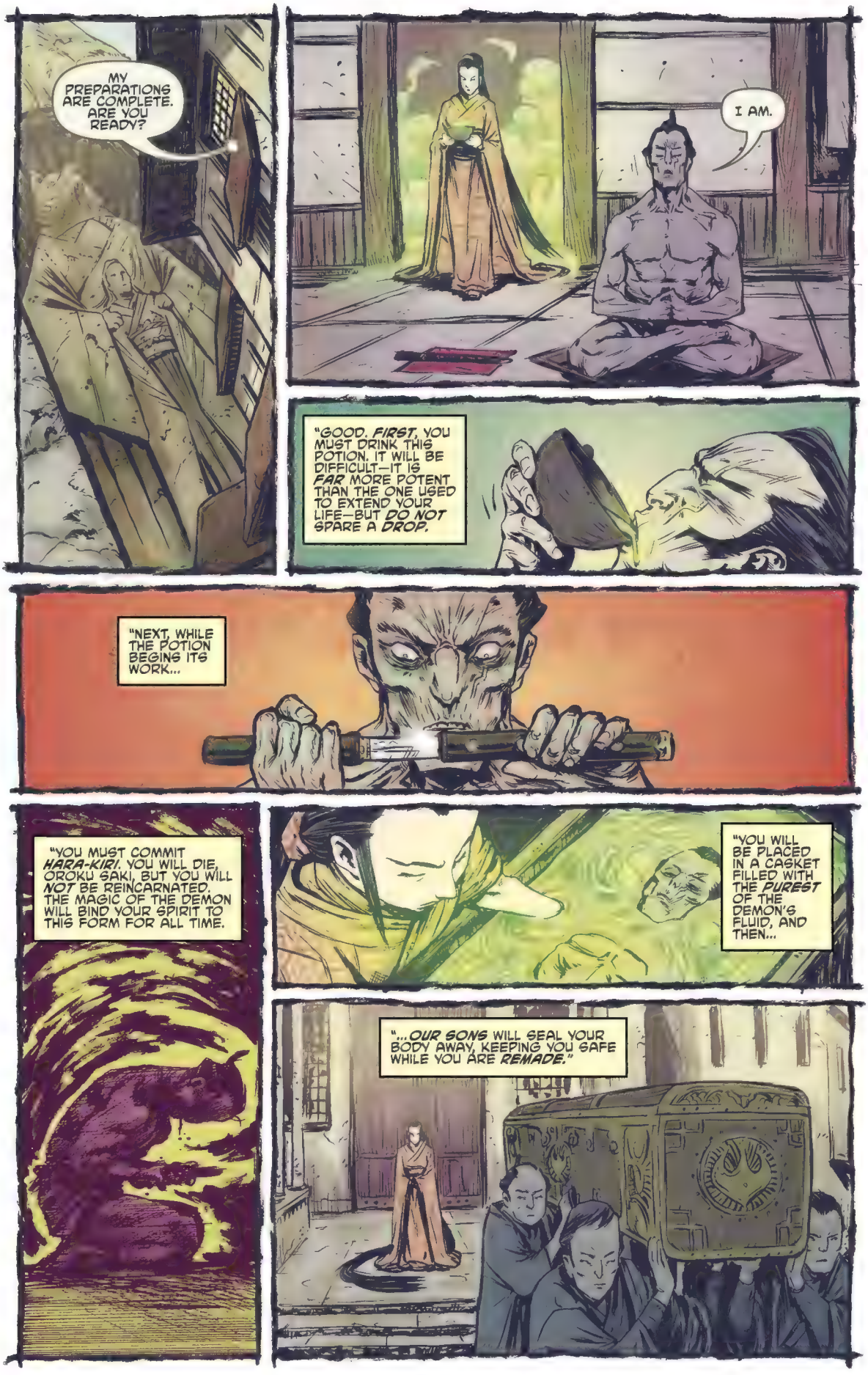
A FEW DAYS LATER...
WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW HOW SHREDDER CAME BACK ALL HIMSELF-Y NOW...
...HE JUST CHUGGED A MAGIC POTION AND CONKED OUT 'TIL, LIKE, A GREAT-GREAT-GRAND KID WOKE HIM UP AS AN IMMORTAL.
I GUESS I THOUGHT IT'D BE HARDER THAN THAT...
IS IT PERMANENT? CAN WE REVERSE IT, OR—
DUNNO, DUDE ...
...THERE ARE A LOT OF PAGES TORN OUT. I MEAN, IT'S SO BEAT UP WE COULDA GOTTEN THIS THING FROM A DUMPSTER!
ANYWAY, THIS THING IS MOSTLY JUST A BORING DIARY... OTHER THAN THE WHOLE "BRING BACK SAKI" PART, BUT THAT WAS REALLY JUST A FOOTNOTE WRITTEN IN BY SOMEBODY ELSE.
HA-HAH, FOOT-NOTE.
WE DID NOT FIND THE INFORMATION WE EXPECTED. IT IS TRUE, BUT WE HAVE STILL LEARNED A GREAT DEAL: WHO SAKI WAS, HOW HE HAS RETURNED...
...EVEN THE REVELATION OF MICHELANGELO'S TALENT.

THIS BOOK IS A LINK TO TATSUO TAKESHI. ITS CONTENTS ARE HIS THOUGHTS. IT REVEALS HIS HISTORY, AND MUCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE FOOT CLAN ITSELF.
IT MAY HOLD A DEEPER MEANING FOR SAKI THAT WE CANNOT KNOW.
OR, PERHAPS, IT IS SIMPLY A REMINDER OF THE DESTINY SAKI IS CONVINCED IS HIS.
I DO NOT KNOW.
SKRCH
BUT I KNOW I AM RIGHT TO DENY SAKI A LINK TO HIS PAST.


THE ASHI NO HIMITSU WAS *PRECIOUS* TO ME, AND ITS LOSS IS... DISAPPOINTING.
I AM SORRY, MASTER, BUT—
BE SILENT.
I HAD HOPED THAT THE PROFESSOR WOULD USE THE BOOK TO FIND CLUES AS TO THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF *KITSUNE*.
SHE WAS THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALLIES, AND I WOULD HAVE HER BY MY SIDE AGAIN.
TRUST IS NOT IN OUR NATURE, PROFESSOR. LOYALTIES CAN SHIFT, AND KITSUNE WAS CANNY ENOUGH TO KNOW THIS.
SHE HID HERSELF TO SLEEP AWAY THE CENTURIES, AND IT IS LONG PAST TIME SHE WAS *FOUND*.
SO FAR, ALL THOSE I HAVE TASKED WITH THIS HAVE FAILED... BUT YOU WON'T, WILL YOU, PROFESSOR?
I HAVE FAITH IN YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS, EVEN WITHOUT THE BOOK TO AID YOU.
SUCCEED, AND YOU WILL BE GRANTED THE SECRET TO IMMORTALITY. FAIL—
—AND I WILL CUT OUT YOUR HEART.

WHAT IS *TAKING* SO LONG, KITSUNE?
I HAVE *FINALLY* FOUND THE KEY TO YOUR *PERMANENT* IMMORTALITY, OROKU SAKI... PERHAPS YOU COULD ACCORD ME A *LITTLE* PATIENCE? WE NEED ONLY THE DEMON'S MAGIC, AND—
AH, HE COMES.
HERE IS THE AGREED-UPON PAYMENT. NOW, ARE YOU PREPARED FOR YOUR *NEXT* ASSIGNMENT?
NO, DEMON.
OUR ARRANGEMENT IS *OVER.*
FIRE!
THUK
THUK
WHAT? NO, YOU FOOL!

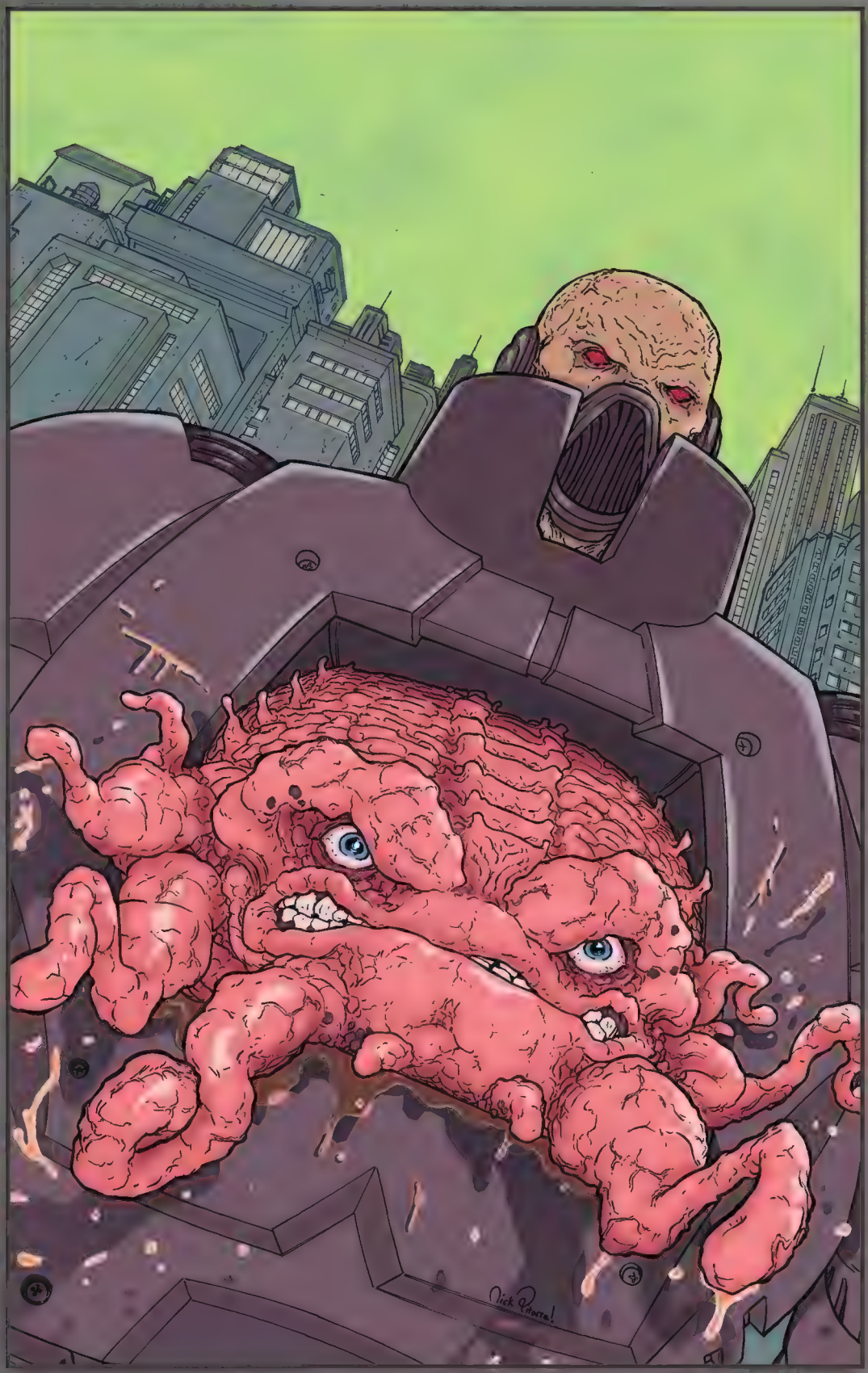
I HAVE SERVED YOU OVER *TWO INCARNATIONS*, DEMON... AND FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS. THIS HAS LONG LEFT A BITTER TASTE IN MY MOUTH.
BEGONE.
WHUNG
NO!
YOUR IRON DEMON IS UNDONE AND HIS PORTAL DESTROYED... THE PATH IS NOW CLEAR.
LET US ASCEND TO IMMORTALITY.


MY PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE. ARE YOU READY?
I AM.
"GOOD. *FIRST*, YOU MUST DRINK THIS POTION. IT WILL BE DIFFICULT—IT IS *FAR* MORE POTENT THAN THE ONE USED TO EXTEND YOUR LIFE—BUT *DO NOT* SPARE A *DROP*.
"NEXT, WHILE THE POTION BEGINS ITS WORK...
"YOU MUST COMMIT *HARA-KIRI*. YOU WILL DIE, OROKU SAKI, BUT YOU WILL *NOT* BE REINCARNATED. THE MAGIC OF THE DEMON WILL BIND YOUR SPIRIT TO THIS FORM FOR ALL TIME.
"YOU WILL BE PLACED IN A CASKET FILLED WITH THE *PUREST* OF THE DEMON'S FLUID, AND THEN...
"...*OUR SONS* WILL SEAL YOUR BODY AWAY, KEEPING YOU SAFE WHILE YOU ARE *REMADE*."

"GENERATIONS WILL PASS, AND YOU WILL SLEEP.
"BUT THE MAGIC WILL HEAL AND STRENGTHEN YOUR BODY AND YOUR SPIRIT, AND, EVENTUALLY, IT WILL BE YOUR TIME TO *RETURN*.
"*BLOOD* WILL BRING YOU BACK. AGAIN, THERE WILL BE MUCH PAIN...
"...BUT THE MAGIC WILL BE COMPLETE, AND YOU—OROKU SAKI—WILL BE THE DRAGON WARRIOR, YOUNG AND POWERFUL, FOR *ALL TIME*."

"AND THEN, MY LORD, YOU WILL BE READY...
"...READY TO BRING THE FOOT CLAN TO GREATER GLORY, AND READY TO MEET YOUR DESTINY. OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN, OROKU SAKI, AND WE WILL RULE ALL..."
...FROM A CITY MADE OF LIGHT.
END.

art by JAMES HARREN



art by NICK PITARRA
colors by MEGAN WILSON

ART BY: SOPHIE CAMPBELL

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
THE IDW COLLECTION V2

THE FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL MARSHAL ON MULTIPLE FRONTS. THE TURTLES HAVE A NEW MISSION, BUT SHREDDER'S AMBITIONS COULD PUT AN END TO IT BEFORE IT EVEN BEGINS. MEANWHILE, GENERAL KRANG UNVEILS HIS MASTER PLAN, WHICH PUTS THE TURTLES INTO DIRECT CONFRONTATION WITH ONE OF THEIR MIGHTIEST ENEMIES. PLUS, DELVE INTO THE HISTORY OF THE ORIGINAL FOUNDER OF THE FOOT CLAN!

VOLUME 2 COLLECTS ISSUES #13-20 OF THE ***TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES*** *ONGOING SERIES, THE* ***CASEY JONES***, ***APRIL O'NEIL***, ***FUGITOID***, ***KRANG***, *AND* ***BAXTER STOCKMAN*** *MICRO-SERIES ONE-SHOTS, PLUS* ***THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE FOOT CLAN*** *MINI-SERIES.*

art by BEN BATES

ISSUE #20

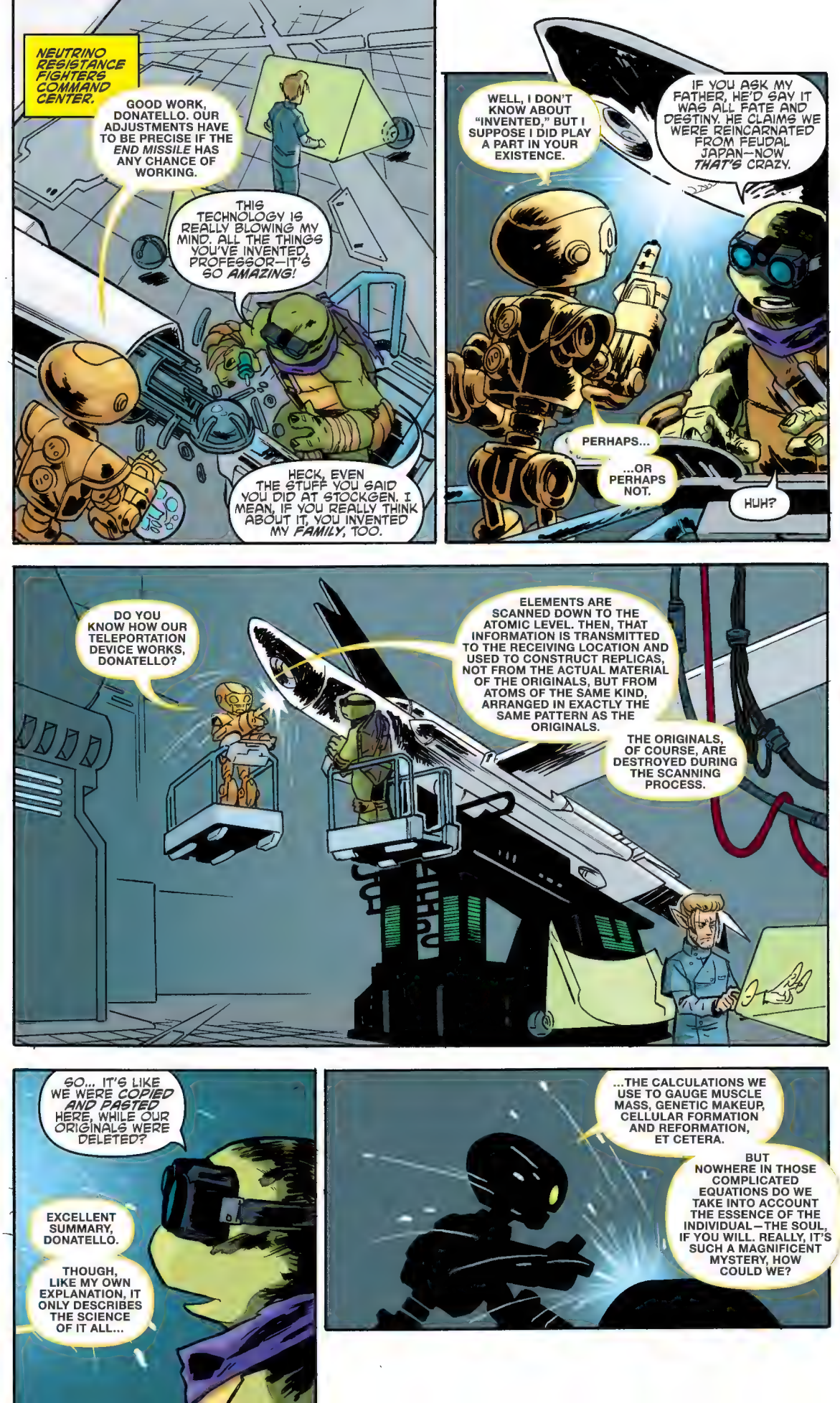
PLANET NEUTRINO.
WASTE 'EM ALL!
RAAGH!
GRK!
FWAK
TRAK
DAMN! FEELS LIKE I JUST CLOCKED A BOULDER.
THEY'RE NOT CALLED STONE SOLDIERS FOR NOTHING.
SO, WHAT NOW?
NOW?
NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THIS BABY CAN DO TO ONE OF KRANG'S BATTLE TANKS.
I PROMISE YOU...

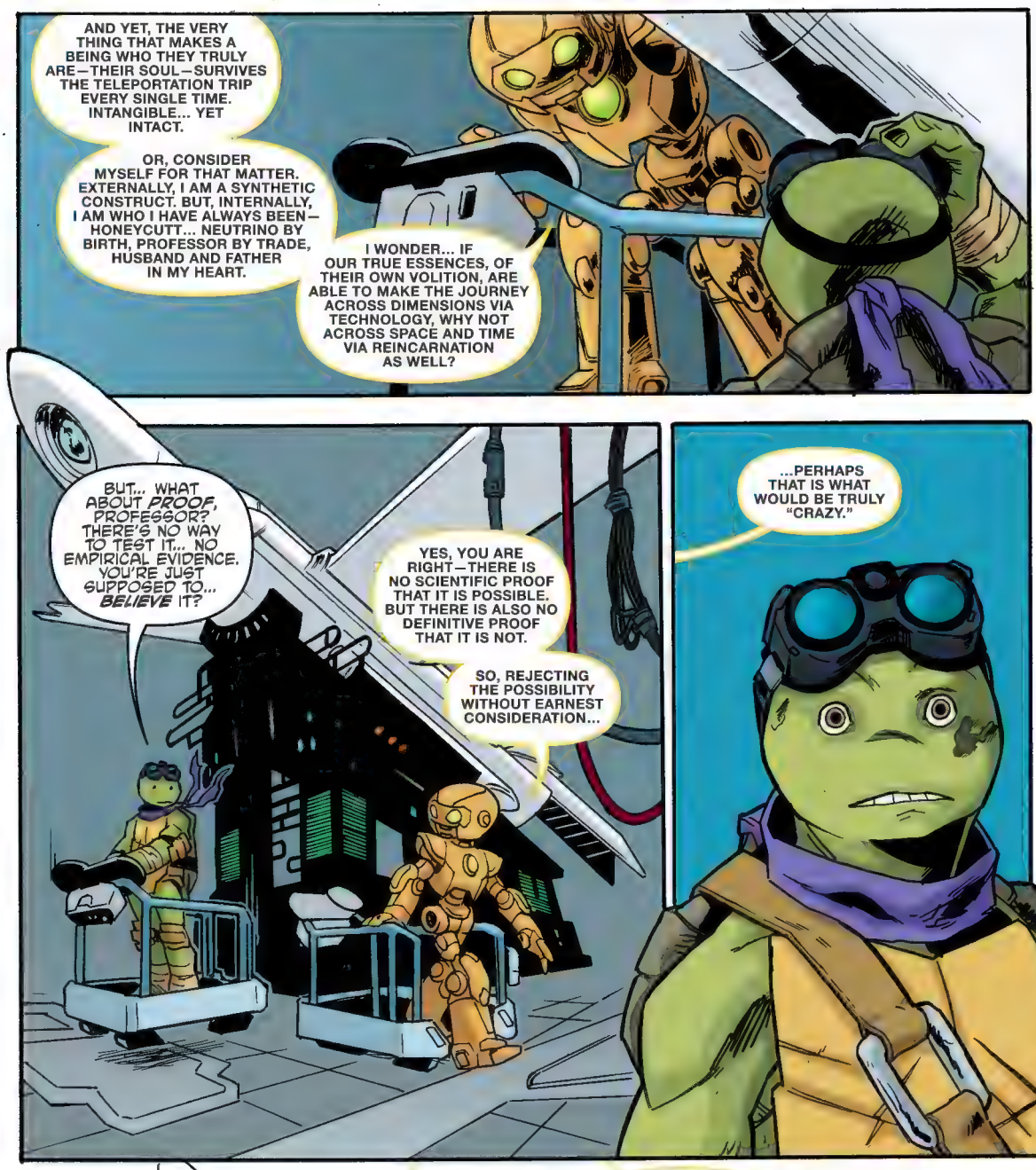
"...IT'LL BE A BLAST!"
PRINCESS, LOOK OUT!
KILL THE INTRUDERS!
KALA, GET THE KING AND QUEEN OUT OF THERE! I'LL COVER!
YOU, WITH ME. PRINCESS, STAY DOWN.
BUT—
I'M SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS—IT'S TOO RISKY.
DON'T WORRY, PRINCESS. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
OKAY—YOU SHOOT, I SCOOT!
FINE, I'LL STAY BEHIND...
...BUT I WILL NOT STAY DOWN!

YAGH!
TRAGG, YOUR IDIOTS ARE WORTHLESS!
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE THE PROPER WAY TO DISPOSE OF RUBBISH.
TAKE OUT THE SOLDIERS, DASK...
...I'LL HANDLE THE TIN CAN!
RAAGH!
INSECT!
FWOMP
WHUF!

HURRY! GET THE KING AND QUEEN, KALA!
FWAK
GAH!
I'M GONNA GO A FEW ROUNDS WITH KRANG'S PET ROCK!
MUTANT TURTLES? YOU MUST BE STOCKMAN'S LITTLE EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY.
YET ANOTHER OF THAT INTOLERABLE BUFFOON'S FAILURES I AM FORCED TO CLEAN UP.
MORE LIKE WE'RE GONNA CLEAN UP THE TWISTED MESS YOU AND YOUR STOOGES ARE MAKING, KRANG!
YEAH! LIKE NINJA JANITORS!
QUICKLY, YOUR HIGHNESSES. WE NEED TO GET YOU AWAY FROM HERE.
COMMANDER DASK... WHO... WHO ARE THE GREEN ONES?
FRIENDS, YOUR MAJESTY...
...VERY BRAVE FRIENDS.

WE WON'T LET YOU HURT THESE PEOPLE, KRANG, AND WE WON'T LET YOU DESTROY OUR PLANET!
FOOL! IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE TO "LET" ME DO ANYTHING! I DICTATE WHAT WILL AND WILL NOT BE!
KRAK
WHATEVER. THE REBELLION'S GONNA SPANK YOUR EVIL SPACE EMPIRE'S BUTT!
MAN, I ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT.
SWIP
HYAH!
BRASH WORDS FROM ONES SO INSIGNIFICANT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'VE FOUND YOUR WAY INTO MY WAR...
...BUT I PROMISE YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU CHOSE TO OPPOSE ME...
CRAK
URF!
WHOMP
...ALL OF YOU.
SO MUCH FOR "IN AND OUT WITHOUT SHOTS BEIN' FIRED," BIG BRO.
YEAH.


NEUTRINO RESISTANCE FIGHTERS COMMAND CENTER.
GOOD WORK, DONATELLO. OUR ADJUSTMENTS HAVE TO BE PRECISE IF THE *END MISSILE* HAS ANY CHANCE OF WORKING.
THIS TECHNOLOGY IS REALLY BLOWING MY MIND. ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE INVENTED, PROFESSOR—IT'S SO *AMAZING!*
HECK, EVEN THE STUFF YOU SAID YOU DID AT STOCKGEN. I MEAN, IF YOU REALLY THINK ABOUT IT, YOU INVENTED MY *FAMILY*, TOO.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT "INVENTED," BUT I SUPPOSE I DID PLAY A PART IN YOUR EXISTENCE.
IF YOU ASK MY FATHER, HE'D SAY IT WAS ALL FATE AND DESTINY. HE CLAIMS WE WERE REINCARNATED FROM FEUDAL JAPAN—NOW *THAT'S* CRAZY.
PERHAPS...
...OR PERHAPS NOT.
HUH?
DO YOU KNOW HOW OUR TELEPORTATION DEVICE WORKS, DONATELLO?
ELEMENTS ARE SCANNED DOWN TO THE ATOMIC LEVEL. THEN, THAT INFORMATION IS TRANSMITTED TO THE RECEIVING LOCATION AND USED TO CONSTRUCT REPLICAS, NOT FROM THE ACTUAL MATERIAL OF THE ORIGINALS, BUT FROM ATOMS OF THE SAME KIND, ARRANGED IN EXACTLY THE SAME PATTERN AS THE ORIGINALS.
THE ORIGINALS, OF COURSE, ARE DESTROYED DURING THE SCANNING PROCESS.
SO... IT'S LIKE WE WERE *COPIED AND PASTED* HERE, WHILE OUR ORIGINALS WERE DELETED?
EXCELLENT SUMMARY, DONATELLO.
THOUGH, LIKE MY OWN EXPLANATION, IT ONLY DESCRIBES THE SCIENCE OF IT ALL...
...THE CALCULATIONS WE USE TO GAUGE MUSCLE MASS, GENETIC MAKEUP, CELLULAR FORMATION AND REFORMATION, ET CETERA.
BUT NOWHERE IN THOSE COMPLICATED EQUATIONS DO WE TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE ESSENCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL—THE SOUL, IF YOU WILL. REALLY, IT'S SUCH A MAGNIFICENT MYSTERY, HOW COULD WE?


AND YET, THE VERY THING THAT MAKES A BEING WHO THEY TRULY ARE—THEIR SOUL—SURVIVES THE TELEPORTATION TRIP EVERY SINGLE TIME. INTANGIBLE... YET INTACT.
OR, CONSIDER MYSELF FOR THAT MATTER. EXTERNALLY, I AM A SYNTHETIC CONSTRUCT. BUT, INTERNALLY, I AM WHO I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN—HONEYCUTT... NEUTRINO BY BIRTH, PROFESSOR BY TRADE, HUSBAND AND FATHER IN MY HEART.
I WONDER... IF OUR TRUE ESSENCES, OF THEIR OWN VOLITION, ARE ABLE TO MAKE THE JOURNEY ACROSS DIMENSIONS VIA TECHNOLOGY, WHY NOT ACROSS SPACE AND TIME VIA REINCARNATION AS WELL?
BUT... WHAT ABOUT *PROOF*, PROFESSOR? THERE'S NO WAY TO TEST IT... NO EMPIRICAL EVIDENCE. YOU'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO... *BELIEVE* IT?
YES, YOU ARE RIGHT—THERE IS NO SCIENTIFIC PROOF THAT IT IS POSSIBLE. BUT THERE IS ALSO NO DEFINITIVE PROOF THAT IT IS NOT.
SO, REJECTING THE POSSIBILITY WITHOUT EARNEST CONSIDERATION...
...PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT WOULD BE TRULY "CRAZY."
WELL, GENTLEMEN, THAT'S THAT. EITHER MY *END MISSILE* WORKS OR IT DOESN'T—WE WILL FIND OUT SHORTLY.
ARE YOU SAYING WE'RE *READY* FOR LAUNCH, PROFESSOR?
YES, FELIX, AS READY AS WE CAN BE UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES. WE'VE DONE OUR VERY BEST.
NOW WE CAN ONLY PRAY TO THE CREATOR...

"...THAT OUR BEST WAS NOT TOO LATE."
WATCH AND LEARN!
FWOOM
BA-DOOM
DIRECT HIT! DID YOU SEE THAT, DADDY-O?
WHAT? I THINK MY EARS TOOK A DIRECT HIT, TOO. HOW 'BOUT A WARNIN' NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO BLOW UP THE WORLD?
HA! C'MON, LET'S MOVE IT—THAT SHOT EXPOSED OUR POSITION. WE'LL BE SAFER IF WE KEEP MOVING AN—
GYAH!
YOU WERE SAYING?
YEAH...
...THIS COULD DEFINITELY BE A PROBLEM.

BURNOW ISLAND.
CENTRAL, THIS IS BLOCK M. WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM HERE, OVER.
BLOCK M, THIS IS CENTRAL—WHAT'S THE SITUATION, OVER?
WE'VE HAD A BREACH AT THE CRYO-STASIS CHAMBER. THERE'S A MAN DOWN OUTSIDE AND—
—OH, NO.
CENTRAL, WE NEED TO GO INTO FULL LOCKDOWN... NOW!
BLOCK M, WHAT IS GOING—
JUST SHUT UP AND SECURE THE PERIMETER, DAMMIT!
SOMEONE'S BEEN IN HERE AND... OH, MAN, THIS IS REALLY BAD!
WHAT IS IT, BLOCK M?
ONE OF THE BRAIN-THINGS... THE UTROMS... IS DEAD!
YOU'RE SURE?
YEAH, I'M SURE—IT'S JUST HANGING LIMP AND ALL ITS OOZE IS GONE!
IF WHOEVER DID THIS GETS AWAY, KRANG'S GONNA KILL US, TOO!

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DEFEAT ME?! I AM KRANG-SON OF QUANIN!
MIKEY, WATCH OUT!
ZZARK
I WILL NOT BE STOPPED!
KRRSCH
NNF!
BRO, THIS IS THE TOTAL SUCK. AND I THOUGHT SLASH HIT HARD. MAN.
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
HURRY, YOUR MAJESTIES... WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, COMMANDER...
...I WILL ENSURE YOUR SAFETY!
PRINCESS, NO! WAIT!
WHA—?!
FZZAK
YOU DARE, YOU INSOLENT BRAT?!

ZZOP!
AAAHH!
PRINCESS!
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH, CREEP FACE!
KLANG
YES, YOU ARE CORRECT, MUTANT— ENOUGH!
I WILL HAVE THE FUGITOID! I WILL CREATE NEW UTROMINON!
AND THE UTROMS WILL RULE THE UNIVERSE AGAIN!
WHUF!
FWP
CH
CH
DANGIT, HE'S STILL COMING. NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP BUTT-UGLY BRAIN BOY.
C'MON, MIKE, DON'T QUIT...

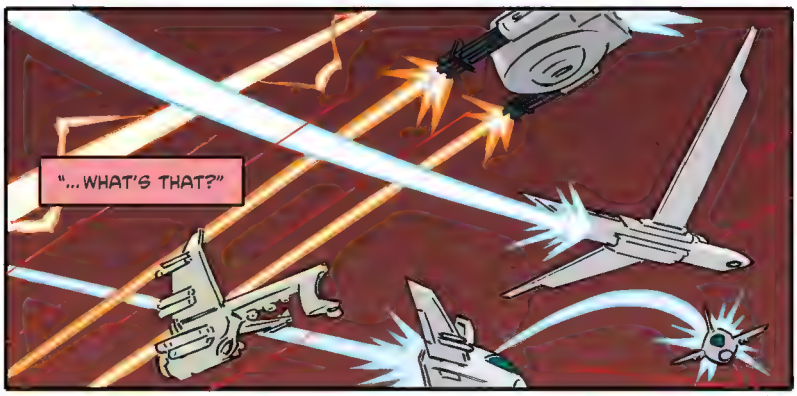
...WE CAN TAKE THIS WALKING TERRARIUM DOWN!
KLANG
CRAK
THERE YOU GO, YOUR MAJESTY.
THANK YOU, KALA.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KING ZENTER?
YES, YES, COMMANDER DASK, GIZZLA AND I ARE FINE... THANK YOU.
YOU WERE RIGHT, COMMANDER...

"...OUR NEW FRIENDS *ARE* EXTREMELY BRAVE."
CRAP! THIS THING JUST DOESN'T GIVE UP!
JUST KEEP RUNNING!
ANY *NRF*, ANY *NRF*, THIS IS COMMAND 1, DO YOU COPY? OVER!
COMMAND 1, THIS IS ECHO 8 MOBILE ARMOR, I COPY, OVER!
ECHO 8, WHAT'S YOUR STATUS? OVER!
WE'RE TAKING *HEAVY FIRE* FROM ALL SIDES! SAY AGAIN, HEAVY FIRE FROM ALL SIDES! THINGS AREN'T LOOKING SO GOOD...
...DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE CAN HANG ON WITHOUT REINFORCEMENTS, OVER!
ACKNOWLEDGED, ECHO 8. KEEP UP THE GOOD FIGHT AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET YOU SOME HELP. OUT.
SO, KEEP RUNNING—*THAT'S* YOUR BRILLIANT MASTER PLAN, PAL?
YEAH, THAT...

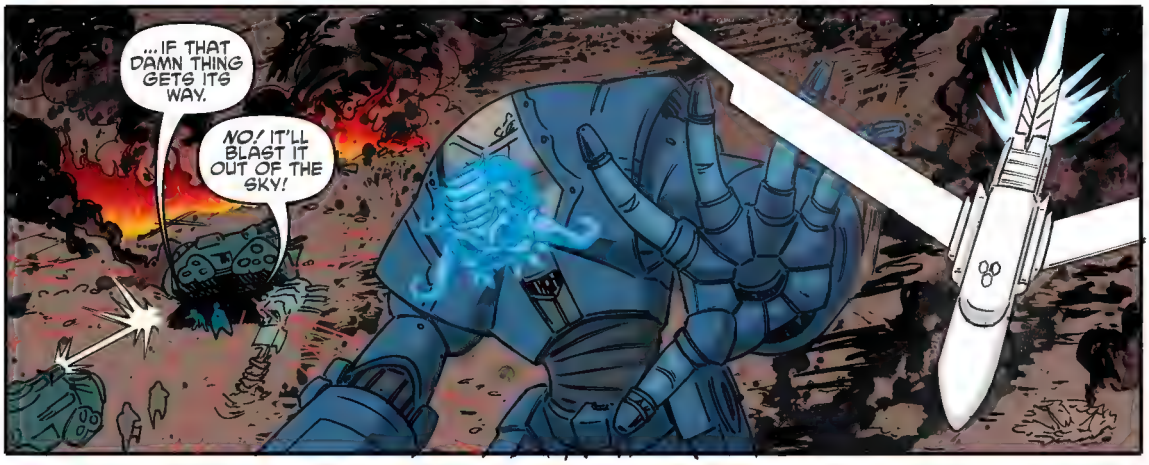
"...AND PRAYING FOR A MIRACLE WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA, EITHER."
"DO YOU STILL HAVE THE END MISSILE LOCKED IN, PROFESSOR?"
AFFIRMATIVE, FELIX... REMOTE TRACKING REMAINS ENGAGED. SO FAR, SO GOOD...
...I ONLY HOPE WE MAKE IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
YEAH, PROFESSOR...
...YOU AND ME BOTH.

YOU ONLY DELAY THE INEVITABLE, MUTANT FOOLS!
MY PEOPLE'S DESTINY WILL NOT BE DENIED!
PLEASE, STAY DOWN, YOUR MAJESTIES. WE MUST GUARD YOU—
NONSENSE—I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU WE ARE FINE.
COMMANDER, MY HUSBAND IS RIGHT—YOUR NEW COMRADES NEED YOU MORE THAN WE DO.
OKAY... KALA, GET THE KING AND QUEEN OUT OF HERE. I'M GOING—
THARK
—GYAGH!
NOBODY MOVE!
YES... I SUGGEST YOU DO AS THE GOOD CAPTAIN SAYS.
DANGIT. I KNEW I SHOULDA HIT ROCK DUDE HARDER.

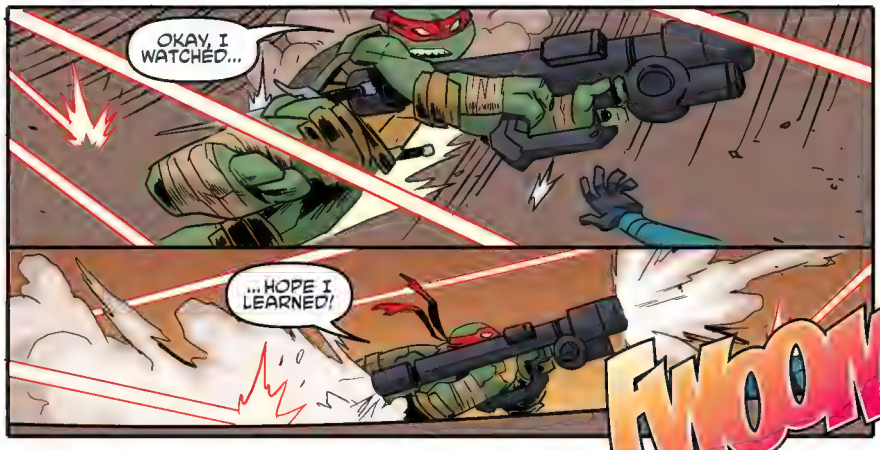
STAY LOW!
NO MORE RUNNIN'?
NOWHERE TO RUN!
YEAH, FIGURED YOU'D SAY THAT. WAIT...


"...WHAT'S THAT?"

THAT, MY FRIEND, IS THE MIRACLE WE WERE HOPING FOR.
YEAH, WELL, IT'S GONNA BE THE SHORTEST MIRACLE EVER...


...IF THAT DAMN THING GETS ITS WAY.
NO! IT'LL BLAST IT OUT OF THE SKY!

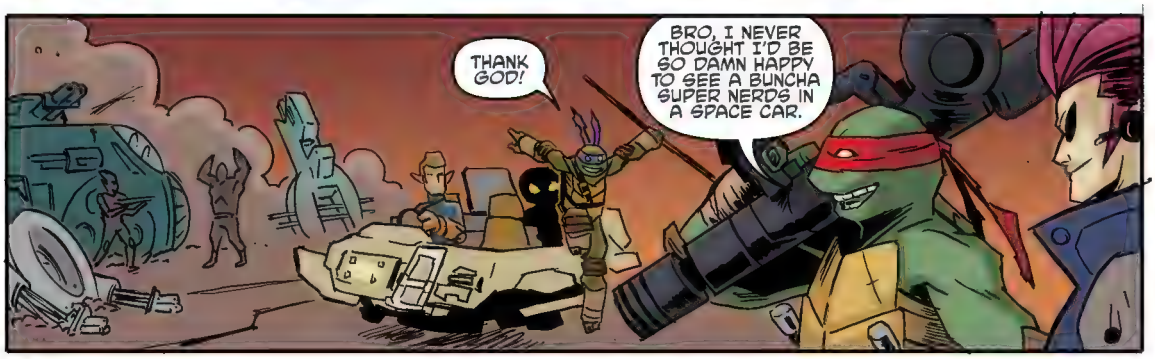
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.


OKAY, I WATCHED...
...HOPE I LEARNED!
FWOOM

YEAH! RAPH!
WEE-OOP

WHAT THE—?!
MY GUN WON'T SHOOT!
PROFESSOR... IT'S *WORKING!*
YES, JUST AS DESIGNED. THE *END MISSILE* HAS DISABLED THE UNIQUE FREQUENCY KRANG'S WEAPONS OPERATE ON...

...THEY ARE EFFECTIVELY DISARMED WHILE OUR SOLDIERS ARE NOT. WE HAVE WON.
HEY, THERE'S *RAPH!*

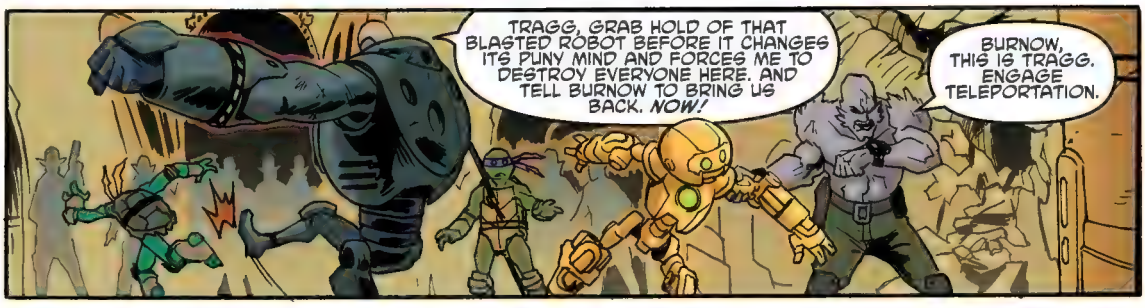

THANK GOD!
BRO, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO DAMN HAPPY TO SEE A BUNCHA SUPER NERDS IN A SPACE CAR.

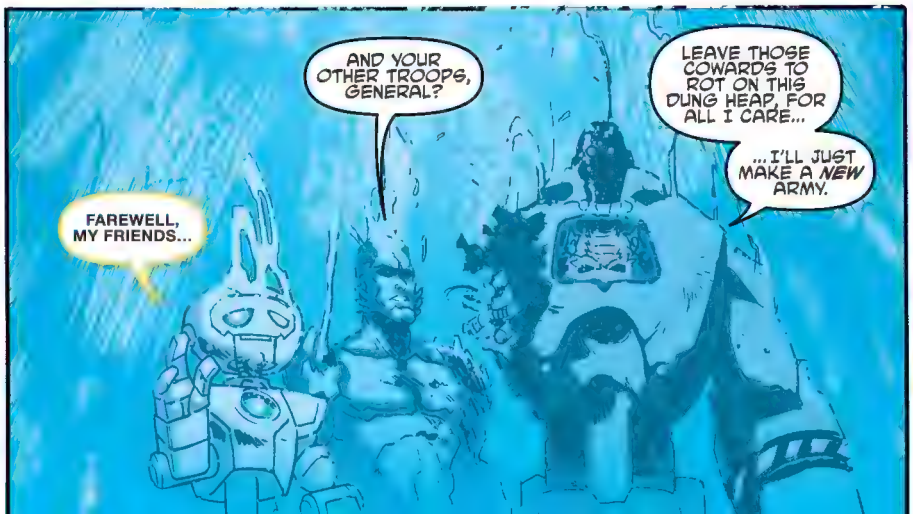
THAT'S IT, LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. THOUGH I'VE ENJOYED OUR LITTLE SPARRING SESSION, YOU HAVE LOST. YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS I *TRULY* DESIRE...
...WHY WASTE MORE OF YOUR OWN PATHETIC BLOOD WHEN ALL I WANT IS THE FUGITOID?
I AM HERE, KRANG.
AND YOU ARE WRONG...
SWEET!
...WE HAVE NOT LOST. I HAVE DISABLED THE FREQUENCY YOUR ARMY OPERATES UNDER — YOU ARE FINISHED.
BACK OFF!
STAND YOUR GROUND, CAPTAIN TRAGG. WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE.
YOUR ARMY'S HISTORY, KRANG—THEY CAN'T GIVE UP QUICK ENOUGH.
NO, NEUTRINO. MY ARMY MAY HAVE SURRENDERED, BUT I *NEVER* WILL.
GIVE ME THE FUGITOID OR YOUR MUTANT FRIEND WILL DIE.
UH... GUYS...
DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE MY OWN WEAPONS WERE ON THE *SAME* FREQUENCY?
NO... JUST *MOST* OF YOU.
YOU CAN'T KILL US ALL!
STOP...

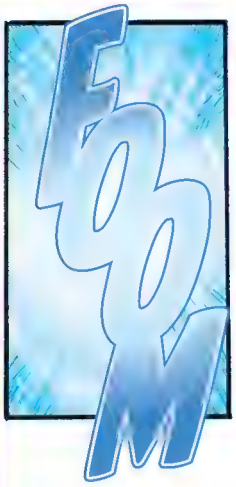
...THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY.
DEACTIVATE YOUR WEAPON, KRANG. I WILL GO WITH YOU.
WAIT... WHAT?!

KRANG'S ARMY HAS BEEN STOPPED AND NEUTRINO IS SAFE ONCE MORE. PLEASE, I CANNOT ALLOW ANY FURTHER BLOODSHED ON MY BEHALF.
I CAN... AND I MUST, COMMANDER DASK.
YOU... YOU CAN'T.

BUT, PROFESSOR—
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DONATELLO— THIS BATTLE IS WON BUT THE WAR GOES ON. THIS IS WHAT I MUST DO.
AND YOU MUST WORK AGAINST THE TECHNODROME. THERE'S TIME YET... BUT NOT MUCH. TOGETHER, WE CAN CONTINUE THE FIGHT.
ENOUGH!

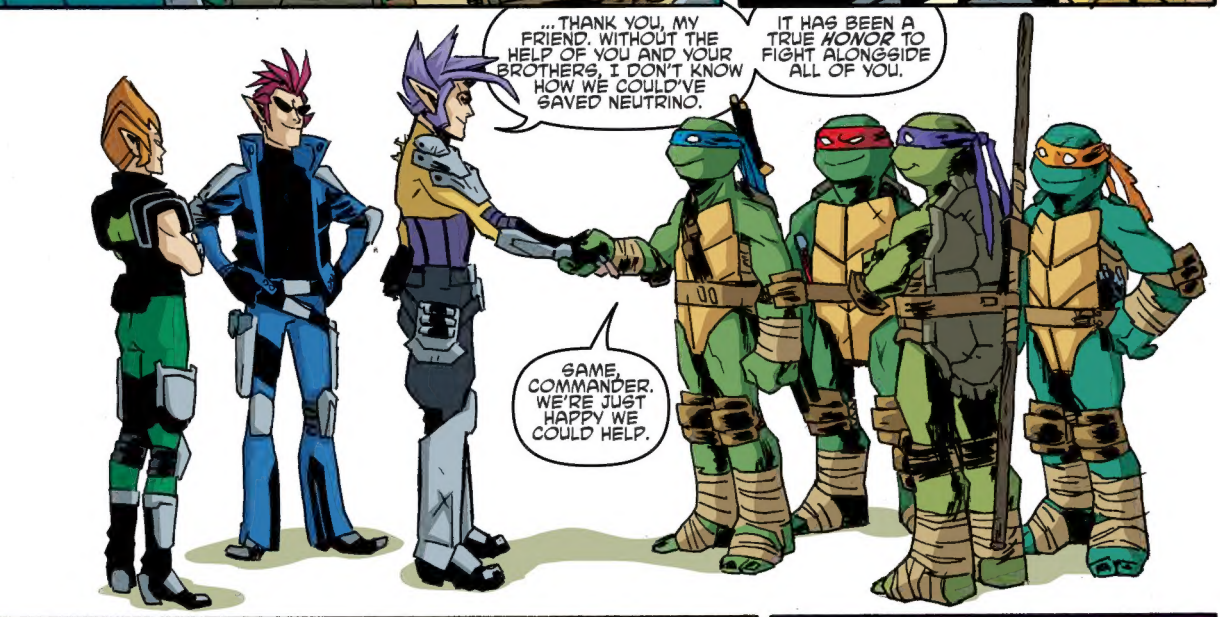

TRAGG, GRAB HOLD OF THAT BLASTED ROBOT BEFORE IT CHANGES ITS PUNY MIND AND FORCES ME TO DESTROY EVERYONE HERE. AND TELL BURNOW TO BRING US BACK. NOW!
BURNOW, THIS IS TRAGG. ENGAGE TELEPORTATION.

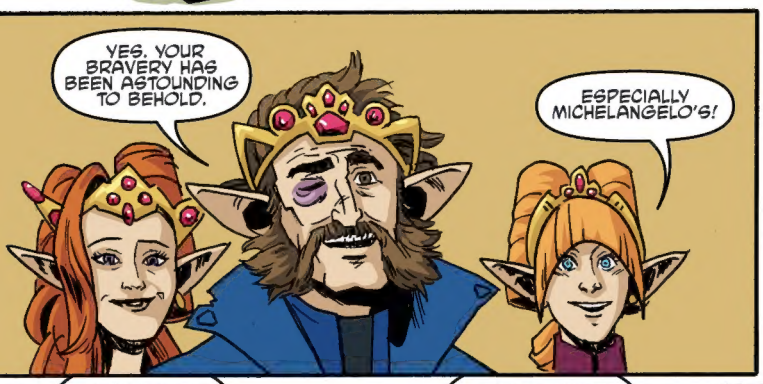

AND YOUR OTHER TROOPS, GENERAL?
LEAVE THOSE COWARDS TO ROT ON THIS DUNG HEAP, FOR ALL I CARE...
...I'LL JUST MAKE A NEW ARMY.
FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS...


FIN

WOW. CRAZY DAY.
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', LITTLE BRO.

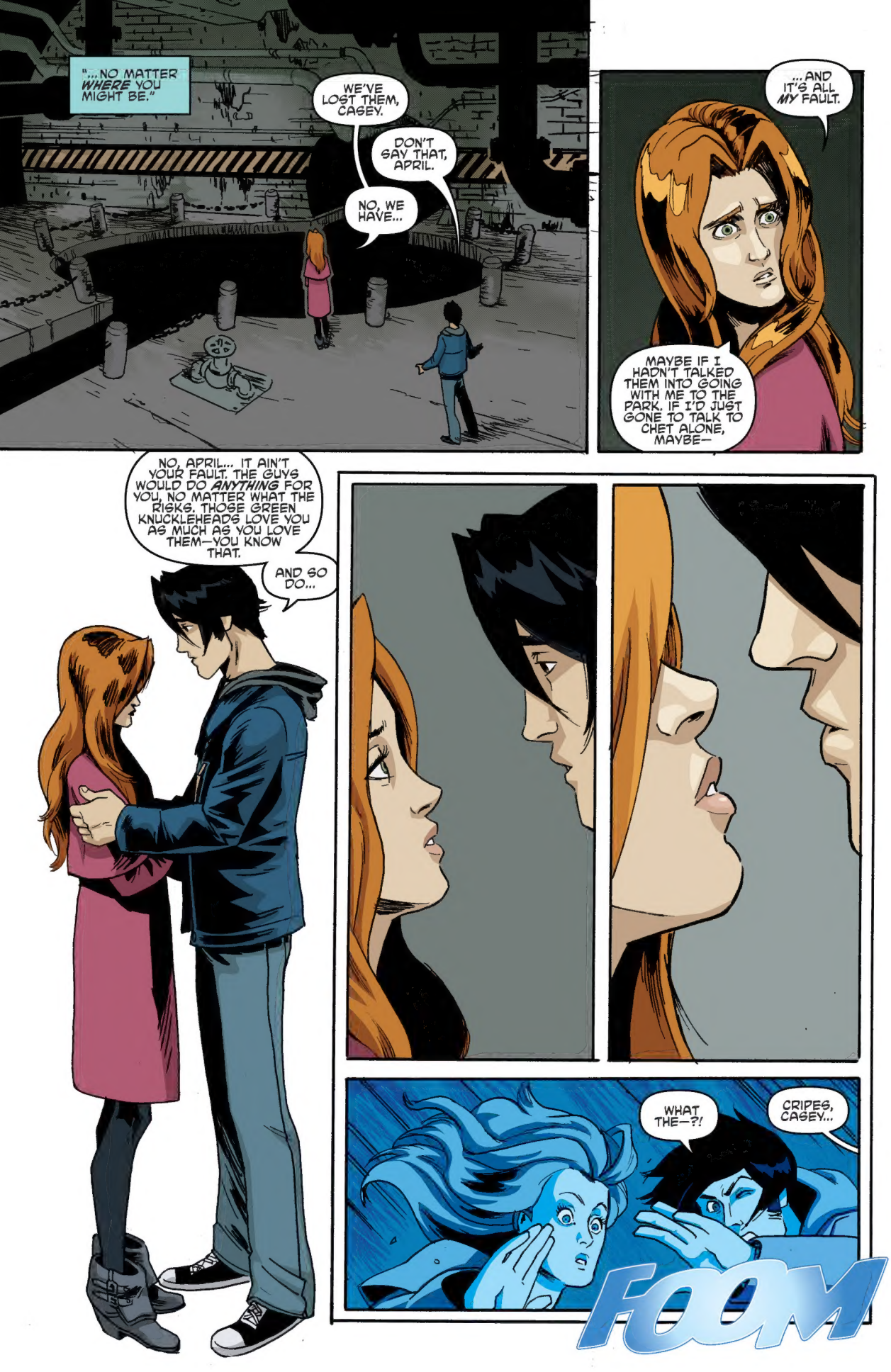
COMMANDER, YOU'RE WOUNDED.
I'M OKAY, KALA—JUST A LITTLE SINGED. I'LL HAVE THE MEDICS TAPE ME UP IN A BIT.
BUT, FIRST...


...THANK YOU, MY FRIEND. WITHOUT THE HELP OF YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS, I DON'T KNOW HOW WE COULD'VE SAVED NEUTRINO.
IT HAS BEEN A TRUE *HONOR* TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE ALL OF YOU.
SAME, COMMANDER. WE'RE JUST HAPPY WE COULD HELP.


YES. YOUR BRAVERY HAS BEEN ASTOUNDING TO BEHOLD.
ESPECIALLY MICHELANGELO'S!

SMAK
OHHH, SNAP...

EACH OF YOU, IN YOUR OWN WAY, HAS PROVEN COURAGEOUS BEYOND WORDS.
PLEASE, FROM MY FAMILY—FROM OUR PLANET—KNOW THAT WE ARE ETERNALLY IN YOUR DEBT.
FOREVER OUR HEROES AND FOREVER OUR FRIENDS...


"...NO MATTER WHERE YOU MIGHT BE."
WE'VE LOST THEM, CASEY.
DON'T SAY THAT, APRIL.
NO, WE HAVE...
...AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
MAYBE IF I HADN'T TALKED THEM INTO GOING WITH ME TO THE PARK, IF I'D JUST GONE TO TALK TO CHET ALONE, MAYBE—
NO, APRIL... IT AIN'T YOUR FAULT. THE GUYS WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, NO MATTER WHAT THE RISKS. THOSE GREEN KNUCKLEHEADS LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS YOU LOVE THEM—YOU KNOW THAT.
AND SO DO...
WHAT THE—?!
CRIPES, CASEY...
FOOM

... THAT ANY WAY TO GREET YOUR LONG-LOST PALS?

GUYS!
A HUG AND A KISS IN THE SAME DAY? I RULE!
HI, APRIL.
RAPH... MAN!
YEAH.
CASEY JONES... MISS O'NEIL... IS EVERYTHING...

... ALL RIGHT?
FATHER!
MY SONS... IS IT REALLY YOU?
YES, SENSEI...

... AND WAIT 'TILL WE TELL YOU WHERE WE'VE BEEN!
THE END.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON